





Class PR3991

Book A1 L347







A  
**LEGEND**  
OF  
**ANOTHER WORLD.**



LONDON :  
SAMPSON LOW, 42, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET,  
AND J. MAYNARD, 9, PANTON STREET.

---

MDCCCXXXII.

PR3991  
. A1L347

Exchange  
Univ. of Western Ontario Lib.  
Sept. 1, 1937

## PREFACE.

---

ON opening this volume, the novel reader has perhaps already prepared himself for a mental journey to Italy, Spain, Greece, or even America ; but to his no small surprise he will find that no other conveyance but a pair of imaginary wings may waft him to the regions where the scenes of this tale are to be found.—Ah ! you start, and think this most extraordinary, nay, “passing strange.” I grant it. But may not the mind in its musings transport itself sometimes beyond the visible scenes into superior regions ? Is the turmoil and bustle of our nether world so very attractive, that even in our fictions we must tenaciously cling to it, and repeat the sad vicissitudes of the eternal round over and over again ?

Thus I thought, as on a charming summer night I strayed the meads along, and allowed my mind to rove among the world of stars, till at last my sight remained fixed on that so brilliantly scintillating orb, on VENUS, our evening star. I thought of her natives,—I thought of her bowers ;—nay, presently I weened to wander among her groves. Yes, my reader ! I verily believe there are many beautiful ones, aye, groves of enchanting bloom and freshness, and within them, fragrant arbours, and lovely retreats.

Now, in one of these my fancy espied a kind of MS.

which I forthwith purloined ; and, on examination, found it contained something like the annals of this globe ; not, however, in periodical order, nor in any written language—(which, of course, I could not have understood)—but in a series representing a kind of magical pictures, which, on a more distinct and close inspection displayed not only the names, but also the character of each individual, and moreover his proceedings on any remarkable occasion, with all therewith connected events.

Although it cannot be expected that their contents should prove perfectly similar to our own, yet amongst planetary associates there must yet be something congenial : thus, as the pictures or delineations portrayed no regular succession of facts, nor by any means a connected narration, I tried to fashion the substance of them, as far as possible, in a kind of record or history, not unlike our own.

Would indeed, I had found also there a pen from which might have flowed a language suitable to the importance of the events here indicated, particularly relative to Narphumah's vision of the Venerean planet's birth ; which yet—as to its purport—is in perfect unison with the Mosaic account of our earth's creation ; both spheres deriving their existence from the Divine fiat, "*Let there be,*"—though the Venerean gives it in different images.

Now, my reader ! would you join your fancy to mine, and thus improve upon it,—I think you might perhaps not repent to have taken for once an imaginary flight.

# A LEGEND OF ANOTHER WORLD.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### NARPHUMAH'S VISION OF THE VENEREAN PLANET'S BIRTH.

AND when indeed shall thy origin be found? And how shall the event of thy birth be related? VENUS! thou beauteous, thou so lucidly beaming orb, apparent mansion of unfading pleasure. Indeed this lustre, yes! this splendour proves thee to be emanent from Divine effulgence, even from the same glorious transcendant light, that lit the myriads of worlds, which now the viewless firmament bespangle.

Already flamed the eyes of countless planetary associations, when lo! from the same ocean of light and bliss, a beam creative shooting through the ethereal vault, kindled alike our systems'-animating soul, our life-fraught sun, which mantled thus in glory, with widely permeant rays, glowed then reflected and vivifying on his satellites.

'Twas then that thou, old father Time, saw'st first the splendid lamp of Venus displayed among the host



of stars, which nightly manifest the glory, the might, and the rule of a Divine all space-pervading agent.

What time this brilliant planet into existence sprang, its territory, by some latent causes appeared divided into two very dissimilar portions, differing as much in the extent as in the fertility of the soil. The aspect of the principal part combined all that men may deem fair, lovely, and grand in creation. Those undulating hills and dales, with their shining silver bonds, these meandering rivulets, liquid mirrors of azure hue, do they not seem as if they were fashioned by the hands of the Graces, to whom, at the time of the formation of this globe, Nature had delivered her materials, commissioning them to sketch the contour, and model the features, while she, the master architect, drew, in the might of her power, with her magic wand, a semicircular line around, and forth rushed that majestic stupendous frame of mountains, which thus this charming hemisphere encompasses. Now say, if then your fancy would this fair product, in its yet still inanimated state, unto your mind pourtray, might not the sketch of it be well compared unto an angel child, sleeping in a splendid cradle, its loveliness but half unveiled: for here, as yet, no leaf did wave; no blade did stir; no song was heard; no! not a voice resounded, not even a footstep fell: all bland, all still and mute. It was as if the genii of peace and bliss had hushed all elements into repose, and smiled now at the sabbath of accomplished Nature.

But yet awhile; and mark her energies awake.

Behold now the first signs of inherent life appear along the surface of the plastic globe. Observe in yonder vale a small but more and more extending vapour, a faint, yet promising symptom of future animation, even like the first breath exhaled by the ere torpid body ; and lo ! it hovers further on the plains ; it swells upon the rivers ; the vast expanse of waters alike sends forth its streams ; it curls now on the hills ; it climbs the mountains ; the aqueous and terraqueous particles unite, rolling from hill to hill, from mount to mount ; till the whole orb, enwrapt in the dense mass, becomes but one stupendous cloud, not indolent, but willingly yielding to yonder gloriously-beaming substance ; to that golden volume, which, alike the vivifying spirits consecrated deputy descending from the sun, aye from the high creative Power, meets it, thus teeming with life, fertility, and bliss ; emitting a lustre so splendid, so transcendant, that nothing sublunar can be comparative to this. Approaching thus the vapour-enwreathed Venerean ball, it entered, it mixed with the opaque fluid, and thus illumined the orb's grey mist, till it became transparent, and assumed a rosy tint. 'Twas then that a thousand colours prismatic played, whilst the incumbent ether seemed but to breathe all fragrance around ; till finally the whole bliss-impregnated mass sank down, and floating like a dew along, filled each particle with life.

And now the altic heads of the gigantic ridge of mountains appear successively again ; even the hills

shoot forth ; and so, as by degrees the magic veil disperses, anew the former prospect greets the sight ; but oh ! how different ! how truly different does all appear ! What first was but a lovely picture is now an animated paradise. A wondrous glorious transformation ! All, all, is now alive ; each atom seems to flutter with the vivifying pulse, and dancing in the golden beams of bliss ; whilst meanwhile the loveliest colours enamel the ground, extending thus the first carpet over the Hesperean meads. And lo ! how on the hills, and on the sides of their acclivities the plentitude of spring rushed at once from the pregnant pores, thrusting up stems and boughs, and hanging not only an emeraldine garment around them, but further bestudded now the one, now the other, now this, now that, with rosy-tinted, motley-streaked, or golden balls, of various sizes ; or twined here yellow and there purple clusters round their sturdy stems ; with various other appetite exciting largesses, o'er plain and shrubs profusely scattered.

Hail ! hail ! thou glory of Cytherea's primal morn, when life burst forth like the sun after a still soft dewy night ; for so as then, soon, as he pours his illuminating shafts around the deep cerulean dome, the energies of dormant Nature anon awake, and in the bliss of their existence smile—so here alike, where e'er the eye may turn, life, life is seen in the peopled air, seen on the well stocked plains ; heard from the voices on the boughs ; heard from the musical undulation of the



waters; it gambols on the hills and in the vales, proclaiming its enjoyment through innumerable newly created organs; yes, the very ether is alive; where shoals of songsters thrill pleasure on their buoyant wings, melodiously uniting with those that rock themselves in gentle cadences, under the verdant awning, filling henceforth each morn and day the air, the vales, the groves, with harmony.

Meanwhile their bolder tribes rush up undaunted, into mid air, soaring black, yellow, brown, and white, fiercely aloft, Tlasor and Ethron, Silwar and Molriff, broad-winged rulers of the aerial regions, with all the gentler families of sundry size and wing; some in their crimson velvet robes, some white like snow, or purple like the dawn of day; these again still more brilliant, even as if borrowing their yellow lustre from the sun, and others from the vault of heaven their azure tint; briskly, with gold besprinkled in the livery of spring, flit these along; but gently trips the race of softest down in twilight's sober grey arrayed; yet often silver-studded shines still this class conspicuous among the shoals, which, like the shades of night, appear in glossy black or brown.

But lo! what mighty shapes move, stalk or prance along the ground, four-footed, bold, and strong, vast and of bulky size, with others slender, sleek, and fleet, in all their various forms. Here slowly walks the stately Turmahal, and further on the noble Urwoxor; along skips Pirgat; under the wide spreading shade

stretches the huge form of the spotted Mollistan; grazing on the flowery mead, you see here the silky Linsarol, and there the fleecy Banoth, with a variety of lesser size; some of more elegant shape, some of more robust nature, whilst yonder towers the elephant of the Hesperean globe, the enormous Bansaras, awful form; and over the hill races Harpalus along with Gonharil and others of yet minor prowess and bulk. Even on the stupendous ridges of those ether-cleaving mountains, the formidable Xuruph's sightless lair, as also more below the nimble Gilrabs caverned birth, may yet be found; where also, high aloft, and often cloud involved, the plaining plunderer Lostrillon perches his eyry upon peaks and craggs, with many other alpine dwellers.

Ere too the placid mirrors of the waters began to ripple, to undulate, to swell; and here an azure head, and there a glittering tail appeared; and lo! anon the huge Nasarvan's towering mass sailed silver-rigged along; whilst near and farther gilded tumblers vaulted, bounced and played.

And now behold the shape unlike all others, erect the head heaven onward bearing; the front and eye with intellect imprinted. He shows himself, all others yield or fear, as if they saw him stamped the future sovereign of the globe; yet others skip and play around him, and seem in his protection happy.

As thus the hour of creation was completed, Hesperus Nature seemed revelling in festivity, floating in that

happiness which was her primal destiny. Each atom felt the magic impulse; whilst thus the tepid breezes wantoned and stirred the spicy effluvia, that slept in the thousand different shrubs and herbs; the sun-beams danced for joy in all the emerald clothings of the hills, in all the silver drops of the fountains, and in all the brilliant colours in which the parterre glowed. Yes! it was then,—as the Cytherean legend tells—'twas then that numbers of little fairies were busy to paint these flowers, vying in skill and brilliancy for excellence; and—says the same legend—they were for their labour rewarded with the first quaffing of the prime balm which the blossoms' fragrant cups contained; and this was so gratifying to their taste, that they now still continue to paint and sip again, though most in viewless visits.

Oh envy that ear, yes I say envy that ear, that happy ear, that in ecstasy drank the music of the almost celestial concert, when the chorus of Hesper's Nature, at the now accomplished creation, hymned her acknowledgement to her Great Maker for the blessing of their existence, when thousands in joy-harmonizing voices carolled the delight which transported their being, as the first streams of air and light flowed through their forms. What time the playful Firmil with many others leaped and danced the branches among, and below both the large and small quadruped creation raced, bounded and frisked, the meads along, all so brisk, all so elastic, as if intoxicated with the first draught of

life. Then blessed too was the eye that saw the fluttering pinions of the billing doves, indicating the felicity they enjoyed in their earliest kisses.

And is not the voice of the rational creature foremost in the lauding symphony? I hear it not! nor do I see his spirit sportive in the air; silent and still, at the side of his lovely companion he sits; but oh what an eloquent communion is nevertheless here; for the heart is the prompter, and the eyes are but the mute interpreters; for words would unhallow this language of their feelings; in this, in this very silence dwells the charm that constitutes him of the happy the happiest, whilst thus the first transports of love are kindling; unmatched in earthly bliss; savoured but in Elysian bowers; and of which for their posterity scarce a shadow remains.

This is the vision to Narphumah revealed, as once after deep meditation he slept under the sacred porch, and which, when awaking, he related to his companion priests, who yet with him agreed to guard this wonderful revelation from all plebeian ears, fearing this might perhaps propagate mystic notions among the untutored multitude.



## CHAPTER II.

## GOOD AND EVIL, AND THEIR DREADFUL ENCOUNTER.

THE Hesperean divines believed moreover that the Supreme Power, who created, and the Supreme Wisdom, who rules, the universe, had, in the plentitude of his benevolence, predestined that light and bliss, concomitants of virtue, should circumvent their globe; and that darkness and woe, adherents of sin, should be confined to the farthest abysses. They furthermore imagined, that He likewise appointed the Theolims, spirits delighting in all that is good and kind, to be the guardians of this beauteous orb. Soon then as any with reason gifted beings walked the ground, the friendly office of these protecting genii began; but was at first confined to the yet largest hemisphere, which, though, comprising nearly two thirds of the whole orb, must yet still remain under this denomination. Even this part was in earliest times but thinly inhabited, till, by degrees, the families multiplied and spread over the whole surface. The aspect of this, as already described, was, with its thousands of laughing

parterres, like a wide-spreading garden, encircled and varied with blooming hills, or intersected with liquid plains of dazzling brightness. The whole was however, as noticed before, encompassed by a majestic, but awful pile of rocks, peaks, and mountains, intersected or broken by frightful chasms, and perpendicular ridges, bidding defiance to any effort of climbing them, thus placing an insuperable barrier to any communication with the other part. Now though the vast extent of waters seemed at first likewise to separate us from our Western hemisphere, yet the sons of Terra, prompted by curiosity, and the thirst for gold, winged, in defiance of the elements, the heaviest masses of wood, and keep by these means an uninterrupted intercourse with our atlantic world. Not so the dwellers on Cythera's planet; for these it wanted buoyant powers to waft them over the adamantine ramparts; again in these early times, no search for further knowledge, no thirst for gain, spurned them on to torture their minds in new inventions; oh no! such ambitious pursuits were far from the thoughts of these primitive children of innocence and content: they eyed these cloud-over-topping walls with wonder and delight, as the final boundaries of their globe.

In succeeding times they learned however more of those transalpine regions, which indeed, and particularly in the adolescence of this globe—were the very foil to the other part. Not only throughout of an aspect most uneven, rough and wild, but the very soil appeared

in most places quite over-sown with rocks or torn asunder, leaving the tracks of former havoc in bottomless precipices and caverns, serving only as receptacles or laboratories and cauldrons of noxious vapours, and orifices of venomous blasts.

Was it then, peradventure, here that the great conflict of skirmishing elements, which mingled in concussion for the formation of the globe—was it peradventure here, that they had their most fateful and perhaps their final encounter. Long after the other part had been as in softest slumber reposing and even blooming forth with vegetation, and stirring with animal life, this jumbled dismal territory had hardly assumed a fixed and permanent basis. No wanderer would have tarried here, as all this host of rocks seemed still nodding on a tottering foundation, awaiting but another shock to crush and bury all the surrounding scene in a final overthrow. But when at last by the influx of the creative fluid the soil by degrees so far did settle, that with the lapse of years, Nature might here and there try her power, then several spots were seen, on which her magic agency could forward the germs of vegetation. Still the plants, the shrubs, the trees, as well as their fruit—though many of the same genus with the other—wore yet not the same bloom; it was not a glowing creation; it was as if unsatisfied Nature refused them the approving smile. All assumed a darker cast; the very tint of any growth was gloomy, as the towering or projecting rocks warded off and absorbed the benevo-

lence of the sun's warmest beams; or where they even could pierce and kindle some lingering vigour, the apparent promising spring of vegetation was of short duration; for then those noxious vapours, engendered and cradled in the dismal clefts, nipped soon the budding hopes: whilst in other parts the scorching reflection of the solar rays from the naked stone piles, parched and destroyed their wonted saps: so that Nature's kindest and indeed unceasing endeavours to animate and fertilize this unblest continent, were marred and foiled every way. It is true, there were here and there some pretty large tracts, of several hundred furlongs clear of rocks; but, if a comparison were wanting, one might say, just as the high-poised Thibet of Asia is the surly neighbour of the smiling Indies, so was this rock-encumbered chilly region the frowning associate to the glowing paradise of the other Hesperean territory. Indeed the very beasts felt the influence of the unfriendly climate; for though they were certainly in form and nature not greatly differing from those below; yet in beauty, how far inferior! and in their instinct far less gentle; nay, many of them became, in process of time, both noxious and ferocious, the natural consequence arising from such different air and soil, and still more so from their haunts among the yawning gulphs and horrific pits of the lacerated surface, where they undoubtedly must have felt the effects of those baneful exhalations, with which these chasms so often fumed.

The rational being had however as yet not any



dwelling there : trotting and scampering animals, and fluttering or creeping creatures ranged there at will in full freedom ; though you might often have seen the grazing or fleeting animals start—stop—and listen—as in terror—to sounds issuing from the gaping clefts in the tremendous rocks.

But now more dreadful tones astound all Nature ; which in awful silence listens to the portentous sounds, as woe seemed to be their inevitable consequence ; for alas ! it is the appalling voice of Xurtuphal ; yes ! it is the peace-murdering voice of the prime agent of the infernal legions, hitherto confined to their subterraneous abodes : it is he that summons now the swarm of Asphotis, spirits of darkness and malice, genii for ever in opposition, nay in contest with light, truth and virtue ; shunning the influence of these with deadly rancour ; choosing obscurity for their dwelling, and strife for their aliment.—Now this opinion of Good and Evil—and those therewith-connected ideas of the Theolim's beneficial agency, in opposition to the malignant endeavours of the Asphotis—being the established doctrine of the Cytherean theologians, their notions on this point seem indeed, in some degree, not only coinciding with our terrestrial conceptions of the same, but alas ! also with our sad experience, which, as a continual instructor—could but—as it certainly did—influence all nations at all ages of our globe with the same opinions. And where is the wonder of this ; as, by comparison, we may even readily surmise that

this is most likely the creed in all our companion planets; moving in the same compass, and being subject to the same vicissitudes. Surely it is the most natural suggestion: the idea most probably arising from the continual conflict of Nature, both in a physical and in a moral sense, where light and darkness, life and death, sin and virtue, are ever and continually exhibiting, now their ascendancy, now their decline. Of this we shall presently see the effect, even on Hesper, even on that splendid orb, that seems to float in bliss and light.

Learn we then what the dreadful subterranean uproar might well portend. Ah me! that must tell it. That dreadful sound was but the principal demon's summons for an assembly of mischief and woes' every agent; the responses to which rushed with multitudinous echoes from out the basaltic crevices, pouring a tremour over all the living creation.

Whose fancy will now with the legend writer descend into the hitherto terra incognita of iniquity? Into the preordained confinement of Evil? Who will have courage enough to be present at the council of devils, where, no doubt, the proposal is rebellion to Almighty will; the deliberation blasphemy; the aim destruction; and woe the result; where the president is as superior in power as he is in wickedness, of which indeed his whole figure wears the appalling stamp. Behold! does not the malice of his soul pervade his whole frame? See, how it sables every feature with night's darkest hue; whilst fiercely burns the anger of his bosom in

his eyes, red-hot, like scorching coals; flashing the fiery darts abroad: you would have thought that nought within their reach could unconsumed remain, threatening destruction all around—yet roll the deadly eyeballs in Envy's greenest tint unseared and full: far bolder still appears however the arrogance of his aspiring mind, rushing from out the cavity of his undaunted front, like a towering horn, striving to thrust the point with impious daring even into the very vault of Heaven.—If this is deemed a horrid picture, then say, who formed it such? Alas! 'tis sin! it is but sin that has yet power and venom enough thus to subvert, and thus to transmute any figure; aye, were it even an angel's form.—Wide, like the yawning chasm of convulsed earth, gaped now the vast crater of blasphemy, his mouth; thence, like Etna's burning flood, with blue sulphureous blast, rushed forth the prologue of his oration, and set incontinently all the baneful passions of his hearers into flame. Yet shall it not be rehearsed, till coming to the main point, when he cries, "ye spirits and agents, liege vassals of my sway, speak and declare whether it is fit that we should here for ever as banished outcasts abide, wedged among rocks and caverns, confined to subterraneous haunts? Say you—Oh confound your coward mind, tone, and demeanour! Say you—thus it was decreed! Hah! this, this is then the paltry charm that makes you, vile dastards as you are, so tamely tarry in this ignominious restraint. Eh! peradventure you will—though, 'sdeath, you still dare

not assert, that when the allotment of the Theolims was bliss and joy, in freedom and lightsome air; when yours—oh! blast the thought! was night and pain, here in the darksome nether regions—I say you would, if you but durst, assert, that the shame of our degradation, as also the power of avenging our wrongs, was taken away. No! no! say I—I the valiant spirit and commander of ye, ye poltroon legions! No, no, say I, and say so eternally, and by these wrath and vengeance-proclaiming eyes, by the fury of hell that boils within me, I assert, I swear, that the incitements for rebellion are ever furiously alive in me. Perdition on all that do not feel the same! May obedience be for ever the bane of the Asphotis race; may then servitude, dishonour and shame be their everlasting portion: even so, that the more they despise it, the more they must submit to it—if they thus, to their eternal opprobrium, leave the Theolims in undisturbed possession of the fairest, largest part of this globe; which, were our will but with vigour braced—would be immediately under our dominion. Why then should we loiter one moment longer here? Up! and assail, disperse and drive these Theolims—plague on their name—drive them from their assumed possessions, and ours be the sovereign sway. Away! away! why this inglorious delay? Rush forth! rush forth! urged by the sense of your wrong. Let malice be your guide, rage your watchword, destruction your leader, and dominion your aim. Rush forth!” he cried, and “Rush forth!”



roared the whole demoniac phalanx. The caverns and pits responded to the horrid yell; the host of rocks reverberated it; verily it seemed to shake the rind of the globe, and the tremulous air betokened how fearful nature was of the coming woe.

Up now, pursuant to the ruin-pregnant word of command, they rose; and as they rose, and filled the air, the burthened atmosphere seemed not only darkened, but lead-like oppressive, from the load of deleterious miasmas, which, gathering unceasingly, became more and more condensed, as higher and higher the impious multitude soared—at first with angry buzz, close and compact, then widely spreading. So when on earth a daring hand had stirred a hornet's nest, out bursts the irritated swarm, darkens the air, and murmurs hoarse and loud portend their ready vengeance. But denser far the brood of hell, Orcus' spiteful myrmidons extend and diffuse their countless numbers, directing thus their flight—ah, woe!—to the yet ne'er bestridden alpine ridges. But mark! not they alone; for where they went, behold! a train did follow, as, no sooner passed the spirits of wrath and mischief over the ground, than forth rushed anon the deadly race of those pernicious creatures, which, suitably unto their vicious nature and antipathy to light, fix but in crevices, and holes, and caverns, their lurking places. Enormous serpents,\*

---

\* This is only assimilating this dross of nature to terrestrial names and forms.

both winged and creeping, seem like the hissing marshals and directors of this vile auxiliary train, of but such vermin as on Terra might be called owls, vampires, bats and ravens. These with ominous screech flitting; whilst hyenas, jackals, wolves and foxes, kept howling and barking below. And see, how on the whole track of their unhallowed route all vegetation withered. Yet on and aloft rose the infernal squadrons, buoyant and volatile; as spirits waft themselves o'er all corporeal barriers and matter, so soared here the ruin-breathing demoniac host over ridges, chasms, and peaks. But as they rose, the heavens lowered, the air grew murky, the sky assumed a fiery tint, shooting tremendous corruscations around; and in their ruddy flare, the forms of hell, black as their souls, were seen, now vaulting aloft, now shooting askance. This to the Theolims was now the first, the direful warning, portentous of the coming strife. Anon behold them now for the encounter assembled, anon behold them arranged in battle array, ready for the eventful onset—armed and decked with righteousness, raising their shields of confidence in an Almighty divine protection,—they met!

And now in mid air the conflict began, and the approaching Theolims felt presently the pestilential effluvia of their adversaries' malice, steaming as from a fiery furnace, from the Asphotis' mouths and nostrils, filling the atmosphere with such grisly vapours, as utterly darkened the air, till day-light forsook the scene, and shrouded the combatants in smoke and gloom.

Had not the Theolims' bright armour, that beamed with magic lustre through the night of adversity—had this not lent its steady light, nought would have proved their skill to guide them, and eschew all the wiles and machinations of their enemies' hellish designs; for these demons sent the flaming darts of their wrath incessantly abroad, which rushed and hissed like fiery rockets through the air, scattering their destructive sparks in all directions: yet, though intended for most direful dealing, still proved they unavailing, repelled as they were continually by their opponents' protecting shields. Yes! by those potent shields, which here, as ever, when virtue stands on the defensive against the assaults of vice, will prove the only trusty safeguard. From these alike, the deleterious drops, squirted against them from the tubes of their enemies' spite, fell harmless to the ground. Yet fierce was the battle, and long was the strife, hanging fearfully dubious in wavering scales.

Alas! does it not seem as if now the Theolims' valour—ay, even their vigour were giving way? so that—ah, woe!—so that the Asphotis are gaining ground. Dis-may, that for a while had been but here and there lurking among the flanks of the mountain crags, began now to peer over their rims.

Source of all good! Creative Power of light and bliss! All-seeing and All-present Deity! Canst thou—oh, fount of mercy—wilt thou, indeed, permit this? Permit thy beautiful product—thy Hesper creation, to become the demons' prey! Alas! the chance is near!

But then it was—yes, it was then, that Eliophil, the



leader of the Theolims, raised high aloft his shield, and thereupon, from his inmost soul, sent a petition to the throne of the Omnipotent, that he might speed a beam of his celestial fire, in order to rekindle the waning ardour of his champions, now seemingly succumbing in the arduous contest for the cause of righteousness. So as in our terrestrial world a carrier dove may be dispatched from the besieged citadel to the relieving host, with urgent entreaties for instant succours—so flew Eliophil's ardent prayer up to the saving power. There it arrived; there it was admitted; ay, there it was accepted: and whilst the Theolims' battalions now rallied again, a mighty voice from the vault of heaven proclaimed the favouring Deity. Yes, yes! it was the voice of heaven's own artillery, that rolled in awful peals the ether along: and mark! before its voice the warring spirits are hushed and stilled; the vapours vanished, as dispersed by the lightnings that darted from the banner of justice, where the name of Jehovah shone far more glorious than the mid-day sun. With this the celestial standard-bearer descended, to declare the high behest with which he was entrusted. An awful silence pervaded all nature, whilst Heaven's deputy thus spoke: "Ye genii and spirits in hostility here arrayed, attend, and hear! This is the word, and this is the fiat of the omnipotent adjudging Lord. Divine benevolence predestined all his works, and likewise all the dwellers in the Venerean globe, to bliss and happiness: pursuant to this, he has given the continual guardianship to his Theolims, as long as these here ge-



nerated rational beings are not from righteousness deviating. But as all creatures of the secondary, that is, subsolar globes, must for ever participate of their wandering spheres' mutability, which subjects them to various vicissitudes, it cannot be expected to find them perfect in their nature, nor spotless in their conduct. Thus, weak and frail as they consequently are, they may be liable to unholy deeds: but mercy has yet a plea for this, and will mildly judge them, whenever they are unwittingly erring: therefore, as long as the Venerean people are not committing any wilful transgression—and, above all, as long as they strictly observe conjugal faith—for this shall be the test of their virtue and of their happiness—so long, then, as they adhere to this, so long shall they remain under the guardianship of the Theolims. Thus, the Asphotis cannot rule but over those that by their own will and consent become their subjects, by sinning against the sacred maintenance of plighted love; for this shall be the trial of their obedience to divine command." Now this decree was confirmed by a sound, as proceeding from a mighty trumpet, declaring, "'Tis fixed unalterably!" Heaven's herald then waved his banner, and as he waved it, no trace of the deadly enemy, no trace of the Asphotis was any longer seen—all vanished in a moment; and from that instant the barrier of separation between the Celosian and Hadesean territory seemed, by means of the appalling mountain rampart, as for ever shut, even as if it were encircled with an iron band.

## CHAPTER III.

## STATE OF THE FIRST DWELLERS ON THE VENEREAN ORB.

BUT what was meanwhile the state of Hesper's corporeal beings, while their spiritual agents were thus engaged in such eventful strife? Remained they in blissful ignorance of all what during this encounter was passing there, though so momentous to their fate? Impossible! How could they feel at ease and secure, when not only thus deprived of the vigilance and care of their guardians, but those, alas! even fiercely assailed? It could not be. For, though the immaterial agency of Providence and Divine protection was to them as invisible as it is to us—on account of the material and gross texture that envelopes and confines our souls—nevertheless do we live in the confidence of it: but this failing,—what are we then? assuredly not happy beings. Now it was thus they felt that peace of mind which had hitherto been the balm of their life; that precious peace, founded on this blessing, on this confidence,—this had all on a sudden given way to error and anguish, feelings so totally foreign to their

hearts, and in the same time so unaccountable ; which was yet moreover increased by the dreadful apparitions on the mountains during the combat. Till now, they had firmly believed, that these enormously towering bulwarks were but the boundaries of their globe ; they were therefore truly astonished, nay, beyond expression terrified, when, during the conflict, they saw the missile darts and tubes of the Asphotis' wrath and spite—(for thus they appeared to mortal eyes) when thus they saw these engines wandering, quivering, and shooting like fiery meteors aloft and abroad—bursting, expanding, and scattering sparks and flames, all over the tremendous bourn ; or rushing like fiery serpents, or flaming dragons, up and down. This was so utterly inexplicable, and yet so dreadfully horrid to them, that they believed—and, alas ! how nearly might their supposition have proved true !—that their own perdition was to be the result of it. The priests fixed their mournful looks intensely on the scene ; then, supplicating, raised hands and eyes on high, imploring protection and aid from the All-ruling Power ; and finally fell prostrate on the ground, unable to think and conjecture, much less to advise. Thus mute, in trembling expectation awaiting the final event, they lay, with all their people, who had followed their example ;—till roused by Heaven's awful trump, that came with thundering command to prevent their ruin, and gave the law of conjugal faith as the covenant of their future prosperity. But as they certainly could not have un-



derstood the import of these appalling, yet peace-restoring, sounds, although their purport concerned them so essentially, they might yet have perhaps not lived in constant obedience to this important decree, therefore an explanation was indispensibly requisite.

Thus it happened when once the chiefs of the people—now at this time Cythera's monarchs were the patriarchs of their families—when then these venerable seniors were assembled, and in deep conversation on the past event, behold! they found their number unexpectedly increased by three wondrous beings, pre-eminent in beauty, pre-eminent in deportment, yet in form and shape like themselves, though not corporeal, but of a far finer substance, such as when superior beings would compress their spiritual essence into a volume of closely condensed air. They greeted these assembled worthies with "Hail! hail! hail! Thrice peace and thrice blessing be with the fathers and the rulers of the Celosian people, and with all those committed to their care!"—The fathers rose—the rulers of the people bowed themselves down to the ground. "Be comforted," said one of these friendly genii, for they were copartners and kindreds of the Theolims; "be comforted!" he said; "fear not! for your welfare is now established: the Most High is still your protector, and his agents, the Theolims, are to shield you further as heretofore. Your weakness shall be supported; your frailty commiserated; provided that you steadily observe the covenant into which it has pleased Almighty mercy to enter

with you, which is, *the strict and undeviating adherence to conjugal faith*, as on this alone our guardianship over you, and consequently your future happiness, is depending; for that mighty awful sound, which you have heard, that sound proclaimed this fiat from on high, declaring, ‘ ’Tis fixed unalterably.’ ” The benevolent guardian spirit having thus by his account reassured and comforted the minds of these ancient chiefs, it appeared to those present, as if their splendid visitors would even familiarly associate with them, by taking a place in their circle. Indeed, it was at that time no uncommon occurrence, that one or the other of the sacerdotal tribe received a nightly friendly visit from one of them, administering advice, or giving relations of former events; such, as for example, the planet’s creation had been, by their agency, to Narpumah revealed. This was however the first, and also the only time, that they were favored with such a solemn embassy at mid-day, and in full assembly. The angelic orator now continued his address to these primitive worthies thus further: “ The awful scenes, which in this part you lately saw passing on your borders, were undoubtedly beyond your comprehension, although you must have been aware that something of portentous issue was in agitation, for your feelings ought to have apprised you, that your future weal or woe was thereon depending; though you were ignorant of the actors, their motive, the detail, and the issue of the event. Now, to make this, in some degree,

comprehensible to your confined intellects and corporeal forms, we will give you some view of this, assimilated to your condition, and to your capacity of understanding." Having thus said, one of those condescending visitors lifted his wand, and whilst he extended and wafted it, a mass of vapours or mist appeared. This, by the third genii's touch, opened; and here, as in a vista, they could see all that passed on the mountains, yet under forms familiar to them, resembling, in some degree, their own. When it closed, the indulgent angel said, "you have now the extent of your danger seen; but in the same time you will adore the far still greater extent of Almighty benevolence towards you. Endeavour to merit this henceforth by the strictest observance to his command; and let me repeat it to you, by a steady regard to conjugal faith; as on this, ponder it well—on this your bright or dark fate is depending; for then, and *only then*, the favor of the Most High will further attend you." He said no more; nor was he, with his companions, any longer visible to their sight.

Then gathered the people's guardians, each in his circuit, their families together, and related to them the wonderful mercy the Deity had thus vouchsafed them; moreover, and above all, they acquainted them with the important decree, unto which their individual, and thus collectively the public prosperity was annexed: exhorting them to the most religious attendance and performance of this. Finally, they offered praise,



thanks, and adoration, to the Donor and Preserver of their lives ; and now especially to the Granter of their future bliss, having so graciously manifested his benign regard towards them, in this wonderful salvation from impending ruin. Through him they also presented their grateful sentiments to his holy deputies, their guardians. And, finally, implored also the Source of all Good to grant them his blessing and aid to the duteous observance of his command.

Thus then was in Celosian land former peace and former happiness restored. Was it indeed former peace? Was it indeed former happiness? Can their present situation be justly compared to that state of innocence and bliss, in which they had hitherto passed their guileless life away? when even the power and agency of Evil was unknown to them ; for, as already noticed, their creed confined it to the nethermost regions of the globe ; and thus they were in beneficial ignorance of the power and aim of these malignant spirits, and their dreadful propensities and influence, and were therefore unconcerned about their deeds ; knowing no fear, as knowing no cause for it. Ah ! of such sensations, and all the concomitant miseries, they had no conception ; how, indeed, could such ideas have generated in their minds, when all around them had been but goodness, felicity, and content. Now, alas ! they not only knew that there was a foe, envious of their happiness, and ever watchful and eager to destroy it ; but they were moreover advised, that there was

within themselves a propensity to work this woe ; so that a warning went with every hour, with every deed. It was not thus with them before, when under the white banner of innocence the blandishments of peace caressed them ; never dreading to find a serpent on the flower-bestudded path : no ! joy, and but joy, they expected to meet, ever with laughing eyes inviting them to skip amidst his amaranths and roses the live-long day away ; whilst their guardian genii above extended their protecting wing, and hallowed the artless enjoyment with a smile. Then handed the past day the cup of pleasure brimful to the other ; for though they quaffed it largely, and even incessantly, they found its nectar still overflowing, and the relish of it increased with every fresh draught. Yet, how uniform, how simple, passed their days away ! The sun beamed daily on the repetition of yesterday's innocent pleasures. Surely, that restless never satisfied craving for new amusements and diversions, is, no doubt, the thorn that sin planted in the bosoms of terrestrial forms ! Verily here they would regret to miss, even once, the long-enjoyed family pastimes : thus, the description of one of their days will suffice for the tenour of the whole.\*

---

\* Now here I give just a side glance at our Terra, and even at a fashionable reader, who, for the novelty,—or, as he would call it, for the oddity of the matter,—had perhaps deigned to cast a look on these leaves, and had, though with much weariness, checked his inclination to fling the tiresome legend away ; but here would he indeed



No sooner did they feel the new light playing again on their invigorated pulses, than, roused by the soul-stirring kiss from health's roseate lips, they court the morning air; for Cythera's youths believe that the oftener Aurora's blush glances on the cheeks of their maidens, the lovelier their bloom would be; while the nymphs hold it for certain, that the first sunbeams give a brighter lustre to the laughing eyes of their swains. Besides, no one would fail to join, at sun-rise, their neighbours' families in united worship under Nature's azure temple. And what does the legend mean by this, but those cathedrals, where she herself is the glorious architect, her flowery mead the pavement; her stately trees, the pillars; the roof, her cerulean all overspreading arch. In these rotundas stands, however, always the altar of turf on a grassy elevation; and here kindred souls unite, to offer in devotion's attitude the first morning sacrifice of their hearts, in hymns of thanks and praise to the dread alti-ruling, and yet ever bounties-showering Deity; the priest always with a blessing attending. To one of these circular enclosures might, for distinction's sake, a terrestrial name be given, and thus denominate it the metropolitan temple. The trees of this were indeed of a

---

bang it with scorn on the ground, after many maledictions on the insipid relation, and bless his better stars, that placed him on an orb, where there are such delightful card-racks, well crammed with invitations for innumerable breakfasts, races, dinners, balls and suppers, for months to come.

most peculiar kind, only once found in a remote place, even by their primitive patriarchs. It was Mehaldon, the chief amongst these ancient priests, who conceived the design, and agreed with his companions and the elders of the people to take their largest, choicest growth, in order to transplant them in a wide spreading circle around the grassy hillock, where they first worshipped. There they grew up, and stood like the loftiest palm-trees, yet far superior in size, form, and beauty; for no others ever afterwards cased their mighty stems in such silvery rinds, nor fluted them so regularly, nor so elegantly; no others ever wore such large-leaved, such tufted, bright, shining emerald crowns: verily, they must have been produced on purpose for this; whilst a good genius led these forefathers designedly to the spot, inspiring them with the thought, and even assisting them in the removal. And never again was another similar vegetation discovered, though it must be noticed, that as a few of minor growth and form had there been left by Mehaldon and his companions, these were also occasionally further removed to some other parts of the globe, forming there likewise sanctuary circles; but could neither in height, form, nor symmetry, in any way be compared with this primary master-product of Nature; which, considered as it was as a legacy of primitive times and beings, Hesper's natives came often even from distant places to inspect it, with wonder and admiration: yet their daily worship was at the simple but holy circuit of their home

plantations. This sacred duty performed, forth went the hymning choirs, greeting the new-born day with joyous welcome to its mirth-pregnant hours. Along the mead, the glittering grass along, skipped then the pairs of beauteous forms away, brushing, with their elastic steps, Aurora's here and there remaining tears from the yet willing yielding blades ; the eyes of their elder relations pursuing them, and often sending approving smiles ; whilst in another part, delightful melodies fill wood and valley, as, further on, the shouts of merry hearts from hill to hill re-echo.

And now, behold, all are busy ; all are occupied : yet tell, aye, tell, in what ? Is it the bustle of our terrestrial globe ? the anxious hurry for the acquisition of wealth ? or yet the unwearied study how to barter this gain for titles, estates, buildings, dress, and feasts ? Oh, these primitive simple-minded Hespereans had not even an idea, therefore no estimation, much less a wish or craving for things, which, had they known them, they would never, in their opinion, have been worth the misery of such a self-imposed thralldom. That idol of Cybele's sons and daughters, the yellow dust, together with all the brilliant mineral baubles, slept—if there were yet any—slept undisturbed within their lofty mountains' darksome womb : for what were these to them ? Were it perhaps to trick themselves, or trim their buildings or their utensils, with their stuff ? How ? when they had such abundance of beautiful flowers, far better fitting for any such purpose. You



haply urge again, that this might buy their ease, thus laying labour, toil, and hardship, on but drudging menials. Oh, blessed they ! that never dreamed of such unworthy merciless distinction amongst their fellow-beings. No ! no ! they had no conception of all this restless toiling, which proves a foe alike to body and soul ; and shows yet so clearly how sadly the curse, by sin on mankind entailed, is for ever most actively operating in various ways, through the medium of gold and pelf. Here Nature indeed provides for all their wants, since they, as yet, had not transgressed ; so the turmoil of dress, is to the Cytherean natives unknown. The silver rivulets which edge their verdant lawns, and into which they immerse from time to time ; this renews the vigor and the beauty of their bodies—this is their substitute for dress ; so that the use of the crystal flood and of flowers is the only fashion known among them. Thus these happy beings escape entirely the bustle, spleen, and vanity of the toilette. Whenever fancy leads them to adorn themselves, there are the ready living flowers, offering their various hues and odours for their choice : or when a gallant youth would weave a wreath or chaplet for the fair, there are every where Nature's liquid mirrors to reflect their images ; and but a minute sufficed to place them with taste. Such was, indeed, the custom of the primitive times ; but not long after the period, of which the events have just been related, a more material addition was given to this. Some of their swains had begun lately to twist a beau-



tiful silvery kind of grass into a net-like web, with which they playfully tried to gird their loins, and found it so becoming, that it incontinently became the attire of every young person ; and though their graver companions kept still to their forefathers' custom, yet as these juvenile inventors, and their imitators, wore it to their latest days, succeeding generations thus undeviatingly adopted it, wearing it from the lower waist down to their knees. Now, may their guardian genii in mercy prevent any further discovery of either vegetable, reed, stone, or shell, that might again induce them to convert it into something like a garment or bodily ornament, and thus by its multiplying and *ever changing* forms, make dress the whole aim and end of their lives, rendering them, like some others (Heaven knows !) unfortunate creatures, their nearest globular neighbours, the wretched slaves of such a pursuit. Now it seems that when the wise Hesperean patriarchs saw the eagerness of their juvenile families to deck themselves in this new fashion, they felt some fear for its further progress, and excitement to new inventions ; thus when these elders were once together in conversation on this point, they found it expedient to make a law against all further intrusion of dress. But when these wise counsellors, (the Lord have mercy on their descendants !) when these wise beings, with their prudent foresight shall have been a long time gathered with their fathers, the transgression of this wholesome ordinance is a thing not at all unlike to happen. Yet

let us not pry into distant eras, as, at present, there is no sign, no symptom, of such a deed.

Yet what was then their occupation all the live-long day? When thus public song and dance had ceased, private learning, practicing and teaching, both of music and dance, had their turns. Besides this, the nymphs betook themselves both to the reaping and nursing of some choice flowers, or found amusement in taming, feeding, or caressing some favorite birds or quadrupeds. The swains were occupied in raising, cultivating, and trimming their verdant bowers, their ever-blooming mansions, which were not, at the risk of *lives*, piled up into the air, with the yet coarse materials of stone and chalk; no! they simply planted them; and Nature wove these plantations into the loveliest tissue that ever was twisted. The plant or shrub, chosen for that purpose, though shooting to a prodigious height, was yet so elastic, as willingly to overarch the prescribed circle, and thus join the meeting branches; proving in the same time so firm and compact, as to remain unshaken and unaltered in the form they at any time designed to give it. The vivid verdure of its foliage was not only abundant, but of a very firm and close texture, diversified here and there with beautiful clusters of flowers of all colours; for as the genus of this plant produced them of all hues, they took care, when they raised their bowers, to collect and to arrange them just as it suited their fancy, so that such an arbour appeared really so rich, and so glowing, as if it was verily intended for

Flora's own bower; which thus, under its delicious shade, was ever and anon shedding perfumes over all the velvet couch of turf within; where here and there a little hillock was raised for a seat or for a pillow, to rest the head at night. And this, a terrestrial lodger would say, this is, indeed, their whole furniture? yes! and, indeed, spite of your scorn, this, and no more;—save that on the tendrils of their verdant living walls, musical reeds and shells are appended; but, no arrows—no darts—no destructive weapons; for hunting, slaughter, and cookery,\* are unknown in this clime. Nature offers here her gifts abundantly, and in various shapes; in juicy and farinacious fruits and plants, such as we find in our own, or in the western hemisphere. One sort of shrub, the Cherestra, was yet more plentifully found, and even soon more cultivated, as most resorted to. The very hard capsular, or shell-like form of this, contained something like a jelly, which, when it was in some bark or rind heated over the Naphtha, (the only kind of fire used in this globe) it became a firm substantial mass, very nutritive, and could, either in or out of its inclosure, be for a long time preserved; so that it might well be considered as the Venerean people's daily bread. Another tree bore a prodigious large sort of almonds, or rather chesnuts, which, it

---

\* An abode in Venus, without the charms of the chace and the table, would surely prove more than purgatory itself to our Nimrods and Apicius's.



seems, they also used constantly at their meals. Many of their fruits could indeed be compared to overflowing cups of juice, ever ready to allay the thirst and gratify the palate. Still the most luscious, yet cooling quality of their Chimoloth, was superior to all others. This was gathered by tapping a very large reed, from which it then spontaneously rushed, and being received in capacious shells, was poured into smaller ones, and thus handed to those who wished for refreshment. Moreover, a sort of calabash of amazing size contained a kind of milk, but far more plentiful than our cocoa nut; for the whole inner substance—when allowed to come to full maturity—turns entirely to such a liquid.

These particulars relative to their nouriture are gathered from various parts of the legend, where their frequent notice seems to indicate, that those, just here mentioned, afforded most probably to all Venereans the common daily food; although it appears also clearly, that they have besides an infinitely greater number of both fruits and vegetables, yielding them a nutritious and delicious fare, in vast variety. Was here then any labour? was here then any toil?—No! nothing but enjoyment seemed to be the whole purport of their lives: whenever they wanted to be recruited, they had but to stretch forth their hands to receive the gifts Nature so plentifully scattered around them—and then sit down to enjoy them on the velvet she had spread for their solace over their lawns, and then overshadowed this with the panoply of her stately trees.



Here during the noonday's glory they reposed, either alone, or in groups, or coteries, or even in large assemblies, just as their taste, conveniency or opportunity, might offer. Here during the meridian hours they passed their time as they listed, now in social intercourse, now in harmonious concerts; again in adjusting and attuning their vocal reeds and shells; or in beautifying their larger conchyllia, (used as receivers of their liquid stores) with sculptured ornaments and figures: and latterly you would have even found them in twisting their newly-invented vegetal covering into tasteful textures; thus occupying themselves in various ways.

Yet when the cooling breath of eve is on the lawn, and the golden flood of day beams rosier on the mountains, then are the nymphs abroad, visiting again their odour-breathing parterres, or gambolling among their domestic favorites, the swains with ready service attending; seeking for these, and then regaling them with their most relished pasture; whilst many a mother stands smiling by; or many a father leads his families the meads and groves along, when the beauty of this or that now so mildly glorious smiling view often checks their steps, and fixes them here or there in silent admiration of the lovely scenes. But lo! the sun approaches now the ether-wrapt mount of the western rampart; and see! his parting smile greets them all on their bended knees, as this is the moment, when each and all give thanks for the share allowed in the past day's bliss; for not unregarded, not unmind-

ful, did they lead such a peaceful and happy life; no! they enjoyed it with a heart overflowing with gratitude to the Almighty Donor of this blessing. No sooner reclined then their heads upon their turfy pillows, than gentle slumbers sealed their eyes; and, lulled in the arms of peace, the active senses repose.

Ah, hadst thou, hadst thou then seen, nay, hadst thou then but felt that soothing peace, that stilly holiness, in which now the Venerean plains lie as entombed, and yet where live such charms as those inherent to an Hesperean night? So lovely as this there is nothing, no, nothing, in the terrestrial atmosphere to be found. Comparison thus wanting, then try—oh try not to describe; it has no similitude in words; its softness is far too delicate for sounds; let it but float in your fancy, then it will also seem as if the breath of love were on every flower, to call forth their fairy spirits, thus to wanton about, and with their rose and violet balm to impregnate the air; see thus they sail along, and play scarce perceptibly among the yielding foliage's emerald tufts; and these, now all bespeckled with fire-flies, night's peculiar jewels, which Nature liberally lends her to bespangle all this charming soil, so that it may vie in miniature with her celestial canopy. Lo! how in glittering shoals, they strive indeed for lustre with heaven's starry host. Yet fair and lucent as this nocturnal pomp glitters before my sight, all my attention, all my admiration is captivated, ah, is indeed rivetted to the magic harmony, wafted so witchingly in softest

tones unto mine ear, from yonder vale ; for there dwells the nightly music of an enchanting voice ; oh, listen ! 'tis not a bird ; 'tis neither yet a human organ ; 'tis but a Cytherean creature, endowed with vocal charms ; and hark ! it is responded by another ; and all the intervals filled up with dulcet flourishes or twitterings of a feathered warbler. Thus nurtured with such rare delight, let fancy, yes, let the mind enjoy the scene. But why, and whence this intrusive light ? Oh do not, do not call it thus, for it is Hesper's Aurora Borealis, which thus glowing on the Cytherean horizon, mantles all this lovely creation in a magic stole.\*

Oh splendid, odoriferous and harmonious night ! in lovely stillness breathing ; in thee Nature combines indeed her rarest charms. That I but might have held the vigils here with him, who stands there under yonder sacred porch, the blue ethereal deep perusing, not as astrologer, there future hopes and fears espying—oh no ! his mind, yes ! all his mind is but absorbed in wonder and delight, and admiration of the Creative Power, before whose splendour these bright astres are but twinkling atoms, glimmering sparks, blown from the flood of light. Say then, what must his Power—what must his glory be !.....You cannot !.....then—

---

\* We are told by astronomers that *Venus* may sometimes be seen, even at times when her orb is not enlightened by the sun, as if there were perhaps in her neighbourhood an astre that might illumine her nights ; but this not being proved, they will now attribute it to an Aurora Borealis.



as befits a mite, bend lowly to the ground—be silent and adore!—Such are the feelings of this holy man, whilst contemplating these to corporeal beings yet incomprehensible wonders. Their numbers how great! their magnitude how vast! and yet their evolutions how regular within their first prescribed void, where each and all keep their unerring path along the fields of air, where thus, self-poised, they glide their quickening axis undeviatingly around. But yet not only through the visual organ is the ancient sire's soul with intellectual nurture gratified; the ether wafts celestial melody unto his ear: he sends his awed attention now here, now there; but neither from the ground, nor from the highest trees, can tones so heavenly as those proceed; such harmony is not in mortal organs dwelling. The Theolims, thou hoary vigilant, the heavenly guardians of thy people, these tutelary genii, these, these are the divine harmonists, these sent the echoes of their hymning choirs in sweet responses through the listening night. There was a time, there was indeed a time, when even now and then, from one of those a greeting came unto the forefathers of thy race; but those golden times are past! alas they are gone! alas! they are no more!

Yes fearful indeed, and almost unwilling turn I now the further pages of their annals over, for what shall I read there but the confirmation, not only of this, but that in general their happiest period is now closing. Oh then I mourn, I mourn for the now-overshadowed



days of former joy; of days, that in the retiring vista of time, leave memory but just the rosy-tinted flush of the retiring sun. Alas! for the succeeding generations; their's will indeed not be the happiest lot. You will then say that their existence is not lasting? How could it be? Were they not like ourselves but natives of a revolving orb; where all is perishable, nought permanent; the day waning; the light fading; the trees, plants, and flowers, aye every creature, passing; in short all Nature changing. Could they alone be exempted from the influence of such a varying atmosphere in which they breathed? and where, besides, all must invariable bear the mark, and show the symptoms of the soil from which they sprang, and which still nurtures them. Should they alone defy the general law of Nature? It cannot be! Although their vessels of life are not subject to slow, gradual, or even painful decay; still less to violent annihilations of their bodies; nor indeed do they know any fear of death, of that appalling spectre, that—since our progenitors' transgression—hunts now every terrestrial offspring through life's every hour, with grinning defiance on our projects and on our joys. Yet although such a grisly demon stares them not momentarily in the face; still their existence is finite, it is still passing away; though not, as with us, in such a distressing, grievous manner, where death leaves, even on the lifeless corpse, the awing characters of his destructive power; and thus imprints on the mind of the still living beholders, if

not an horror, yet an inward shudder and repugnance ; no ! they are never afflicted with the sight of the cadaverous relics of their once blooming, or their once animated friends : when the sap of life begins to fail, and is absorbed within, the shape or shell withers in a moment, just as we see it in fading flowers, that shed their leaves, bestrew the ground, disperse, and are no more.

Thus beings and thus seasons bloomed ; thus likewise men and seasons faded ; and generations after generations were ingulphed within the vortex of merciless time ; and which thus—so like the waves of the flood—were no sooner seen than vanished. Such was then their nature, and such the state of their life up to that period at which we are now arrived. Ah, how reluctantly do I proceed, “ casting a longing lingering look behind,” on years of innocence, of joy and bliss ; alas ! no more to return.

## CHAPTER IV.

## FIRST TRANSGRESSION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

AMONGST so many blessings, profusely scattered over the path assigned to those primitive generations, a certain kindred feeling towards each other may undoubtedly be reckoned as one of the most inestimable benefits. Indeed they considered themselves as members of but one common family; as such they loved each other; and in such an undeviating union they lived together: for though the archsires of their different families were venerated as the patriarchal senior governors of their kindred, still all junior fathers were the uncontrouled chieftains of their household; yet there was no separated interest, they were all children of their great kind Father in heaven, and thus collected and combined in one bond of brotherly affections. But the priest of every district was particularly respected; not only as a person whose tried experience and council would and could ever prudently direct and guide them; but still more so as a special friend, who with paternal kindness would interest himself with tender anxiety

for each individual's welfare, and would not have enjoyed an happy hour if one of his fellow-beings had not his share in the general allotment of bliss. Such was then in the orb's infancy this patriarchical commonwealth. When yet, however, in process of time, their numbers prodigiously increased, then was it found necessary to appoint and institute an individual, who should be invested with the chief controul and power, and from whom, in case of need, or in dubious cases, advice, assistance, or approbation, as in a last resort, might be obtained; and on whom they thus a monarch's right and honor, and those thereto belonging exclusive privileges conferred; believing in the same time, that for his weightier and more assiduous care, and his yet more powerfully granted protection, they owed him a greater, aye, a truly reverential regard. I find, they considered him indeed as the father of the general family, whose members were even thus more closely united under one supreme head. Now though this extraordinary kindred feeling, (for extraordinary, nay, impossible must it indeed to a Cybelean appear) yet—though this has been already sufficiently noticed—I cannot forbear to repeat it again and again, for at every fresh repetition it comes like an honied flavor to my soul, when I find it even in various places thus asserted, that their attachment and love for each other, was verily such as could only be found among offsprings of the same parent, it seemed really as if but one soul animated them, and this soul were influenced by a heart, which



glowed as on friendship's own altar, with interest, with zeal, with the tenderest affection, so bright as to animate their every thought, their every wish for each other's happiness, with that solicitude which otherwise is peremptorily, I well might say despotically, confined to our individual self. Citizens of our mercantile Terra, where almost the air and the light is saleable, and gold the only standard of felicity—ye offsprings of Cybele's bartering globe—I can well conceive with what ineffable contempt you will turn away from such incredible tales of mutual disinterest, indignant at me and my ridiculous fancies, thus peopling bright Venus with a race of fools. Ah title them just as you please; no matter; these, as yet uncorrupted beings, will yet, at this time, still enjoy that happiness to which Almighty Wisdom and Benevolence predestinated all the works of his creation, and which, for us, was only marred by our transgressing arch-parents, but which, according to this legend, the primitive Hespereans evidently enjoyed; indeed, and alas! but yet awhile; for their planetary nature must advise us, that we may also see the reverse of the picture.

Among their general kindred, there were yet two whom even a still closer attachment united. When others were like brothers of the same family, these were indeed like twin brothers; nay, though they appeared in two different bodies, their thoughts, their wishes, their actions, all seemed to have but one stimulus, being in as perfect an unison as ever the octaves

of most harmonious lute could be; the upper notes soft and sweet, the lower ones strong and sonorous, yet in undeviating concord. Now, thus identified, must they not pass their waking hours together? Where indeed sheds the vandrilla its balmy odours with more fragrance than from that by the morning sun-illuminated bower on the hill? And this, this is Alsisto's bower, the bower of Cortander's friend.—“Oh here then”—he says—“here let me loiter, till at the sinking sun the charms of my bower get fresher awake. And how should I with pleasure inhale the reviving breeze, wafted from the glassy-mirror expanded before my dwelling—oh how could it gratify me, if you, my friend, were not there?” Together thus they went, and together their evenings in the vale, as their mornings on the hill were spent. And were they perhaps not too much together? Alas! that the imperfections of passing creatures allows us to suggest such a doubt! and alas and woe that we even may see it verified! Thus indeed I find it; thus I read it here. And, oh my pen! must thou now record what the legend tells? that even goodness, even eminent virtue, was the charm, the fatal charm that, as it fascinated, so it wrought the ruin!—Neryntha—yes, Alsisto's Neryntha, was indeed the gentlest creature, that ever was formed of perishable stuff; a dove could not be more guileless, more placid, and yet more captivating and playful, than this lovely being of finest mould. With endearing submission she paid the tribute of respect, even of awe, which

Lyraphne's commanding majestic beauty from every beholder excited. Verily Cortander's stately dame had but to look and was obeyed, even before she spoke. Let her but walk along, and see if her portly gait would not almost bring the persons she met with on their knees. The priest would certainly sometimes, aye, frequently—when she too much her superiority displayed,—admonish her, saying, “Sister of our common-family, affability was ever our fairest damsels’ dowry.” The annals of her heart might tell how deeply she inwardly this sacerdotal liberty resented, but would not have dared to show the least outward sign, so reverend was, at that time, any directions to the path of virtue.

Yet, thus haughty as she was—and the legend says, had she been haughtier still—the suavity of Nerynthas’s nature would yet have been the means to preserve the long-existing union of the two families: but, ah me! who must thus repeat it—her very virtue wrought the ruin, irremediable woe to friendship, to conjugal faith, and to the common weal. This suavity, this loveliness, these enchanting manners, this unaffected humility—and, above all, the excellence of her heart, from which all this worth emanated, and modelled all her conduct, and which should—as at first it certainly did—excite but admiration and esteem, and would, in perfect beings, have produced the most refined friendship—this was yet here—all gracious Heaven! such is the propensity, alas! the misery of transitory beings, that even



such eminent goodness was here the very lure to sin ! Now, what was the behest from Heaven ? what was the basis on which the common prosperity depended ? *Was it not conjugal faith ?* What distinct and impressive warnings were not to the Celosian people given ! pointing out its transgression as the greatest woe ; as the loss of divine favour and protection, together with the Theolims' guardianship. Assuredly this was the Omnipotent fiat ; and none regarded the disobedience of this law with greater horror than the now wretched, yet hitherto so truly virtuous Cortander. But security is a treacherous preservative ; and examination of the forbidden fruit is already an infallible sign of your inclination to taste it ; a truth which, in Cortander's case, gives but again the sad confirmation. Yet shall he not be hastily condemned ; his situation, his very friendship, shall first put in a plea of excuse, and though unavailing, pity cannot refuse to listen to it, whilst thus I must the origin and progress of the sad catastrophe relate.

The original impression which Lyraphne's imposing charms had first made on Cortander's heart, and had induced him to appear with her at the shrine of love, and vow there a lasting affection—this impression, at first so fondly cherished, became, by degrees, not effaced, but painful. Those large jetty eyes, which primarily kindled the torch of love, seemed now often like meteors, that sent too glaring a lustre, even hurtful to his eyes ; the more so, when compared (ah, fatal com-



parison— source of all consequent woe ! !)—when compared with the soft soothing beams, which so benevolently, yet so playfully, in sweetest unconsciousness, escaped athwart the deep-fringed curtains that shaded Neryntha's azure orbs, those true reflectors of her mind, where all the gentle virtues held their seat, and god-like peace ascendant over all. When such attractions were now illumined with that smile which so frequently sported around her rosy lips, and in her dimpled cheeks, the witchery would indeed have been powerful enough, if even the elegance of her form, and the gracefulness of her manners, had not been half so captivating. Surely such a combination of charms might have proved sufficient to make any rival tremble, though not Lyraphne, who would have despised herself if she had allowed so mean a thought to enter her mind—that any beauty could equal, much less eclipse her own. And yet, behold ! her very partner, Alsistus' bosom friend, is now the very victim of their unconscious fascinations. Who will not now lament that such a destructive mildew came to blast and wither this godlike plant of rarest friendship, and seared it to the very root ! Oh, nature ! how frail—how pitiably frail are even the best creatures of thy planetary world ! How precarious all virtue, when even under the banner of friendship, during the enjoyment of life's best blessings, they find no safety from danger, but may even be most exposed to it ! This is indeed a catastrophe of which the description is truly painful : for, in spite of the abhorrence the

transgression inspires, yet a feeling of pity—oh, yes! much commiseration will still linger in the core of this event, and induce even the most rigid to find some extenuation for the fault: for if the poor deluded sinner had but at first in the least been aware into what a gulph of misery he was plunging himself, and others after him, he certainly would immediately have started from the brink of the chasm before him.

But thus it is: always with sin; it comes ever with an alluring smile, offering the poisoned chalice with a honeyed brim, so that half the cup is emptied before the bitterness of the draught is tasted. Yet, no doubt, there must have been warnings, misgivings of conscience, forebodings of approaching ill—nay, awful remembrances of the great command and pledge, on which the common weal depended; all true, all sure and frequent visitors, when virtue begins to vacillate: and, indeed, their first intrusion cannot but startle and raise reflexion; but woe to him who enters into a parley with them, offering reasons, excuses, promises, and all that false coin of sophistry, instead of instantly submitting to the given salutary advice: for these monitory visitors, being less and less minded, they, in their turn, forbear their call. They spoke, however, in the beginning of this sad affair, frequently, and, indeed, most expressively to Cortander's soul—and really not quite without effect: but then, what was their advice? What else than to shun the place and the object of his erring? Was this for Cortander possible? How could he pass

the livelong hours without his Alsistus—his better self? How live without the daily fare received from friendship's banquet? where also she—where, oh, Neryntha! thou didst preside?

Ah, then—yes, then—says the legend—then came the demon's whisper, which hinted that her presence there gave even the greatest relish, adding—what reasons could possibly justify my absence to my friend? Why then not silently desert, and repair to distant countries? Then thou, Lyraphne—wert not thou also the busy agent of his evil genius, that diverted him from such an holy resolve, with bitter reproaches from his heart to his mind for the cruelty he would then inflict on the wife of his bosom—on her to whom he had pledged himself as her guardian and protector, as long as existence should last—to leave her now, thus deserted, orphaned, and unblest!—was not this still more transgressing against the high behest? Why then not depart together? Could he indeed well persuade the imperious dame to this? would she not—and most certainly she had a right to enquire for the motives of such an extraordinary resolution; could he then give her convincing proofs of the necessity for such a removal? Impossible!

These and similar suggestions marred every vigorous effort of his soul; so that virtue lost ground in every new contest. But once—yes, once indeed—after a night of most acute sufferings, he rose with the dawn of day, and braving every suggestion which love and friend-



ship would urge—firmly resolved to depart—he glided the lake's margin along; but, just its angle turning, he hears a voice—alas! a well-known voice; he turns, and sees—oh, fate! his beckoning partner, who, when awaking, had missed her absent lord, and sending prompt her searching eyes abroad, soon discovered him, and with wide reechoing command ordered his immediate return. Durst he disobey? He loiters—yet they met! And does she lead him home to his own bower? No! no! Their morning station was ever at Alsistus' bower; thereto, of course Lyraphne led him, and, I think the legend says, not quite reluctantly. Such as are apt to caress their foibles, and give protection to their failings, such, I say, would probably find no great fault with Cortander, if he considered this check on his purpose as rather a lucky and even a welcome chance; but how sadly proves yet experience, that hard as the first struggle must appear, every succeeding trial becomes yet more difficult. This Cortander in his wretched situation so deplorably proved: for thus again between new glances are forbidden charms, and fresh stings of conscience, and the consequent tumult of combating thoughts and fruitless schemes—succeeding and absorbing each other like the overwhelming waves of a storm-wrought ocean—thus again in renewed, but equally unavailing efforts another part of time passed away. How long—oh ye Powers of Mercy!—how long shall I—ah! how long *can* I yet this intolerable suffering endure? Thus he asked him-



self, as once under the smart of heart-crushing pangs—pondering on his fate—sleepless he lay. Now the miseries of sleepless nights, were, before Cortander's error, in Hesper's bowers unknown: for care and guilt, and all their concomitant foes to sleep, had with their scourging visits, hitherto never dared to pollute the hallowed couch of innocence; yet now, by their intrusion, the ill-fated Cortander was thus deprived of rest, and chiefly by that most merciless friend, reproach, that seemed determined to fix his dreadful fangs, deep, deep, in his soul, whilst presently, and ever and anon he weened to hear a voice thus crying, "Cythera's weal is but on conjugal faith depending." The words of this to him but too well known injunctions, fell yet this time like burning-types with intolerable pain on his heart, he could not endure their life-scaring smart, the more so, as this came ever with the blazing fiat in the rear, "Woe! thrice woe to the transgressor!" It was impossible to endure this any longer; thus cautiously he stole away from the couch, and,—from the harbour, and set forth to wander, whereto he knew not—he cared not; away! away! this was but the spur that prompted him; and thus still onward he goes; his looks, his wishes, his steps, but distance courting; when at last, at break of day, he found himself before a dark and solitary wood; in this, ere yet awakened eye might spy him—intent to bar for ever all trace of his existence—in this he enters. Ah! pity goes along with thee, ill-fated sinner! suffering now so dreadfully

from the wounds of a heart now deep, ah deeply lacerated by the pungent arrows which guilty conscience is there continually shooting—whilst now he knows not, minds not, cares not, what might become of him; but further and further he emerges into the dismal wood, where mournfully waving branches seemed to respond with awful sighs to his groans; and though dark and misty is the path he treads, yet deeper far is the gloom, which enwraps his soul, where his guilt with a demon's voice seemed crying, "A traitor to thy country! a traitor to thy friend!" All other thoughts were by the ponderous weight of these two awful upbraidings crushed. Oh how killing was their import, and yet not sufficiently to Cortander's wishes; for they left him painful life and consciousness, more than enough, to hear them incessantly repeated. Yet daylight appeared; the sun is risen: but within him it is still night, ill-boding night! Still deeper he rushed into the forest gloom, as more congenial to the state of his mind; and fast and eager are his steps, as if he were yet fearful of pursuit.

At last, by all the warring passions quite overcome, he flung himself exhausted on the ground, and there, as seemingly bereft of life, awhile he lay. But presently see! as if breathing with new vigour, he starts—and, raising himself, thus he exclaims with daring look, "Of what indeed do I now accuse myself? What crime have I committed? Have I not lived in strictest observance?—hem! Here his conscience endeavoured to

give a check to his self-justification; yet he soon continued, "Have I not, to all appearance, lived conformable to the imposed law? Of what can Alsistus now complain?—Hush and be silent, rebellious conscience—Neryntha—oh do not name her—is she not yet quite as unconscious of my love, as if I never saw her? if so, where is then my criminality? If I have been in thoughts in some degree straying away from righteousness, surely this cannot be imputed to me as a guilt." Here it appears, that, be the fault ever so obvious, an Hesper-born transgressor, just as an earth-bred sinner, will still find for himself a sufficient plea for his misconduct. When thus the self-convicted Cortander had also exculpated himself, he would then ask, "Wherefore then fly away? What has been is past and shall be no more. Shame on my former weakness! would it not be a very coward's disgrace if Cortander's manly spirit would allow itself to be over-matched and subdued by female witchery? No! perish the idea! for though the charms—alas! my heart!—for though the charms are great indeed—be they now what they may—yet their attractions shall agonize this heart no longer." If such a fleeting transit of resolve were but sufficient for the execution of that arduous task to keep our passions under just controul, who would not virtue's votary at such an easy tribute be? But those, whom sad experience daily teaches, what a fearful task it is to enter into contest with our inherent propensities, what unremitting care, what never-ceasing watchful-



ness, this ever and anon requires : and that yet, notwithstanding all this, the enemy seem continually to gain on the outposts—how distrustful then are not these of their very best efforts ; and how timorous will they on such trials venture ! And those may indeed well ask, if Cortander really, earnestly believed, that after all his former unavailing efforts, he just now, all at once, could master the foe ? Yet what says the text of the legend ? what tells it ? but alas ! that the mind of the hitherto so virtuous Cortander was now—ah woe ! evidently quite changed. Could this in so short a time be effectuated ? Art thou then, oh virtue, such a feeble reed as to give no support ? and that hard as the struggle for maintenance may ever be, finally you will still bend under the storm of passions ? Or is this only when the hand that holds thee grows careless of the support ? No doubt the adhesion had been by degrees somewhat relaxed—but such a remarkable change was certainly by adverse agents wrought. Oh yes ! to those we may well attribute this subversion of his mind ; to those likewise all his subsequent ruin may be imputed. Asphotis' spectres as they hovered around, with their infernal mutterings, checked, overruled, and stunned continually the pleadings of virtue's holy voice. But was the sentence by Heaven's deputy so solemnly declared ? Was it not distinctly decreed, that none but those, that *voluntarily* under their banner enlisted, should for the future their subjects be ? How can this now in Cortander's case be proved ? Was it ever his



will to be under their dominion? But can he now in the same time as virtue's true vassal be noted? This, I believe, the greatest sophist would not venture to maintain. Undoubtedly he wished under Heaven's protection and under the guardianship of the Theolims to remain; but did he feel himself deserving of this? Had he the same claim as before to their care and solicitude for him! He well knew their vigilance was only granted to those that lived in strict observance to the ordinance. Did he the same? let his conscience give the answer to this. But you will say, such was his wish—Ye heavens! if all fair wishes were as good as solid coin, how different would the world and its inhabitants be! Again, when he had his wishes, the Asphotis had their wishes too; and—alas! that I must say it, theirs proved by far the most effective; for as they were prompted by the desire of sovereignty, they were unremittingly active, and moreover aided by satanical craft. Ever eager to discover any sign indicative of sin or disobedience in any one of the Celosian people, all their wiles, all their deceit was incessantly employed in order to allure their first subject into their snares. Such are the eyes of the American rattlesnake; can it ever be said that the fascinated bird flies willingly into the sorcerer's throat? Degrading as the comparison to Cortander might be, it proved certainly with him the same. Soon as they saw him wavering, they marked him for their prey. And observe how progressively, yet how finally they gained their point.

At first he bitterly bewailed his errors ; then soon excused, and now boldly braves them.

With this intent, see him endeavouring to retrace his path out of the gloomy wood ; but, it is in vain ; for now it appears like a perfect labyrinth ; he cannot, spite of all his fruitless trials—he cannot extricate himself from the dark mazes of this ill-boding forest. The day—the first day of his journeying, there was sinking, and succeeded by dismal night, and so was another ; and even a third ; yet, wood and solitude, anxiety and horror, were all the same. Some open glades, some stilly valleys, were, indeed, here and there to be met ; but all unpeopled—all circumvented with gloomy shades. This made him not only greatly dejected, but still more was he perplexed to find himself at every turn, spite of all his efforts for a contrary course, still nearer and nearer the fatal mountains ; and even, at last, close to their very rocks. He shuddered as he approached those towering awful boundaries, where Good and Evil, in former times, the fatal strife sustained ; and which, since this contest, seemed mystically closed. Remembering this, he paused—and for awhile stood horror-struck ; yet, ah ! mark the demon's magnetism ! anon, he still approached :—why should he not ? aye, why not just examine them ? Indeed ! Cortander !—oh, Cortander ! are these suggestions of a friendly spirit ? Check, oh check their tendency ; make this final, perhaps, as yet, the saving effort. Useless warnings ! See, he advances !—he proceeds ! as if his fate

—oh, no! hell's deputies thus spurred him on. Now, gazing on the overhanging craggs, heedlessly forward he moves: and—down, down in the dreadful chasm before him, he rushes; and thus, as if therein entombed, he lies. How long? The legend does not tell, but merely compares his state to a profound doze; during which, sin's prompt agents, the Aphotis, were busily employed to allure his fancy, and inflame his passions, calling up their delusive visions in a dream of future grandeur and fame. Freedom, unlimited freedom, was the shout that filled the land which rose before him; a land which, though wide in extent, acknowledged him not only as the sole and absolute sovereign, but venerated him even as a superior being; as founder, as progenitor of countless nations, who lived gay and happy, because unshackled from any restraint, custom, or warning, that might check any inclination, but left their will free to their heart's content. The only homage, which in future times the willing nations paid, was to the altar, on which, in the festooned temple his worshipped image stood, half veiled in aromatic fumes, arising from the censers of sacrificing priests; whilst high-sounding praises of hymning nymphs, as they are swinging their garlands around, are re-echoed by the welkin-ascending shouts of multitudes, who thus laud and magnify the arch-sire of their generations.

But, oh! how different was now the prospect of the waking scene; for, though no longer wedged among rocks, yet far from being worshipped by thousands of

thousands, he found himself a solitary wretch, on a territory perfectly unknown to him. How he came there, forsooth ! it seems, he wist not ; nor can I tell—although I most diligently searched and examined the Venerean tablets, yet am not able to find any detail, or even the least notice of his conveyance thither : whether in carrying these historical portraitures away, I might have haply just lost that relative to this event ; whether the Venerean limners were loth to display this odious transportation, what ever it may be, there is certainly an evident, yet, well considered, a lucky omission ; for what could be the detail of this, but a series of horrors and satanic craft. By what else, but by the help of these machinations, could Cortander penetrate, and then emerge from those tremendous mountains ? Alas ! his conductors were most certainly those, whose dwellings, and whose actions, are for ever confined to the regions of darkness ; and under whose controul he now—ah, woe!—henceforth must remain.

Thus you may see him now just there—his future abode and domain surveying. Before him lies a wide spreading valley or flat, skirted with jagged, high shooting mountains—peopled but by the brute creation ; yet bearing, though in a very inferior degree, some resemblance to the other hemisphere. But was the soil and the prospect changed, so was his mind,—and even infinitely more so ; as now he wished nothing more eagerly than the fulfilment of the scenes represented to



him in the vision. Now, here it would appear, as if the Venerean atoms, just like the poor terrestrial mites, both equally springing from dust, were yet for ever striving to soar aloft; though this propensity becomes but manifest when sin gets the ascendance over the mind. Reason indeed might find a ludicrous disproportion between the origin, the bulk, the capacity, and the aim of an ambitious transitory being, for whose ardent longing for possession and sway the very globe seems yet too small a particle, and by no means sufficient to fill the cavities of his aspiring head. Thus it was that Cortander's heart, now under the influence of evil agents, was high with the lust of monarchy swelling; although as yet but a solitary outcast, confined to a rocky dreary waste. Impossible as it was for him to forget his former blooming home, that paradise, by special friendship and universal affection still more embellished; yet, with all the regret—which the comparison must have awakened—with all this regret, he weened himself yet relieved from that check, that direful check, which agonized his life's every hour; now this check, as it clung to friendship and the blooming home, was yet with these left behind—and thus, Cortander's heart was now free and at ease. Again and moreover—was there sovereign power? was there unlimited sway?—None, verily none. But this, this the vision promised him; and this—this his now totally corrupted heart desired.

But where was the mother of this long line of nations?

An important, but as yet indissoluble question. Thus pondering on the subject, he cried—"Ah! that it but thou, lovely Neryntha! that it but thou might be! Would thou wert, both in mind and heart, less holy; then—then, had I but the power—then even Alsistus, the friend—yes, the friend, even he, should sacrifice thee, and give thee up to the furtherance of my future grandeur." And art thou, Cortander—art thou now indeed so deep, so very deep fallen—so utterly lost to all sense of godliness? a wretched to sin now entirely devoted being? Ye powers of iniquity! how venomous—ah, how deadly must then be your blast, when you thus can not only blight, but sear, the very germ and root of righteousness. Poor virtue stands dismayed at the rapid progress which sin and its infernal prompters thus gain over the unsuccessful efforts of her quondam votaries: for Cortander—the once so good, so just, so virtuous Cortander, must now henceforth be considered as one, by his present perversion, due bounden vassal of the Asphotis' reign! And these infernal imps hovered now incessantly around their luckless victim; not only egging him on to the pursuance of his proud schemes, but tainting the very atmosphere by their presence, and incessant agency to corrupt him more and more. No sooner had his mind at last been fixed on Lyraphne for his future partner, than off flew some demon deputies, commissioned to spy a favourable opportunity to practise their wiles on this vessel of pride.

She lies now in her bower, on the turfy couch, and,

alas! in a right proper tone of mind to give such visitors admittance—even just then her partner's loss most grievously lamenting. How different to her former days, seemed now her forlorn and deserted state! Durst she, as formerly, raise her commanding voice, and scatter her imposing looks abroad? And if indeed she does—how different is now their effect! Moreover, the general regret, as well as the sad conjectures about Cortander's disappearance—and, above all, the anxious researches and heart-breaking sorrows of his friend Alsistus, were soon converted into awful despondency—nay, into a painful mysterious silence, whenever his loss was mentioned; for a threefold warning had come to the priest, who then kept an anxious watch at the temple's porch, and these, for three succeeding nights, weened to hear the guardian spirits' sigh; weened even once to hear—"Woe, woe, woe, to the first Hesperean sinner! woe to the bliss-forsaking soul!" This was not only first to Alsistus related, but the people were also by the hierophant summoned, and most solemnly exhorted to implore, now more fervently than ever, the protection of God, and of his deputies, the Theolims; and then to deserve this further, by a far more scrupulous attention to their conduct. Lyraphne observed this well, and under most painful impressions, as certainly the conjectures she could draw from this, could in no way tranquillize her mind. It seemed evident that her Cortander was thus for ever lost to her; and,—oh, perdition! by sinning against conjugal faith—



though this to her seemed yet quite incredible. Yet lost he evidently was; and whatever then her conjectures about him might be, the still more important question turned on the consideration of her own present state, compared to her former situation. Where was yet found a person so obsequious to her calls—so momentarily devoted to her service, as even this her now love-forsworn Cortander? With him vanished also that regard which was then paid to him—both on account of his own merit, and in union with his friend Alsistus. Now, since his disappearance, was this attention, was this regard as before continued to her? Alas! she found here a sad difference—feeling herself like a solitary being, more dreaded than beloved; though one unalterable, one now even more attentive, more tenderly concerned friend remained, in her Cortander's yet ever faithful friend Alsistus: for that affection which the morn of their life engendered, and which, in their meridian hours, so vividly bloomed forth, and embalmed their life's every hour—this had so perfectly insinuated itself into Alsistus' being, the tendrils of that beautiful plant had entwined themselves so closely around the stem of his life, that, though the dreadful storm unpi-  
toyably tore and lacerated them, it could not utterly destroy the long-nursed plant: and thus, though seared and leafless, the main clasps, as if there engraved, were still seen for ever clinging unto it; for though it most cruelly shook the root, still this could never be eradicated: no, no! this remained; and of this ever fresh,



this ever living memory of former days, and of—alas! of former friendship, Lyraphne seemed but the legacy: therefore all what solitude could advise, all what most delicate attention could bestow, was most unremittingly tried to soothe the deserted partner of his unfortunate friend. Was this acceptable to Lyraphne? Indeed it does not appear so; for his interest and care was divided between her and Neryntha, of whom perhaps, in her presence, less notice was taken; but this seemed always more tender, as emanating from affection; while that bestowed on her was but the indulgence granted by complaisance, and,—oh intolerable mortification!—even of pity!!—And I shall suffer this? Shall live contentedly in such continual degradation? Shall tamely crouch to such humiliation? No! no! Never, no never let it be said that Lyraphne submitted meekly to the like disgrace. Such and other similar cogitations agitated her mind, when at the twilight hour she courted her couch to ruminate on her now so sadly altered fate; and as on this distractedly pondering, she cried, “Oh Lyraphne! Lyraphne! is it indeed come to this with thee! whilst yet thou must—oh horror! thou *must*,—spite of thy indignant mind, spite of thy loathing soul, thou must—oh! *must* thou not thus remain?”—“No, my Lyraphne, my Lyraphne, no!” Thus seemed to her bewildered senses a voice to cry, even in the very key of her Cortander’s tone, and adding, “Now queen and sovereign of the other hemisphere, arise to take possession of thy realm. Come, come to reign with

me in full unbounded liberty, beyond the mountains, where Nature's laws alone shall guide us, and no restraint annoy us." Thus she certainly wished it that moment to be : and thus she verily believed to hear it offered unto her, by her now there undoubtedly established Cortander. Incredible indeed are the delusions with which pride, particularly when, as here, it is stirred and swayed by the auxiliary baneful influence of the Asphotis' spirits—how pride then can fascinate the mind, and set all reason at nought ; for where was the seducing voice else but in her own indignant ambitious mind ; thus she wished to hear it that moment, and thus aided by demon's wiles, she heard it. She raised herself ; she listened ; she fancied to hear it again repeated ; she left her arbour ; and, conformably to her wishes, she heard it still. " I come, I come," she answered, " lead on, lead on, Cortander." And thus toward the mountain she bent her way, further and further ; for from thence the alluring voice resounded ; and where else but there could her Cortander and their future dominion be ?

But in the name both of reason and fortune, how can possibly this awful mountain-barrier be overtripped ? Where is boldness and skill enough for this, particularly in a woman, even now when night appears ? the atmosphere all gloomy, all murky around—light and strength failing ; so that quite exhausted and near fainting, she was ready to sink down on the ground ; when presently she observed not far a wood-clothed

eminence, and to this for shelter she proceeded. Lyraphne! oh Lyraphne forbear! do not approach it; for treacherous may be the ground should your foot tread it; and yet you will—when it is yet already sinking beneath you—and thus in a darksome never explored cave you lay. Will here be rest for you? alas! I hear but sighs and moans. Yet are not these perhaps the lingering echoes of a repentant mind? hush! I'll watch her now. There's a faint glimmering light hovering over her: it comes; it goes; so like the flitting flickerings of an escaping lamp's dying flame—twice—and thrice—and then—no more! Sad was the sight; and sad the musings of my mind; for they dwelled on expiring virtue. 'Twere then better to think no further of her and her fate. But presently another light, a glaring, lurid light burst forth; it rose; and shot so like a baneful meteor, now high aloft, now sinking, and now vaulting, it run o'er all the basaltic range of rocks, its course directing to Cortander's home on yonder mount-encircled flat. Was this the guide of sin? This the Asphotis' beacon for wretched Lyraphne's transport? Thus I questioned, whilst a deep inauspicious sigh stole from my heart,—and, wishing to see no more, I turned the tablet—but behold! just as I feared, the other vista showed me this luckless woman in broad day-light at her Cortander's side.

How she came there, faith! I cannot well tell; but the Hadesean people will show each other a cave, the



entrance to which they call Lyraphne's portal, and tell that the enormous stone, lying thereon, had, after Lyraphne's arrival, been thrown down by the spite of the Theolims; as here they say, was formerly the outlet of a subterraneous way, through which she was enabled to pass and join her Cortander, who perhaps made his fatal transit through the same darksome passage.

At present you see her just with the tenderest affection greeted by her once-affianced lord. "A joyful welcome with a thousand blessings greet thee, my Lyraphne, my queen, now consort of an unlimited monarch, and thus sharer of all this wide domain." Now whilst he thus received her, she started, and casting her looks wildly around on that with bristly rocks limited horizon, and anon her frown became terrible, it became appalling.—Cortander, as he tried to soothe her, said, "This, dear Lyraphne, is but a speck in the large stretch of our wide domain."—"Away," she cried, "away!" with indescribable haughtiness and scorn. "It is then to this desert that I have been allured by you; yes! by you, through the wiles of your infernal agents! Oh horror! Thus, thus Lyraphne was deceived!!"—"Alas! my queen," asked Cortander, "was I not thus myself deluded?"—"And knowing this," was her retort, "you wittingly designed this same frightful fate for me?—Oh you unmerciful projector! Your schemes shall however not succeed; for with you I cannot, I will not live."—"And yet you must," said dauntingly her lord and master. "You



*must!* How can you now avoid it?" Then sobs and sighs burst forth with volleys of upbraidings, by deep and bitter wailings frequently interrupted, till fresh strength and breath was gained for further reproofs and new lamentations. Yet spite of all reproaches, spite of all lamentations, the doom was fixed, if not in a wilderness, yet in an uninhabited part of the Vene-rean world, none but themselves for company, which in their present bias of mind was of all things the least desirable: and how indeed could peace and happiness dwell with those whose present fate and situation was the consequence of their transgression, or again their evil inclinations. Still for such tempers of mind and character as that of Lyraphne ever was, and as that of Cortander now rapidly tends to be—for such characters, there was yet some relish in the thought, that, according to the vision, not only they, and their next generations would be uncontrolled rulers, not merely of this and all the surrounding districts, but that even the whole globe, and of course the Celosians also, might in time to come be subject to the sway of their progenies.

With this prospect in view, they not only began to domiciliate themselves on this their now fated spot, but roused all their energies to cultivate, improve, and embellish the territory around them; and though it never in any respect, could be compared to their former abode, yet, as rational beings encreased, and industry the efforts of Nature assisted, its former dismal aspect assumed by degrees a more cheerful tint.

## CHAPTER V.

CHARACTER AND PURSUITS OF THE PEOPLE ON THE TWO  
OPPOSITE HEMISPHERES.

IF Cortander's and Lyraphne's desertion from the protection of the Theolims to the rule of Asphotis, their enemies, was to the good Hespereans a subject of unceasing sorrow and grief—so was also that by them now on hostile territory established dominion a continual cause for alarm and fear. “Ye saving Powers! and shielding guardians of the good; oh now, for pity's sake—oh ward and screen your trusting people from this dreadful rising neighbourhood.” 'Twas thus the timid Celosians sighed and prayed, incessantly. Besides and moreover with this grief and this fear, they had now an awful example before their eyes of the still yet nearer danger lurking even within their own bosoms. They had already been advised to watch over their propensities to aberrations from righteousness: still hitherto it was a vague unsettled fear of an occurrence that had, as yet, not happened, and therefore gave them no distinct idea, neither of the deed, nor of the

consequences. But when the real fact in this painful example showed them not only their ready liability, but, alas! the hourly occasions and opportunities for the snares of sin, then it excited indeed a constant anxiety and fear for themselves and for others. Oh what a check was that upon that halcyon peace, which hitherto had been their portion. They now knew, and tremblingly knew, that even the best of them, such as the once truly virtuous Cortander, might not only be assailed, but even finally be overcome by sin, and thus entail irretrievable misery both on themselves and their posterity. This made them distrustful not only of their individual self, but brought even some restraint and timidity into their social intercourse, of which they had before no idea. To all the other apprehensions they added now also the hourly dread of their neighbours' hostile intentions, which cautioned them to pay to this an unremitting attention, and keep watchful observations on the limits which separated them from their adverse fellow-beings, against whose bold schemes and enterprise they had no pledge. Yet notwithstanding these many checks on their happiness—taking their situation in a general view—ineestimable blessings dwelled still with them: their filial trust in Divine Providence, and the guardianship of those by him appointed genii, remained unaltered; their family feeling was, as before, so now still prevalent; their duteous homage to their monarch, and their reverence for the sacerdotal tribe, was yet ever the same; so was like-

wise their content with the gifts Nature offered them for every want; as also with the solace they ever found in innocent amusements: in all these there was, as yet no diminution felt; so that they still passed through an era, which the wishes of after ages would yet in vain endeavour to recall.

Thus during the following epocha of many centuries, here millions of Venerean ephemeras glanced for a moment on the scene, and then—according to Nature's immutable laws in all her perishable realms, they, as usually, vanished from thence—for ever! Of this long period of uninterrupted tranquillity the legend notices chiefly their frequent festivals, and particularly their annual processions to the Elfin Home. This holy sanctuary—for as such they considered it—they discovered once in an isolated high mount in the Eastern part of their globe. It was a magnificent grotto or cavern, so vast, so capacious, so lofty, so deep; both beautiful, and wonderful, superb and proudly vaulted, and circumvented with splendid spars and shells, and these of different, and indeed most extraordinary hue and brilliancy. Grand was the sight! glorious the view of this! But how great was the surprize, and how far greater the wonder, pleasure and admiration with which the here gathered Venereans saw and heard, what they might have called the magic of the season; for regularly, at stated periods of the year, the walls and the roof assumed a still more exquisite lustre, displaying and variegating their colours in a thousand different



prisms, of endless, and still more novel tints; whilst their crystal spars and gems were beaming forth in streams of magic light, and the clustered shapes and shells of alabaster white—seemingly modelled and chiselled by fairy art—these, at the same time, vibrated with most enchanting, most harmonious sounds. This marvellous phenomenon induced the simple Hespereans to believe, that their guardian genii, the Theolims, had fashioned this splendid cave on purpose for their annual court of congress, when they would come, at regular times, to bring report from all quarters.—This idea arose chiefly in their minds from the enchanting sounds which here at this time were heard; for it really seemed as if every stone was turned into a musical shell; and yet so soft, though so multifarious, and in the same time so harmonious, as could only—(they believed)—be produced by celestial voices: the sounds as they veered about, seemed now thrilling, now swelling, now with prolengthened echo dying away; and then again with supernatural power breaking forth in full chorus. But oh! now it ceases! 'Tis yet a short solemn pause, for hark! it rings again, though more like a solo from yon recess, yet presently re-echoed or relieved by the farthest angle, and anon resounded throughout, as if all the component parts of the rock were but organs of music, uniting in softest concords the tones that swam below with those that floated above.—Now this the simple Venereans deemed to be the conversation of their spiritual attendants, who yet, instead of being disturbed,

seemed—according to these artless people's opinion—rather gratified by the visits of their wards. Thus then the nymphs and youths, aye, verily the matrons and hoary swains from all the neighbouring soil, and indeed often from great distances, resorted thereto, chaplets and garlands bearing, led by the sacerdotal train, whose leader hung these wreaths and crowns of flowers, with festoons of fruit the magic walls around, as odoriferant, though simple tokens of their gratitude for their benevolent genii's hitherto uninterrupted care and guardianship. These duteous offerings thus disposed, 'twas but in solemn silence they further enjoyed the wondrous sight and sound.—You say, they enjoyed it? Yes! verily so they did: it filled their mind with such holy delight, that it ever placed all those present involuntarily on their knees.—How could they do otherwise when they were summoned by their hearts, not only to give homage due to their spiritual protectors, but still more to bow in adoration of that Great Almighty Power, who thus manifested Himself so gloriously in one of His most miraculous works?—Now the clever terrestrial offsprings would have scarcely enjoyed the wondrous sight without endeavouring to dive into the cause which probably could operate this; and thus by analogy demonstrate to conviction how the agent of this apparent supernatural concert and illumination was but the current of an electric fluid, confined in parts of the rock, becoming only at times agitated and set afloat by some interior current of air.—But would, at this period, such

a wise discovery, have been very gratifying to these primitive artless Hespereans? Assuredly not! To the sacred tenet of their creed, to the simple habit of their lives, to their unsophisticated mind, and, as yet, untutored faculties, it was far more interesting, far more delightful, nay it was consolatory to them to assign their shielding genii such a convocation-hall among them; and to let their fancy soothe them with the idea that they met here in such an appointed assembly for deliberations on their account, and thus even allow them to listen to the magic music of their conversation.

It may indeed appear as if the Cytherean annals had hitherto but given the details of the infancy and perhaps the dawning adolescence of their natives' intellects, as they, during this era, seem really to perceive and to enjoy like children. Wiser beings than those here delineated, will, no doubt, hold them in supreme contempt; but what matters that to them, if any ungratified spectator stands deriding by whilst they are banquetting. And say, indeed! why do we remember the joys of our childhood with such delight? Where lay their superior charm but in simplicity?—Oh open once more to my mind the smiling vista of my infancy, let it float in the vision of a summer morning over my reviving soul, that I may ween myself on the stream of my life, not far from its very spring, just there, where the rosy beam of the new-born day smiles so bright upon it. There, yes there fill the cup, the crystal cup of memory, that the fluid may sparkle in the dancing



reflection of the sun. Ah fill the cup, fill it well; for afterdays have no knowledge of joys like these. Yet ask me not—no!—ask me not for the causes that often produced such gratifying sensations; for your scorn shall not unhallow this dear legacy, this precious memory of the happiest portion of my life—the fairy era of parent and companion kisses, of birds, of lambs, of flowers and birthdays' joys!—Alas! for those days, alas! for their joys! once tasted, once relished, and then—for ever gone!

Ah, blest Hespereans! who, as yet, can still allow their fancy, or their imagination, call it what you may, to fascinate the short, the fleeting moments of their existence, where vicissitudes and care are yet ever over abundant.—Illusive were their joys!—Now what are ours? But true, although you cannot maintain that they are always rational; yet compared to Cybelean standard, you deem them still refined, and far superior, to the Venerean puerile conceits, which the legend yet further notices, telling, that they fancied almost every tree, nay even reeds and flowers to be mansions of little fairies or sprites, who were however partial fanciful beings, bestowing their favours very sparingly, and, by no means indiscriminately, but only on their chosen favourites. For such, there were soft whispering welcomes in the reeds, and such could likewise hear voices in the stems of the trees, and music in their waving branches; nay, breathed there even an unusual odour from a flower, anon they considered it as a regalement



with which the plant's inhabitant would especially gratify its lucky visitant.—Even some of their wiser men, yea, men full of years, and renowned for good counsel, even such were heard to boast of conversations with some bark-enclosed elf, or even tell of some nightly visits from one or more of them, that could and would entertain their listeners with the prettiest tales of their wonder-working powers; or with relations of their own occurrences;\* and even now and then season their pretty tales with an admonition to virtue. Now after such nightly visions, (in terrestrial language called dreams) some offerings were always laid on the green turf, where they supposed the benevolent visitor's dwelling might be, to whom they thus tendered their acknowledgment for the special favour shown to them.—For this their present simplicity, we, with our marvellous march of intellect, can but pity them; whilst they might yet justify these fancies of their primitive era, by bidding any scoffer to remember the Grecian metamorphosis, and the Asiatic metempsychosis.—At present, it is not at all unlikely, nay, it may be well taken for certain—aye, in spite of our reluctance to allow the supposition—it might yet be taken for certain, that if a Venerean inhabitant should now deign to descend from

---

\* By this it seems they had their fairy tales as well as our present novel-gulping generations, although theirs could never stand the trial with our miracles of Jack the Giant Killer, Mother Goose, the Ogres, Puss in Boots, and all those earth-born wonders.

his bright abode to visit dull earth, he might then look very superciliously on all our boasted wisdom.

Meanwhile the orb of Hesper, with its righteous and its perverse dwellers there, had spun his path around the sun full millions of millenary times: and during this period Cortander's and Lyraphne's offsprings had so prodigiously multiplied, that their habitations covered every attainable spot: and as necessity prompted them to cultivate the ground, the aspect of the territory was now greatly different from that state in which their progenitors found it, at their arrival here; even the climate was in consequence materially improved. But the inhabitants themselves were they also an improving race? Alas! as they increased in numbers, so they increased in wickedness: where even a latent germ of virtue would shoot forth, the surrounding thorns not only annoyed, but even choked and destroyed it. Virtue might even have been well contented, if she had but been allowed uncontaminated in her asylum to remain, but what is more infectious than the constant view of bad examples; here too, where not the least check was given; where all aimed at independence,—in wish at least,—fully as much as ever their arch-sire Cortander, and still more their arch-dame Lyraphne might have coveted it. Yet though their progenitors would and could satisfy their inclination without restraint, a check and bridle was left by them on the mass of their descendants, subjecting them to rulers, who, in course of time governed

them, according to their successive branches. Now these, each in their turn, were constantly striving, by direct or indirect means, to aggrandize their respective territories at the expense of their neighbours ; so that strife and oppression warred here perpetually for the mastery. Woe ! and woe indeed to the subjects of such chiefs ! Yet, though their misery wanted no addition, they smarted still more under the yoke of those underlings, those many little tyrants of the soil, with whom the land was overburthened, who, as deputies of the lord paramount, exercised the right of the strongest, with fraud as an auxiliary, leaving the sufferer nothing but his unavailing groans. And justice ! Was then her voice never heard ? Had she here no tribunal ? Cortander indeed, at first, assigned her a seat in his dominions ; and really maintained her during his life-time, both in her office, and in her dignity ; for—oh ! let virtue ever grieve for her luckless, for her forlorn Cortander !—as, though certainly his transgression and consequent transmission to the Asphotis' realm, must have sadly influenced and thus wofully changed his heart and mind, still some glimmerings of his bright shining virtue were not seldom apparent : but alas !—that the truth must be told—in Lyraphne the change was total. The government of the land was however her partner's concern ; and under his banner, justice was for a while sojourner even among this corrupted race of Hadesean beings. But was it likely she would remain a constant resident on



Asphotis' ground? and amongst Hadesean tribes? Most unlikely! Incessant wrongs grieved her soul, as she was continually resorted to with complaints against palpable outrage and evident iniquity; but were any means left her to redress the injury? None! She heard, ah she heard, indeed, the bitter wailings of sorely wounded hearts, but was not able to administer one balmy remedy to sooth the pain. Still she advised, admonished, and warned; but all her advice, all her admonitions and warnings, proved unavailing; all her endeavours fruitless; her awards were ever disregarded; and finally her very throne was even insulted. What could she then do? She bore it long, and bore it patiently—but ultimately she fled,—and fled never more to return; for oppression had now assumed her seat; and rapine and outrage, linked with scorn, stalked barefaced the highway along, frightening the very sound of justice away. Thus, in proportion as their numbers increased, iniquity got rapidly the ascendance. Besides, whilst cruelty and injustice kept the sway without, strife, riot, and revelry were the inmates of their dwellings; having banished all restraint, either of their pleasure or their will. White-robed peace,—if ever she had made here a momentary visit, had long been scared away by the flaming torches of discord, and the horrible yells of licentiousness. There blazed no longer altars bright with holy fires, attended by venerable hierophants, surrounded by hymning choirs of happy nymphs and swains; oh no! far different



rites, far different attendants are here seen ; far different invocations are here uttered. At their mysteries preside the Orcupixæ furies, and deputies of demoniac powers ; the Pythonissæ of this race and region ; the restless ever busy hirelings of infernal masters ; these, yes these, prompted and goaded the thus wretchedly deluded people in the free career of their every passion, by all manner of wiles and artifices, that could deceive the unwary ; now forging lies of future grandeur ; now by subtle insinuations ; or by stirring their passions, spur them on to wicked deeds ; and by the bait of illusive gain inveigle them to pass from crime to crime ; driving them from one goal of disaster to another ; thus encouraging all the wild imaginings of their soaring minds, and all the corrupt cravings of their depraved hearts.

## CHAPTER VI.

## INVASION OF THE HADESEAN TRIBES.

Now where all thoughts, all drifts, all plans, tend to dominion, conquest will be the continual meditation, scheme, and aim. But where? This is indeed the great point in question. In their own regions the strongest had long ago seized upon all that suited his fancy; and every possible spot that could have been turned into use or profit was long ago occupied. Their prodigiously increased numbers really overburthened this rock-studded territory in such a manner, that it seemed now impossible to remain any longer in this wedged condition; therefore they began earnestly to turn their thoughts and wishes to the mountain barriers, seriously then considering the ways and means which might, in any way allow to spread further beyond them, and thus, at least to try the possibility of over-leaping this alti-towering boundary. Yes! this finally they resolved to attempt, and on this they bent now all their mind. The stride over this tremendous ridge was certainly the great, but, in their opinion, the only difficulty; for,

this once overcome, two causes flattered them with complete success for the remaining enterprise. The first and principal one was their unbounded confidence in their own skill, strength and prowess. The second was the utter contempt in which they held their trans-alpine neighbours. It is not clear from whence they gathered this idea, and consequently that of their own superiority; but there is something in the text of the legend which allows the surmise, that it originated from Lyraphne's ever speaking with the utmost contempt of the ultra-mountain dwellers. This notion was afterwards not only propagated, but by pride and arrogance more and more strengthened. A check was however for some time laid on those presumptuous ideas of themselves, not only by finding the utter impossibility of clearing the sight-vanishing altitudes of this alpine separation; but also by a certain mysterious fear, arising from a confused, but awful sense, which lately got abroad, as if the feebleness of the Celosians was yet protected and supported by invisible higher powers. But to balance, or even to destroy this nation, their Orcupixæ reminded them, that they, in their turn, would be assisted by terrible supernatural agents, as the potency of these had already so clearly manifested itself at their progenitor's transfer to this part of the globe. Yet spite of all these assurances, spite of all their wishes, the ether-mantled boundaries, so as before, so now looked proudly derisive on all their schemes.

“A trial might yet be made,” said once, in the council of the nation, a presumptuous youth. “An inspiration!” cried a present Orcupixa, “an inspiration, portending success:” and, she asked, “should an undertaking suggested by such an auspicious omen,—should this be one moment delayed?”—“No!” cried Asphotis pride, through the council’s unanimous voice, “no! no! it shall incontinently be performed.” Caution restrained however for awhile the impellant eagerness; for who will deny the children of Belial a superior degree of sagacity in the projecting of their schemes, although this in the end is yet frequently found fallacious. So here these Hadesians resolved to send now first a reconnoitring party, which might trace and point out the path through the lower crevices and caverns, in order that the succeeding mass of invaders might not be stopt by any unforeseen impediment in their route. And behold! what hitherto had been considered as a hopeless project, appeared now all at once a very feasible enterprise; and presently a certain number of the most valiant united for the adventurous trial, and swore to perform the task with glory, as already well accustomed mountaineers. But null proved their oaths, as null proved their glory; for the only trophies of their deeds were their mangled bodies, that for ever unextricated and unburied lay in all the several chasms, pits and gulphs, over which their daring steps had ventured; not one returning to relate their fate, and tell how they, with continual loss, yet



still braved the impossibility to penetrate further ; and how after such adventurous clambering, the descent was found utterly impracticable, so that, some of them remained wedged among rocks, whilst others, hanging on projecting craggs, heard but the wailings of their companion wights, already dashed from the bristly rocks, and whirled into the sightless gaps below ; each and all, of hope bereft, could then but unite in bootless cries and cravings for assistance and help, that never could be obtained. Thus, only dreadful howls and lamentations, long after heard, were but the ominous sad tidings of their boasted achievements.

For awhile any further attempt seemed to be for ever consigned to oblivion. But could this last? No! their encreasing numbers roused them continually to further considerations, calling imperiously for more room and thus for a more enlarged territory. Yet now, so as before, all their frequent deliberations on this important point ended continually in fresh disappointment. There was indeed on some further part of their hemisphere a certain stretch of the mountain ridge evidently much lower than the other, but the rocks were more peaked, more bristled and jagged, than those of any other part ; seemingly even more dangerous and even more impassable than those of the higher range, and therefore kept all visitors and examiners at a distance : yet it happened that some of their roving mountaineers discovered by chance a certain opening between the terrible crags, and passing this with ease,

could, without much climbing, proceed a considerable way, along the sides, or rather beneath the over-arching rocks. In this manner they were able—if not in perfect safety, yet without any imminent disasters, to advance not only pretty far into the heart of these mountains, but even to find a safe return to their homes. The report of this success spread soon over the country, and quickened again their dormant desires and hopes, urging their rulers to plan a new attempt; yet these, though much delighted with this renewed prospect of perhaps future success, seemed however still disheartened by the last failure, and therefore timid to venture already on a new trial. Then cried the Pythonissa, “And why did you formerly not succeed? Why did it thus miscarry? Undoubtedly for your neglect of soliciting supernatural aid, by previous rites and offerings to Filmaspruzza, the artifice and stratagem-inspiring spirit; to him be now all your vows directed, as with his assistance success must be yours. Thus presently the wily agent of infernal prompters succeeded to persuade the multitude, and by their clamour oblige their superiors to yield, and moreover not only to resolve on this new trial, but also to observe previously those by this priestly witch prescribed rites and offerings. Of these the legend gives not only various vistas of several parts of their country, besides a very long but not a very intelligent description of these mummeries; but by their account it is clear that they were scrupulously attended to by all

natives of the Hadesean soil; after which, a troop of chosen warriors set out from all quarters to the appointed place of meeting. And here they desired their arch Pythonissa to consult now the oracle in the name of all; this, she declared, was only to be done the very eve before their departure for the enterprise. 'Twas then indeed that Praxitulla, the most daring, the most cunning, and the most impious of all these woe-working hirelings of Satan, proceeded to her incantations.

'Tis now a murky night, a night full suiting the darkly brooding hour of fate; 'tis stillness all around, but 'tis an awful oppressive silence; athwart the lowering sky and sultry air, the stars shoot but some trembling flickering glimpses, as if unwilling to shine on unholy deeds. Now man and beast is shy to stir, so mystic, so imposing is the qualm now brooding here under this horizon's wide concave. Can thus a female conjurer controul the elements? Not so! Undoubtedly it fits full well her dire iniquitous designs, but whether this may prove propitious or ill-omened to her machinations, the future fateful hours alone can tell, and may perhaps these mystic forebodings even dreadfully explain; for mark, is not the womb of Nature seemingly all pregnant with woe, and yet as if her energies at present were all benumbed and palsied. Yet see, see there the sorceress goes, her cautious steps are but faintly, but scanty heard; they tend to yon far-stretching swamp, aye purposely unto the knotted trunk of yonder blasted solitary yew. Here sleeps the



brood of that terrific scaly monster, which in his nature combines the most abhorrent parts of all the animal creation, and thence is denoted the murder-winged biped shark. Now at the darksome hour of night he usually forsakes his lair, and prowling seeks his prey; should he be there!—then woe! thrice woe unto the sorceress!—yet tottering and halting, still onward to this she creeps—her heart—is it not failing? why yes!—thus it seems—does she not stop?—does she not hesitate?—but no!—how could she stop? how could she tarry when mischief's spur is pricking. There you might see her already on the spot; her neck is stretched; her arm is raised; and her clenched fingers bear the scarce-hatched little monster away.

What may she now with the pilfered vermin do? What? but consume it, and after mixing its ashes with deep red sinnebar, she will moisten this with the pitchy juice of the Paranthia, the far most deleterious herb of all their vegetable reign. With this abominable paste she now appears before the collected expectant rulers, and having therewith cast her figures, she cried, "Behold! behold them now here one and all propitious; now, now is then indeed the time to implore the victory-dispensing powers; now, yes now, our voices shall be heard." Thus forthwith she led the people's rulers and their mightiest champions every one of them, as they were already for the onset and the expected conquest in readiness,—so she led them now at midnight to the foot of a dismally frowning basaltic ridge, and there before its frightfully



clefted rock, yes there the wily chief of their magicians stood, encompassed by all her fiends-serving subalterns, at first still and mute; but no sooner had she placed her baneful figures in a mystic circle, and muttered her incantations over them, than all at once a frantic spirit seemed to rouse her satanic associates, and to whirl them, with most horrid gesticulations, thrice and twice thrice again around, stamping at each interval with an astounding howl, most likely as an invitation for the infernal spirits' appearance. When next the diabolical sorceress traced with the pitchy poison a sign for each individual's name on her magical forms, then urged the owner of the same to cast the charm into the rock's yawning fissure, whilst saying, "This I devote to the success-awarding powers." When all according to her bidding, had thus submissively officiated, the witch herself stepped forth, and with a voice by hell's own pitchpipe tuned, she thus vociferated: "Now all ye dread, all, all ye mighty powers, ye awful invisible agents among us, whose substance we do not know, whose form we do not see, but whose presence and influence we hourly feel and experience—and chiefly thou oh Filmaspruzza, wonder-working spirit, in art and schemes pre-eminent—be now propitious, be the agent, be the guide of this our undertaking!"—And be now propitious cried thrice in chorus all present voices; then ceased—repeated it thrice again, and after another mystic pause shouted the triple invocation again. This indeed was followed by a gloomy silence, which seemed to chill the hope of

a favourable result.—They waited, but no sign was given; they waited yet still, and no answer was heard; nevertheless yet awhile they staid; they looked; they listened; but neither eye nor ear could any token of approbation receive.—At last athwart the cliff's tremendous gap appeared a murky red, at first but dimly hovering, then deeper, bloodier and deadlier flashing, and, as thus the cleft seemed widening, behold! a sea of flaming liquor, on which, by the help on an enormous pair of bat's wings, now flitted, now scudded the shadowy shape of a handsome female—handsome and female, however, only from the middle upwards, the rest presenting but the numberless coils of a serpent's tail. All stood horror-struck, trembling and mute—till at last, with an apparent quivering voice, the chief Orcupixa cried, “speak, Filmaspruzza speak, and we obey.” On this, an appalling hissing was heard, as if rushing forth from under the ground; this the ready organ of fraud and wickedness, sin's-devoted priestess Praxitulla, thus explained, “The offerings I see; success I will grant, if three during to-morrow's battle remain with me.”—Though now the phantom vanished, yet the murky red which still in the gap of the mystic rock remained, indicated sufficiently—so said at least the sorceress—that the horrid offering was immediately expected. But the three fated victims for their country's gain, who were they to be? The spirit of the boldest shrunk within his bosom from the fulfilment of this soul-killing sacrifice; yet cried the Orcupixa, “Filmaspruzza's request must

be fulfilled, without this there is no hope of success." Chance was then taken for the arbitrator; three shells of peculiar colour were by the witch commingled with a sufficient number of other tints.—All present were then summoned to walk backwards, and thus blindly to seize one of the shells from out the mass—when, behold! even three of the first rulers hold aghast the fated marks, and—horrid to tell!—were impelled to submit; the fiend Praxitulla, with her assistants in aid, pushing them forward, and thus headlong into destruction's abyss, on which, with a deep hollow murmur the cleft was immediately in darkness wrapt. Then shouted hell's chorus through the Pythonissa and her underlings voices, "success, success is now ours." Hell heard the exalting sound, and satanic joy danced in every demon's feature!

This strange, this most extraordinary account I really hesitated to copy from the legend's narrative, as such things on our earth now never happen, for here the infernal agents appear usually enclosed in flesh and blood: nevertheless the early chronicles of Terra's primitive tribes will make us yet believe that our anti-living generations were not seldom in a like manner betrayed by their conjurers, priests, magicians or sorceresses—call them what you may—yet would I have wished my artless Venereans and above all, their historians, would have been blessed with more good sense and reflexion, and not have given faith to such tales, and still less have recorded these transactions—where



the fraud and the imposition so clearly appears—without making proper comment thereon. But it seems investigation of facts and strange actions are not to be found in the infant eras of planetary orbs; witness our own annals of superstition and imposture. Midnight, that hour of darkness, and usual benumber of our senses, was ever the fit time for the exhibition of such phantasmagorias, when fraud under the mark of religious rites so often satisfied both pride and revenge; pride by enhancing influence and consequent authority; revenge by despatching obnoxious subjects: the darkness of the hour, and men's half-dozing minds favoring such machinations, as they must shrink at the glare of day and the glance of reason: so here the apparition seemed only doubtfully flitting across the chink of the rock, and the phantom spoke only through the witches' organ: all this shows clearly who were the performers in this execrable mummery of those for the Asphotis, demon so active tools. Yet horror rests with the ingulphed victims, who most probably were no approvers of the sorceress's counsels.—Thus here, as in all similar cases, woe is always the tribute paid for the appeal to demoniac powers.

Now dawned the morn, and now stood the squadrons in marching array, aye the steps of the foremost have even already gained some ground: tribe after tribe follow; broad spreads at first the moving mass, but closer and more contracted they approach the mountain barrier; and behold now their more collected



numbers all onward pressing, like undulating waves, boldly rushing to assail and overwhelm the opposing shore.—Thus ocean's approaching waters glide first stilly over the strand, forward, and though scarce rippling, yet peremptorily win their ground; but when the waves now higher and bolder advance, then more hollow and more portentous swell the gushing tones of the liquid matter, as they with awful roll boldly brave the bristly shore's repelling rocks, and scorning all impediments climb onward; but, though oft repulsed and apparently as oft receding, yet in altitude of waters ever and anon secure progress, till the coast's stubborn height is finally gained, and ocean's mighty gush spreads desolation over all the country round. So here column after column pour into the assigned point, rash and fierce, nought disheartened, all obstacles disdaining, aye so confident, as if verily expecting that a magic breeze, sent by their auxiliary spirits, would speedily waft them over; and really their beginning seemed to warrant such ideas and their consequent success. Indeed, the region now chosen for this new trial seemed not at all unlikely to lead to the so long-desired conquest, for though here still tremendous rocks and peaks awfully over their heads are towering, yet with precaution and care their base might be skirted; and though in advancing the ascension grew more and more steep, rough, jaggy, and of course continual, still space, and even considerable space was evidently gained, though most certainly not without many disastrous accidents

and losses even of various of the boldest and hardiest of the daring troop; yet on they went, for visible indeed was now their progress; the lowest regions were already passed; some peaks cleared, some heights gained from whence they even could catch a faint glimpse of the blessed territory beyond.—This speedy advance must to terrestrial walkers as an absolute impossible performance appear; it was however owing to the very different manner in which the Venereans are onward moving; their's is not like our trotting or rather plodding locomotion, but more like a wafting, skimming or floating along the surface of the ground, something like that which we believe to do in our dreams, when we seem lightly flitting from one place to another; now in this manner they may pass over thrice as much and even over more than triple the space than we in any given time are able to do.

Thus they had now really arrived at some conspicuous eminence, and it was their appearance there that gave the dwellers on the other hemisphere the first notice of the imminent danger that threatened them, although they had already, through the solicitude of their ever watchful, spiritual guardians, received some kind warnings, either in dreams, presentiments, or otherwise; and this part of their awful boundaries was moreover particularly pointed out as more imminently exposed to danger. Dreadfully wild, frowning, and rugged, seemed indeed the rocks which fenced here their separation mound; still they appeared evidently

to be of less extent, and by no means so tremendously high as all the others. In consideration of this, they had already some time ago resolved to station here a continual observing guard, and of late, even the king with a numerous body of his most valiant subjects had for some time been there encamped, in anxious expectation of the fearful event; yet though thus, in some degree, prepared, and as if awaiting the attack, still the real appearance of the enemy on the rocks, although as yet at a distance, was a sight so truly appalling to them, that as the legend declares, at this ever feared, yet never identified sight, terror seemed to grasp at the courage of the boldest, and to contract the heart of the bravest, though but for some minutes, as presently resilient it sprung up and remained erect, firm, and inflexible; for is not their trust lodged in the bosom of the Almighty Ruler of all, and were they not under the guardianship of those by him appointed Theolims? yes, they remembered this, and in the comfort of this remembrance their columns gather, and as passing along, hear the prayers and receive the benedictions of their priests; and thus confidently forth they moved, and onward proudly they proceeded, in no way confounded by the dreadful yells of joy with which they were greeted and daunted by those above; and whose incessant clamour reverberated from rock to rock, on their astounded ears, whilst, among them their watchword, the Lord God our Protector, shouted through the air, and soared, so like a memorial of the Celosean weal,



continually to heaven's blue vault; for 'tis from thence alone that their deliverance is expected. But see, oh see how soon they approach each other; for by Venerean transit they come now already in contact with each other. Undaunted is the onset, and so alike is the defence. Yet—but awhile—ah, do not speak of the reverse! and yet alas! and woe! to Hesper's phalanxes, which seem now overcome; whilst hark! their enemies shout still; aye, they shout louder, and even nearer. See, see how their numbers are fast increasing, and the climbing defending champions seem by the descending assailing host apparently overpowered. Now hush to such disastrous tidings, but rather say and explain.

Why do they all at once stand still, not only stand still, but aghast? and listen, tremblingly listen to the hollow murmurs, the grumbling tones under their feet, sounds as no living creature had, as yet, ever heard, portentous sounds, that stir all senses. Are these heralds of victory? or bodings of destruction? Fate of Venerean eras! what dread event art thou now brooding in the womb of this groaning soil, struggling to give it vent, by bursting the hitherto unwounded rind. Creation all around looks awed and horror-struck, as even the mountains seem to totter at their very base, and the wildly staring creature sees its allotted world, as if it were, to and fro reeling; whilst boiling wrath rages and skirmishes within, now heaving here, now rushing there, on direful issue fiercely bent.



Dismayed stand the Theolims' wards, believing it an incantation, by Asphotis demons, in favour of their votaries raised. Ah no ! no ! no ! Terror alone is now your adversaries' ruler ; fear alone marshals them. Their martial courage, their conquering boast, where is it now ? All plan, all order is lost ; their warriors stand like tottering statues, shaking on the quivering ground ; their arms hang useless on their sides ; aghast wander their eyes about, wistful for shelter which they cannot find ; for, as the fury higher mounts, the nodding rocks dash now their fragments down, and thickly thus bestrew the ground, whilst here, and there, and everywhere, the roar of ruin rattles, raves, and rolls in wrath around. Hark, the appalling crash ! This opened finally on yonder cone, the fierce Volcano's boiling vortex, as there the passion of the fiery element got vent ; darting now the tremulous arrows, thick, red, and burning, although not straight, not upwards, nor direct, but pronged and edged, as if by the turmoiling power in fury shattered, yet incessant—whilst beneath, the ignited matter in blazing liquid rushes down the sides, with overwhelming gush. See ! see ! is it not just as if the globe's too long concealed stores were here for issue striving ; nay, even the crater's flaming stream suffices not ; but up, and far, and near, aloft, and in all possible directions, even beyond the visual reach, fly besaltic masses ; yes, rocks, vast, huge, and ponderous, flit like flakes of snow, or bubbles whistled from a reed, thick and unremitting around.

Below the pitchy blast of the volcanic vapour, smoke and ashes have long ago absorbed the beams of the day-granting luminary; black, as the shores of hell frowns all the scene in midnight's darkest gloom, save what but lurid light shoots ever and anon from the incessant flashes across the atmosphere's oppressive density.

Oh Nature! how sublime, and yet, how awful is the agency of thy power! and how mysterious and even ominous is often thy apparent slumber. Here, even through millenary eras, thy Hesper orb's innermost stores seemed for ever sealed up and shrined from the ken of men; yet all at once, as from a trance in fury awaking, a frantic paroxysm seems to tear and rake thy groaning womb, and thus throwing up its bowels, whisk them abroad and far. If now an atom's daring here indeed might venture, then away my fancy, descend and rush down into this portentous laboratory. What through this appalling turmoil, what through all this burning hurricane, from which all ideas of the mind recoil? yes, still descend, view, observe and bewonder the acme of Nature's might in that lever, in that all engines out-scorning lever, that heaves not only such gigantic masses, but through the orifice of a caliber that mocks imagination's bulkiest measures, bangs them from the unfathomable abyss aloft, to flutter in viewless ether, like downy dust chased by an infant's breath. Yes! such, all potent nature! such has been here the exhibition of thy might! But what was the effect it produced on the momentous contest? Was it

not evidently the mean that saved the Celosian weal?—it was! Asphotis power met here again with its due defeat: for not on the smoothest way, not on a strait, right well known path, could such a numerous army in such a night of horror safely return; far less on quaking soil, and over crag and gulph-sown ground. Thus then, not one of the Hadesean tribes, no! not one of them saw ever the land of their fathers again; but the range of mountains, over which they had ventured, was henceforward called “the hosts’ burial ridge,” whilst the havoc, by the eruption occasioned there, made it now for ever a totally impassable ground.

As the Celosian warriors stood nearly on the outskirts of the tremendous scene, and thus were not, like their enemies, wrapt in utter darkness and vapour, they considered themselves, according to their watchword, as especially favoured by the Lord GOD, their Protector, and his delegates the Theolims. Awfully frightened as they were, and as they naturally must have been, both by the partially waving soil, the subterraneous sounds, and all the other phenomena of the horror and death-dealing crater—yet their wildest imaginations could give them no adequate idea of the uproar and havoc contending in the regions where the height of the volcanic fury raged, where all the elements of Nature warred, as if striving for the mastery in the encounter, spreading the track of desolation deep, far, and wide. It was then indeed no wonder that that with sulphur and bitumen so highly impregnated soil emitted



the preceding evening its effluvia into the atmosphere, and occasioned that oppressive influence under which the surrounding Nature seemed to succumb. But now that in the Lord God confiding, and by him protected race, gave honour, praise, and glory, to Jehovah the Deliverer. Still their host remained yet for some time on the spot where their salvation was vouchsafed.

When thus their hearts were now with gladness swelling, was yet their joy without alloy? Was there no check on their exultations? So may indeed a Cybelean question, as daily bearing witness to the mournful truth, that perfect happiness is but an alien on our wandering orb. Cast but a glance on our public rejoicings, and it will quickly bring full conviction of this to our mind; nor is this only proved in general jubilees, so fertile in disappointments of weather, of accidents, or even of subsequent feuds,—but we find it even evinced in our private festivities, yes, even in the circle of social mirth, when you might at least reckon on a short period of unchecked enjoyment. Now say, how rarely is even this complete? Let but sad experience answer that question. Will this assert that there is never a mildew on our glee? Examination would indeed soon tell another tale. Let alone men's never fully satisfied wishes; name even not his unavoidable monitor, that for ever, again and again, reminds him that the sun's meridian height is but momentary, and his setting certain; and that therefore felicity is, of course, but transitory; take neither into con-



sideration the yet ever necessary glances into the motley vista of life's subsequent era ; nor add to this the little vexations of trifling frustrated anticipations, such as expected and yet missed friends, or additional regalements, which yet some gossamer minds might have considered as the feast's essence : I say, let all this yet alone, for such are but as small fleecy clouds floating on joy's cerulean summer sky, not hiding the sun, but skimming there as but gentle memorandums of our state's lamentable mutability, where continual sunshine never was, nor ever will be found ; letting alone all these our pleasure's concomitant checks : yet how often is not their remembrance embittered by some immediately following sad tidings or disastrous occurrences ? as awful warnings on our precarious existence. And may we not, by analogy, well conclude that pure felicity is probably neither to be found in any of our companion worlds, and sorry am I who must tell, that such bliss is neither to the Venerean sphere allotted.

The king now finally returns ; yes, the king and with him all his long-absent warriors return each to his arbour, each to his home and family. Now see, these groups of happy generations, see how they line the roads, to give their long-missed lords the earliest joyous reception, with music and song, and odour-breathing crowns for the victors' heads. Is not the monarch's Charilda, is not she the first in the train of the welcome-hailing spouses ? As yet the loveliest of womankind, Mnesias' matchless consort, is here not seen ! Her royal partner's

longing eyes are wandering here and there, and yet their anxious search finds no gratification. 'Tis but at the sacred porch, yes, there she most probably will first salute him—yes there—he mused,—yes! the first as she has been in every virtue, so has she always been in gratitude for any favour the higher Powers would grant. Still even here Charilda was not met. But the king's every anxious thought, and his every anxious wish for renewed bliss in his Charilda's greeting, was for some time absorbed in the hallelujah which he with the nation's united chorus chanted to the Grantor of this glorious delivery; these and but these grateful sentiments, took for awhile entire possession of the monarch's soul, and glowed there with holy fervour; but of this due homage religiously acquitted, to his bower incontinently he flew, sure that there at least his partner would from the entrance with her newborn offspring leap into his extended arms. Oh Mnesias! hapless Mnesias! hope nor enquire not further! for not in thine arms, nor yet in thy bower, nor indeed any where, thy own, thy adored Charilda shall ever more appear!—She is no more!—for to her very tenderness for thee she yielded up her being; the false alarm of your reported past existence, came like a rushing blast along the lamp of life, and quenched—ah woe! extinguished it!

This was the victor's welcome! Alas! How quickly are the jubilant tones converted into grievous sighs! And how sadly is now the glorious event imprinted

with a memory that steepens its recollection for ever in unavailing tears ! nay, left not only the cloud of sorrow for ever on the monarch's brow ; but would moreover ne'er allow him to yield his soul unto his people's most earnest wishes, that he again, and soon, might enter into a new matrimonial union ; for he then always declared he had no longer a heart to bestow, as his, enshrined in Charilda, had vanished with her.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A YOUNG HERO.

Now after the enemies' late signal overthrow, one might presume that at present there must be, of course, something like a tacit truce between the two conflicting powers; necessity indeed commanded this, though it might well be conjectured it could never be of long duration. No doubt the Hadesean tribes could—if they but would—clearly see that a Power far superior to theirs was propitious to the Celosian weal, in so much that their strife against them might prove for ever unavailing; yet concession to superiority, and far less submission to its sway, can never from the evil-minded be expected; nor could their pride brook their second defeat; besides, though their crushed and overwhelmed legions had made in some places room for other dwellers, still more extent of soil was yet wanted, and conquest and acquisition of at least some part of the other hemisphere, was still eagerly desired. “’Sdeath,” said they now, “this attempt has again failed, but another and another must again be tried, and to undaunted perse-



verance ultimate success cannot be denied; again these favourites may most probably, in process of time, forfeit the hitherto enjoyed protection, and then,—oh then the conquest is ours.”—“And will you,” said their Orcupixæ, “will you thus meanwhile stand tamely looking on? such slow progress awaiting, as if no other means could be advised?”—“Let us,” cried mischief’s devoted chief, “let us but watch the aspects of the times, and by Xurtuphul’s towering horn, which is and must be for ever the ascendant of his sway,—I’ll pledge my skill, yes, all my magical charms to boot, that ere long, plans for complete success shall still be found.”—“An oath! an awful oath! a binding oath!” cried her associates. “As such I took it,” replied the hag, that active tool of hell, and then went on, roaring with a voice that seemed a demon’s very organ. Now thou tremendous power! Thou dread tartarean ruler! lend, as thou must, yes! lend thy every aid to the fulfilment of a vow, that tends so palpably unto the furtherance of thy reign. That moment all present weened to hear an appalling laugh rolling among the clefts of the rocks. On this the Pythonissa and her crew clapped their hands, and presently a frantic spirit seemed to seize them. On seeing this, those here assembled rulers immediately withdrew, and left this knot of sorceresses to have forthwith recourse to their accustomed mystic figures, now, as usually, flattering themselves, to find in their fallacious combination, an index of the benign or malignant ascendant of their neigh-

bours' destiny. Thus, as by oddity of chance, it now and then may happen, that the occurrences of times and circumstances represent themselves confusedly by the configurations of such absurd mummeries, so here they imagined to find that just now a son and heir to the Celosian king had been born; now thereupon presuming, there Erynnis began presently to draw the supposed young prince's horoscope, and would persuade themselves to discover there, that it was but in his youth that he might be assailed and overcome. Their configurations were indeed not very clear, but what by tint of imagination, and what by forced interpretation, they would bring themselves and lead others into the same belief, that now was the hour of fate, that is, of working woe, which time, if rightly used, and advantage taken of its favouring aspects, might finally be the means to obtain and to secure the so long coveted triumph over their enemies; meanwhile incessant watchfulness would yet be absolutely required, in order to find how and when to act. Fraud, ever upon guard, no sooner learnt what likely might happen, blew presently with more than a fiend's grin at her bladder, and, so as this extended, out rushed a little gilded imp, that seemed to take its flight over the ridgy bound of the mountains. A future hour may tell to whom he paid his visit, and how he was received.

Meanwhile the unconscious Celosians lived in grateful enjoyment of renewed peace and happiness, thus to them again by Almighty favour secured; for as such

they regarded the recent glorious delivery from the invading enemy. This certainly strengthened their confidence in his further protection, and nurtured the hope that they now—at least for some time—would have no disturbance from their neighbours. Still, notwithstanding all these consolatory persuasions, there was a certain awful feeling prevalent amongst them, as if there was yet an imminent danger over the present era impending: a report to that effect was indeed abroad, though no one could tell from whence it originated; yet there was a general wish that the eventful crisis might be of short duration, and finally end in happiness; with such fervent wishes and prayers the people would from time to time tranquillize their fears. Not so Escalaphas, the hierophant, who on this subject frequently communed with the king, entrusting his sovereign with the constant misgivings of his mind, that some disaster might afflict the nations on account of some undefined wrong in the royal family; declaring at the same time, that, though he had applied all his thoughts in various ways on this subject, in order to come at least to some conjuncture that might give an indication, and afford a clue to more close examination of this matter, yet the mystery and consequent anxiety remained ever the same.—It may then be well believed that both the king and the priest exhorted the people continually to unite with them in constant prayers, and thus frequently to implore divine protection for the hour of need.—Time however imperceptibly passed



away, and as the expected dread event did not appear, the people gradually recovered from their fears, and now began to wonder at them and their credulity. Now the legend seems to blame them for thus so easily dismissing these ominous feelings, though really it may well be asked, to what profit, in the name of reason, those, in any manner, might have been to them? To all appearance to none in the world; for not knowing the cause thereof how could they apply the remedy: nay had they even known the motive, would it then perhaps have been in their power to ward off the threatening evil, so that it would merely have been to embitter the innocent enjoyment of the present short period, and thus give infernal spirits more ample satisfaction. On consideration of this, the legend writer might well have stayed his reflexion, and merely, as he does now, proceed to tell of some new machinations of the Asphotis and Orcupixæ, and how these by their configurations had again believed to discover that a marriage of great import was shortly to take place between the two only remaining scions of the two existing Celosian high dynasties, and that woe and weal was thereon depending; therefore, to embroil this, no time should be lost, no machinations be neglected, no wile left untried.—Now it is absolutely beyond endurance to meet ever and anon with these intruding hags, and their never-ceasing conjurations; but though I hoped to pass them as slightly over as I could—would they allow this? No! their influence in the events of this time is



indeed far too great, intermeddling in any way and in every way, when and how and where they can; thus faith! whenever I look at the tablets, one or another of those Megeras, or some other monster of their brood, stares me with their Phlegethon like glaring eyes into the face, forcing me to tell at least something of their deeds. But yet again, though but for awhile, away, away with them; would to Heaven it were for ever.

Thus gladly I do return to the good Celosians, with whom, I find, pleasure and its enjoyment is still the continual aim, seeking and finding for this constant resources and new gratifications.—Thus it happened that some chief attendants on the royal prince had made an excursion to some hitherto unexplored part of their hemisphere, though imprudently enough just at the verge of the dread gigantic mountain barrier. Their description of the scenery and its rare and really uncommon beauties, raised in the mind of the royal princess Phania a very great desire to accompany them on their intended second visit to this spot.—The distance was indeed considerable, but as Nature's provisions—though perfectly *un-Udenized*\*—were spread for them everywhere, and her velvet turf ever ready for comfortable repose, no previous care nor train was requisite for such excursions. Fancy however would un-

---

\* *Udenized*. Ude, the famous French cook, has lately favoured the fashionable world with a publication of the secret, how all the gifts of Nature may for our palate be metamorphosed into all possible shapes and tastes.

doubtedly see a string of splendid carriages rapidly wheeling along, attended by a long cavalcade of smart valorous horseman, dashing forth on the Cytherean roads. Nothing like it; nor is here, according to Eastern fashion, an elephant or dromedary, nay not even a palanquin attending; nor were they, any more than ourselves, favoured with the benefit of wings:—and that the plain truth be at once told, the whole company, the royal prince, even the courtiers—shall I indeed tell it—well then, they—oh how I blush for them,—they really walked, and walked in the Venerean manner with ease, pleasure and swiftness. Still, easy and delightful as this may have been for them, yet our terrestrial (quere proper?) ideas will find it very indecorous for a royal princess to walk. Therefore most rightly glad am I to be able to save the princely offspring from such a degradation, and let her even have a conveyance which no Venerean, much less an earthly subject, can ever endeavour to rival. It is a winged transport, a rare, a beautiful and yet very large bird, one of those which the Hesperean ladies tame, and employ them, as we do our willing steeds, to speed them from one place to another. Such a one was that which the royal maid bestrode. That bird, the great favourite of its mistress, showed indeed a wondrous attachment for her; no sooner did she appear, than it opened and spread its beautiful emerald wings, flapping them in joyful token of the pleasure it felt in her presence, and, but on these occasions, uttered a few melodious twitters. And gives

the bird and its manners already delight, how far more charming will you find the sight, when, after the princess had first flung the flowery wreath, as a guiding bridle, over its snow-white neck, you then see her sylph-like figure as if floating upon it, and thus gaining the current of air; whilst her golden locks flutter so graciously around, that you might fancy the wanton zephyrs to be there at dalliance with the little love sprites that nestle in the sunny clusters of that glossy hair, gambolling and revelling about it.

But she must now alight, and for awhile commit her winged compliant favourite to the care of her attendants, since after having passed many a delightful dell and valley, and many a spicy grove and blooming hill, they entered at last a thickly branched darksome wood. Awful solemnity kept here the sway; as if all Nature lay in silence subdued; nought seemed to stir; at first even not a sound disturbed or gratified the air; timorous and mute the visitors move along the hitherto unsearched mysterious path; its traces merely lit up by scantily flickering gleams of light, escaping, as if by stealth, athwart the closely-woven bulk of foliage.—But anon attention is roused; a distant sound is heard; and as they advance the sound, aye the voice, encreased; it is the voice of the waters' mighty roar re-echoing from the ground, though as yet for some time not seen.—But lo! at once the forest opens! and now, stand still and gaze, gaze and be wonderstruck; indeed the magic of the glorious vista chains every tongue awhile, for it



burst upon them so like the sun suddenly emerging from behind a cloud; thus alike broke the magnificence of this stupendous display of mighty Nature at once full on their sight. Who may—who can now describe it? Where is the pencil apt and fit—where the colours sufficiently vivid and glowing—and more, where is the limner able and skilful enough to pourtray these Nature's sublimest features; for thou bright magic vista, all glorious and brilliant as thou still floatest in my fancy's sphere, what art thou but a mere shadowy sketch, compared to that magic delineation which the Venerean tablets there exhibited to me. Yes, there I saw that stupendous range of mountains rushing from its depthless caves, with all its proud fantastic pinnacles into the boundless air, and from this enormous all reach and measure scorning mound, there sprang, there vaulted, far as mortal eye could see, a liquid arch, over the huge protuberant knoll, but far far from its basaltic flanks; bounding at first embodied and with collected bulk; then spreading far and wide, dashing adown, adown, resistless to the ground. Now tell me—tell me who can,—where is this wonder's birth? Hesperean annals place it on the tremendous altitude of this their awful bourn; 'tis there, they say, an alpine Naiad fixed her algid dwelling, and from her overflowing urn pours thus, with thundering command, the crystal flood away, away, and into her larger reservoir, the wide extending lake; but left yet of its silvery spray the dew behind, and on the purple-tinctured glossy rock, which



thus humected, gives not only the yellow veins, there enchased, like golden bands to shine; but nurtures also many an alpine shrub, which on the polished mass of stone in pearly moisture glittering hangs. Delight and wonder fixed the noble visitors full many a live-long hour unto the spot, adding,—whenever attempting to retire,—another portion and another to the survey of the magic scene. And indeed, Nature, sublime Nature! with what impressive tones didst thou here preach of my Creator's might, of that so awfully ruling and yet so kindly dispensing Power! Whose will calls momentarily in all its millenary vast domains, such, and undoubtedly still greater wonders forth. But when here Nature with such earnest stateliness would her prodigious pomp display, she, at the same time, was pleased to associate it with the enchanting contrast of an appending scenery, where all her softest features in loveliest complacency smiled. Such was the prospect of the far-extending lake; on the margin of this the company now shaped their course, though not expecting to see its end: still for some time onward they moved, and as they proceeded, the roar of the precipitating cataract, from the alternate disgorging and regurgitating waters, began gradually to die at their erst astounded ear; and here, where the altivaulting stream had poured its largess so lavishly over the ground, and lodged it in deep and firm excavation—here they hear its tones into varying music modulating; as not far from the overpowering gush 'twas

but the playful murmur of the undulating waves; whilst at further distance it would in softer cadences with gentle rippling on the margin sport, till finally the hushed and stilled element had peaceably its cerulean fluid over all the viewless scene extended: there behold it now, calm as a summer night, edged with borders brilliant as the morn of spring, and thus, with all the surrounding charms of Nature, gloriously on the silvery mirror reflected. So also the fantastic, vividly tintured rocks, as they skirt the opposite border, lie all within the placid lake pourtrayed, as if their image had therein been moulded; together with the spice-breathing shrubs, from which a choir of feathered songsters carolled their ditties as from Nature's holiest asylum. Around and on many a little islet bloomed thickly-grouped flowers, which, kissed by an imperceptible Hesperean breeze, opened their fairy cups, and greeted the wooing air with all the odours therein nurtured, and by the soft tremour now awakened.

Soul cheering was the sight; health breathing seemed the air; the sky like pure sapphir, and the sun?—at first as Heaven's own image, all benevolently smiling—but lo! what grisly mist pollutes, nay absorbs now his beams? hovering awhile o'er all the scene, then, at once, rapidly sinking, confounds every object, nay renders them quite undiscernible? Each visitor now tried to link his arm in that of his neighbours, and to rally by his voice the more distant friends, thus to unite them as much as possible in this mystic air and path.

And great was indeed their joy, when they at last, though not without great difficulty, succeeded to clear the wood; and friend met friend in broad daylight again.—And none is missing? no? where is—oh dire mischance! where is the royal princess? They asked, they sought, but neither questions nor search produced her form; and soon universal anxiety and grief ascertained that she alone was left behind. Report flew round; and terror with gaping mouth and distorted eyes looked aghast all over the land.—The king, the priests, the elders, all in full council assembled, deliberated, advised, and yet could nothing conclude. Anon the priests prayed and sacrificed; the people along with their leaders flew to every opening of the wood, with firm intention to enter there, and leave none even its darkest recesses unsearched, and thus at all hazards to affectuate the princess's rescue; but they had merely their wish for the deed; all their endeavours proved utterly fruitless; the darkness and the intricacies of the wood seemed, if possible, more and more encreasing, and thus to frustrate every attempt to penetrate into the dread labyrinth. This gave very dismal apprehensions to every reflecting mind. But when in our mutable woe-teeming world the helpless creature finds in its distressing vicissitudes yet neither counsel or relief, what else remains for hope, but the Heaven onward look, whilst both heart and lip implore the Creator's favour and help for the time of need. To the perplexed Venereans this—and this alone—was their

comfort; whilst meanwhile the fruitless research was during four days unremittingly continued, but the silent anxious expectations of cheering news met ever with fresh disappointment. Alas! it seemed as if the powers of hell had really got a lodgment there. Such a surmise was dreadful, was horrifying indeed, and suggested to Escalaphas, the high-priest, the thought to propose a religious procession, consisting of the king, the chiefs and the elders, and with them the priests, with Escalaphas in front of them, carrying the holy fire, in hopes that its magic virtue might dispel the gloom, and with it the baneful influence of any there intruding evil agent. This was an extraordinary—nay it was indeed a very hazardous undertaking; for this holy fire was committed to them as a sacred deposit and pledge of their welfare; it was not as the usual altar fire daily exhibited, but it was carefully nurtured in the metropolitan temple, not only as the original flame, which kindled all the others, but as a precious legacy of their venerable patriarchs, for one of those had, in times long gone by, obtained this from yonder heaven on striving mound by the kind agency of the Theolims; this then their hoary fore-fathers left them with the impressive injunction to keep it sacred, indeed conscientiously careful, prophetically telling that the fate of the common weal was connected with it. Now this injunction, which was faithfully transmitted from generation to generation, this injunction was by Escalaphas interpreted, as if perhaps the princess's sal-



vation was the very circumstance which this notice implied, and, conformably to this idea, he proposed the trial.—Ah Escalaphas ! was this a holy inspiration?—Alas the king, the priests, the elders, and with them all the people believed it so; for Escalaphas, the hierophant, who suggested it, appeared ever to them as the very pattern of godliness, aye as verily enshrined in holiness. Was he not the oracle of all who sought their happiness in virtue, and their solace in piety? Was it not he who gave in all this, at all times, and in all circumstances, the best and most proper advice? Surely it was he, even Escalaphas, whom they considered as wisdom's and religion's very oracle; then why not also in this most needful time? Ah 'tis a pity, and a great pity indeed, that we may yet see the best men with the best intentions, and even with the nation's full approval, fall into errors, which no sooner committed than every one perceives clearly, that neither reason nor religion could warrant such transactions.—Alas, for the frailty of men, and woe for its consequences!—No sooner had the procession with the hierophant on its van approached the outskirts of the wood, and thus come in contact with the noxious vapours that issued from the same, then presently the holy flame began to languish, aye it fainted and—oh horror!—died!

The Cytherean annals declare that they can give no adequate description of the dismay and grief, aye of the despair into which this fatal event plunged the whole nation. The moment the dreadful disaster was

known, all temples were filled; all knees bent, a unison of lamenting voices sent wailing their petitions to Heaven, that mercy once more might prevail over His people's transgressions; for they certainly considered it as an awful warning from the offended Deity.—But for thee Escalaphas! for thee! where? where is the messenger of comfort to be found? Can the voice of forgiveness and its concomitant peace ever greet thine ear, and soothe thine heart again? that heart so agonized, yet so contrite, so penitent! I see thee there, low lowly bent to the ground; I hear the sigh, the groan, the hardly-ventured prayer, with timidly Heaven on directed mind, tear-streaming eye, quivering lips, and faltering voice, endeavouring to pray:—"O God of Heaven! God of our fathers! and—oh God also of our hearts! Oh have yet mercy on Thy people,—have again yet mercy on Thy people and"—closer joined he wrings his hands, when adding with yet more impressive voice: "Have mercy on me! a wretched sinner!" He stopt—he could not utter another word, but fell prostrate on his face, and all the people instantly followed his example, and but one voice, and this was the universal voice, craved mercy and mercy again. "Never, no never,"—said the eldest people, when memory afterwards brought again the scene to their mind!—"Never, no never shall we forget that awful hour, never again that fervent appeal for mercy."—They now really believed that their former presentiments were thus indeed verified; the king especially, remembering the hierophant's former insi-

uations, thought that they were now fully explained. Time will however show, whether or not they related to the present crisis. But the holy seer's meditations and laments were now all bent on his own faults, accusing himself in bitter anguish as the most culpable of all the Celosian beings. It is related that his grief, his tears, his agonized looks, and heart-rending sighs, drew tears from many many an eye that beheld it. Though by public and private prayers momentarily relieved, reflexion ever exagitated the anguish of his soul anew ; these tear-swoln eyes no friendly pressure closes, no ! through the woe-fraught hours of night they cleave incessantly on the beams of the light that glows on the Ladusian heights, from which Harunna, their ancient seer, had received that valued flame, and where this yet on the lofty ridge constantly blazes as a beacon to Heaven, and as the prototype of their vanished legacy, now apparently—oh agony ! through his advice ! to them perhaps for ever forfeited. Ah see him, seem him there, whilst holding the sacred—the alas ! now empty shell in his hand, how mournfully he surveys it ! then ever and anon casting such a wistful longing look on that for him far far too high placed radiance, giving his life, aye even a thousand lives—oh that he but had them ! if by their sacrifice one gleam, one ray could be again transmitted to the now gloomy shell.

Night is however waning, and the faint glimmering of day mingling with the so deeply interesting flame,

makes it now less conspicuous; whilst the mourner's bodily frame, by watching and intense grief, quite overcome, claims a few moments, if not of sleep, yet of some rest. This prompted his steps to his bower, and whom did he find already at its entrance, but young Dymalphon. "And what does my valiant Dymalphon so early demand?" asked the hierophant with scarce audible voice. "Your approbation, and your blessing," answered the low-born but godlike youth. "This you, my own chosen son, have ever had and shall, so as heretofore for ever have; but why then just now so particularly, and so early?" asked Escalaphas further. "For the great attempt—oh venerable man! for the arduous trial, by which, (if my endeavours are blessed with success) the holy fire might yet again illuminate our temple, and rekindle the vanished joy in our souls."—"Young man," said the priest, with stern imposing voice, "young man! presumption will not be favoured by Divine aid; nought but Heavenly inspiration can prompt to such an undertaking; if such a proof should appear, then, oh then indeed should a thousand benedictions attend thee."—"Then givethem, give, bestow them now," urged Dymalphon, "and with them give the sacred shell, which treasured the former flame, give them both, and immediately—oh say no more, and do not—oh do not retain me, for I must go, must even incontinently go." Still the priest with even sterner look resumed, "know, young adventurer, know this, and know it well, far more than mere spirit and courage is



requisite for such a high, such an important enterprize, it wants—nay, let me finish—it wants the assistance and guidance of superior agents—in short, it wants a positive vocation, even an express mission from Heaven for an attempt that baffles all corporeal skill and vigour—yes! yes! I understand you, it is even on this gracious assistance from the Powers on High that you rely; but were even the natural difficulties and obstacles of the ascent, were even these not—as yet alas! they are apparently insurmountable; were the access therefore—I beg you will patiently listen to my advice—where the access thereto even more practicable; still you would also undoubtedly be opposed by adverse spirits, and though—Dymalphon be advised—though your undertaking were approved and sanctified by Heaven, and thus our kind guardians the Theolims would perhaps come to your aid, even then the success might be considered as more than doubtful.”—“My life,” cried Dymalphon with glowing zeal, “my life is most joyfully devoted to my country’s salvation. Oh that I could but multiply it an hundred fold, to sacrifice it again and again on its altar; now the offering of the only one I can bring for such a glorious purpose, shall not one moment longer be delayed.”—“Your life,” interrupted Escalaphas, “your life is precious, it need not, nay, it must not be wantonly hazarded in an attempt, where there is not the least hope of success.”—“My soul!” exclaimed Dymalphon with most holy fervency, “my soul has lodged her reso-

lution in the bosom of Almighty Mercy, and in this my trust shall not be shaken. Give then, oh holy man ! give the blessing ; give, give, the shell." The holy man fixed the ardent youth with scrutinizing eye—whatever he saw there the legend does not relate, but it may well be concluded he must have been ultimately struck with the extraordinary zeal of the young aspirant, who, though he scarcely had entered the portal of life, maintained yet his resolution, not with the buoyant fervour of a fiery youth, but with a manly steady ardour, with an heroic undaunted firmness, that remained unshaken at every attack ; when meanwhile there beamed from his soul an apparent supernatural glow, which illuminated all his countenance with really celestial animation. Were these the symptoms, the living characters in which Escalaphas read the Divine commission of young Dymalphon's errand ? or could the eager candidate for glory give yet still more persuasive reasons for the approval of his request, the legend may or may not in due time explain ; at present it merely indicates that the hierophant yielded to the petitioner's wishes, and that which he at first so strenuously refused, and then awhile so much hesitated to grant, that boon, which the youth so eagerly requested, his blessing—this he not only gave, but gave it ardently, gave it repeatedly ; and more, he gave the shell, the sacred shell, the relic of his people's sacred treasure !! Oh Escalaphas ! is that the caution you reaped from your late experience ; from the recent

anxious hours; from the agony of your repentance; aye, from the horror of that thought that you—even *you*—although unconsciously, had yet in some degree occasioned the extinction of the holy fire, and by this disaster plunged your country into such deep, such heartfelt sorrow? Think, oh think how, after the failure of the attempt, how despondent, how truly despondent your fate then must be! Yet the shell and its bearer are now already towards the mountain bent.

But who is he that so boldly proposed the hazardous trial, and then so firmly, so strenuously, kept to his resolution, spite all, even sacerdotal opposition? he, whom the priest calls a valiant youth, and even his own chosen son? What is he more or less but the son of a menial attendant on the late queen? Then surely and indeed he takes (at least on the faith of the established Cybelean custom) he takes too much upon him—Eh! who says so? and why? Was never precious liquor preserved in common vessels? or never noble soul confined to ignoble clay? And might not this be Dymalphon's case? Oh I wish you had but seen him! then most surely you would presently have found, how wonderfully Nature had suited the outward form to the inward abilities of the mind. Great as appears the soul of the youth, the case that involves it, is but the fairest copy of the original therein lodged. What is then wanting? Ah true! I understand you now—it wants yet polish of manners; well—if, spite of his plebeian birth, Nature had not given him this, even abundantly,

as his own, he might have acquired this at court, where from his earliest days he was brought up with the young prince as his companion, and cherished by the king, as if he were his own son; receiving also the same education with the royal heir, in order to spur the tardy prince in all his study and pursuits to emulation, by Dymalphon's unwearied application and consequent great progress in all and every one of them. But who knows not, that the trial of any, even of all means, proves with certain dispositions ineffectual. So here in music, in dance, as well as in manly exercises, such as running, leaping, vaulting, wrestling, &c., Dymalphon was always far, far superior to his young master. In public games, in public challenges, instituted for this purpose, who carried the palm of victory away, but the prince's companion? who not only surpassed him in talents, but most in figure, gait and mien. Oh that you had but seen him! There was a form rarely, perhaps never matched. Let us but hear how their annals describe him. There they will compare his majestic figure to the stem of the lofty palm; elucidating their simile by saying, "that although this tree challenges admiration for its lordly height, as it ascends in unblemished line above the lower trunks of the forest; yet, so as the leafy crown of its summit procures this fine product its chief commendation, so fared it with Dymalphon, where, although the display of Nature's happiest mould, shrined in grace, made him preeminently conspicuous among his fellow beings,



still the magic that ensured him incessant homage, dwelled in the countenance; there shone that noble soul, that godlike mind, and gave him an air so princely, nay so royal, that none approached him without feeling conscious of the yet dependent plebeian's superiority; for high dignity sat indeed on that lofty brow, well arched as it was; but the eye below, ever so full and brilliant, beamed yet so benevolently, that it captivated every beholder, and made them willing converts to the low-born subject's praise and favour. The ways and manners of the youth were certainly of no common stamp; might it be called singularity, melancholy, or piety? it was no unusual practice with him to pass (as often as he conveniently could do so) to pass some time alone in the woods; and the people believed that he there received advice, and perhaps instruction, from superior beings. This was however most probably never the case, unless they understood by this the nurture which the soul receives by meditation on the glory and power of GOD, the admiration of his works, the remembrance of his benefits, and such soul-reviving thoughts. But in the present awful crisis, what with his country's woe, and what with his own, his musings were of a different, more sombre, and indeed very gloomy cast, far from giving life and comfort to the soul. As his attendance at court would not allow him to gratify his inclination to pass there the whole day, it was but at night-time that he wandered dejectedly, ah, despairingly the woods among, wishing for relief,

which he yet never hoped to find ; for the second day began already to glimmer over the deplorable extinction of the sacred flame, and the sixth after the princess's disappearance. Just then he was roused from his reveries by hearing himself thus accosted. "Dymalphon ! give glory and praise to the ruling Powers above, who have found thee worthy to become thy country's saviour." Dymalphon worshipped. His extraordinary morning visitor led him now out of the wood, and showed him the peak of Altipharos, which, of all the projecting crags, makes itself the most conspicuous by its extraordinary form. "Towards this," he said, "thy way must tend, not to climb it, for that is impossible, but to keep it as much as thou mayst as a directing guide constantly in sight, for it is only in that quarter that you can succeed to ascend the height, from which the sacred fire may be obtained ; laborious and doubtful as the attempt must be, still it is here alone that no chasms and precipices are to be encountered." The benevolent instructor now bade him take the rod he presented to him, which, he said, "shall, as long as it remains in thine hand, enable thee to rise gradually from the ground, and thus waft thee to yonder summit, where still burns the flame that erst illuminated Harunna's shell, and which, though the former has vanished, may yet by thee be thus again rekindled. Be courageous, be strong in faith, and confidence in Almighty Power, never wavering, though terrific enemies should strive to oppose thee, apparently

determined to prevent thy purpose by all possible means, yet in time of need I shall not be far with my assistance, if thou be but brave and valiant in trust of Him, whose mercy alone can save his people. Thus with the utmost attention hold firmly this rod, as the mystic emblem, relying on its efficacy, as on a steady anchor." The benign director, after having blessed Dymalphon, now departed.—And was this then a dream, was it a vision, or was it reality? Faith I cannot tell, perhaps the young adventurer neither, as he then by want of sleep, and by deep meditation, was most likely much affected, and therefore not able clearly to discern.

The legend certainly relates that Escalaphas saw a rod in Dymalphon's hand, but it is by no means explicit on the subject; yet, when looking once more attentively on the tablet which presents this scene, I thought to perceive, in the dubious glimmering of the matinal twilight, something like a hoary hermit's figure, awfully respectable, who, probably living near, or in the mountains, knowing well their intricacies, and feeling himself yet too feeble and old for performing the task himself, found in Dymalphon a more proper champion for the undertaking. The rod was certainly given to Dymalphon as a kind of charm or amulet; but his faith in its efficacy was most probably the chief virtue it possessed, as its donor connected therewith his trust and reliance on Almighty assistance: thus it became indeed spiritually to him a steady anchor for his soul, and assisted him, no doubt, also in his corporeal en-

deavours during his ascent in the mountains. On the whole, it appears clearly, that both Dymalphon and the priest considered the messenger as well as the rod to have been of supernatural, that is, spiritual essence; and that it was on that supposition that Escalaphas granted both his blessing and the shell to Dymalphon, who thus forthwith to the mountain barrier proceeded.

Here the powerful aid of the rod manifested itself so efficaciously, that, by its assistance, he raised himself in a very short time to more than half the tremendous altitude he had to climb. Perceiving this wondrous progress of his journey, and deeming the danger now greatly past, before it even began, he became quite elated with his success—but presently felt a forcible grasp at his rod, although no agent was visible, but by the struggle he had to maintain, he could well conclude that the power with which he had to wrestle was far superior to his energies, for the attack was not only incessant, but so violent and so determined, as left him scarce any hope for the salvation of his indispensable guide. Yet whilst thus distressed, he weened to hear a small whisper of “Eloi” near him; on this as on a watchword he seized, he repeated it with the inmost fervour of his soul, and as he repeated it his strength seemed increasing; the grasp relaxed, and he began to hope, that the enemy was not only conquered, but even now vanished. This hope was indeed not illusive; still it was as if the rod had lost part of its virtue; for though it kept him as yet aloft, he remained as if



fixed to the spot, and his senses became every moment more and more bewildered. Whilst thus confused he stood, there came a blast like a violent gust of wind, which seemed to convert every atom floating in the circumvent atmosphere into countless sparks, and those, when meeting, hovered like small flames before and around him, so that it appeared as if the whole air were pregnant with fire. Was this an effect of volcanic vapours—he wist not—or was it—and this he verily believed that he now must be not far, or perhaps even on the very spot where the sacred fire may be found; he therefore began to search for the shell, intending to gather therein these hovering flames. A diabolical laugh yelling through the air, started him from his purpose, whilst in his soul a warning voice cried, “Forbear! forbear! but blow them off.” He did so; but this seemed only to increase the conflagration; yet, “blow still,” was the bidding, though even apparently fiercer raged the fiery blast, whilst Dymalphon still only attentive to his inward monitor, thus ever and anon warded and distanced them, unmindful of the objections of his reason, which deemed the feeble breath of his mouth a very inadequate opponent to such fierce and numerous assailants. “Be thou but steady and valiant in faith and in confidence,” this, yes this was—was it not? the passport for his embassy, given by him, whom the young hero considered as Heaven’s deputy, not only to appoint him, but in the same time to animate him with unwonted zeal for the otherwise

hopeless attempt; enforcing the precept with the additional consolation, "I shall not be far with my assistance." This he constantly remembered, and remembered it with full reliance on the sacred promise; and this, yes this was the efficacious mean that saved him; for presently the ignited charm began to lose its potency, and, as if disenchanted by unwearied repulses, it died gradually away.

And is the danger, is the trial now over? Ah no! These floating ignis fatuus seemed to have entirely corrupted the air, leaving it impregnated with a most noxious, all senses-intoxicating vapour, which seized on the bold adventurer's faculties, influencing and confounding them in a most extraordinary manner, so that he now felt himself as in a paroxysm of high delirium, during which there arose before his bewildered mind the most terrific visions, conjured up by the machinations of hellish agents. It is with great reluctance that I enter into the detail of these abominable incantations, which the legendary tablets here display: indeed I would gladly have left them unnoticed; but the sequel of these annals will show, what threefold interest the Asphotis attached to the defeat of Dymalphon's undertaking, thus thwarting not only the recovery of the holy fire; but intent to join to his own destruction also that of Phania's loss; and thus by one overthrow to obtain a triple conquest; nay moreover the ascendancy over the Celosian weal: when yet all their craft, all their wiles, were warded off and overcome by Dy-

malphon's undaunted courage and perseverance. It is therefore that the Hespereans center in this encounter the chief renown and virtue of their matchless hero, whose arduous trial had however yet only begun.

A most dreadful howl seemed now to run along the crowded rocks, so loud, and so multifarious, as if their every stone was alive, crying, "Revenge! Revenge!" which the farther subterranean caverns re-echoed, with answering, "We swear it!" This was succeeded by a most heart-withering voice, vociferating "oh Aharuzza! Aharuzza! thou courage-annihilating spectre! appear! appear! appear! Bring with thee all thy phantoms of dismay, all, all the puny, and alike the most gigantic goblins of the nether regions." It ceased—and for awhile a truly appalling stillness prevailed over all the scene; until, with a soul-shaking groan there arose from the pits of darkness a most hideous bladder; it spread, and as it spread the groan increased, midst bitter wailings. Meanwhile from the cleft on his right the terrible Carashal seemed rushing forth, and ready to spring upon the yet undaunted champion, with a throat that seemed, if not as wide, yet as deep as any mountain chasm, but far more terrible; for all the bristly quills, that, like ruddy spines, studded the huge mass of his body, stood full erect around, indicating the sanguine anger which from that destructive gullet spumed forth in greenish foam, between the bulk of the keenly-edged teeth of his tremendous blood-red jaw. This monstrous brood was (so it is related) once engen-



dered by Envy and Rancour once accidentally meeting, both cursing, both execrating the object of their spite, vowing revenge, destruction, death. Now greatly elated, to match in the like pursuits, they mutually rushed into the unhopèd-for auxiliary's embrace, and by the baneful encounter produced the horrid assailant on Dymalphon's right. This, (as the Celosian historians will tell) is now one of the trabants, or as he might be called the Cerberus of the Asphotis' prisons; though here 'twas but the phantasma of this dreadful monster that had been conjured up to horrify and dismay Dymalphon on his right; whilst, as from a yawning gulph on his left, the hissings of the deadly Scyrophax denoted his lurking there. 'Tis but the bogs that gird the shores of hell, that could cast forth a birth like this, and by its veneficial puffings swell the bulk of any living mass to such an enormous size, as here appears. With ruddy flashes, like an half extinguished coal, glares there, large as a shield, the jutting eye, rolling in that, now forth-shooting, now retiring horn, which serves the monster both for head and sting. 'Tis said that Xurtuphal called up this monster from the Stygian swamps, in aid against part of his mutinous legions, and that then at the sudden abhorrent sight, as likewise by the effect of his venomous blast, all their courage forsook them. Here however only the illusive phantoms of the two monsters appeared, their identity still with Xurtuphal in hell sojourning.

But who will yet not wonder that appalled Dy-



malphon stood, yet not on such receding. The trial had however, as yet, not found its end; for persuaded were both the Asphotis ruler and his crew that this was the era, this the affair, and this the hero on whose success or failure the Celosian woe or weal depended. Oh Dymalphon! wilt thou then thus still persevere?—prove still thy country's heroic champion—a theme, a pattern for their coming generations? The proof of this is yet still in the rear.—See now the enormous quivering bladder bursts, and out with pestilential fumes rushes thick and dense a shoal of puny spectral imps, encumbering the atmosphere, flitting before his eyes; buzzing around his ears; unhallowing the air he drew with their infernal exhalations, that bred blasphemous thoughts, and whisking so compact, as even to shroud the light, the very light of Heaven, eye of that gracious Heaven, on which alone all his hope, all his confidence for victory is relying. But this to disturb, this to obscure, seemed the annoying spectres' chief aim, and gaining this, they might perhaps benumb his vigour; stupify all his senses, and lull them into lethargic sloth, the death of the soul.—Say then now, shall the courageous youth, thus surrounded, thus beset, even shut out from the benefit of his exterior senses—shall he not now succumb? Shall he yet still stand firm? Yes, faith! he will—and yes!—by Heaven!—he shall!—For so as in earthly beings it often happens that, when the visual organ has lost its agency, the tact becomes yet stronger and finer, and the per-

ception more acute; the same it proved with the young hero's confidence and reliance on the promised aid; it collected and concentrated itself more steadily within, as if in one focus, in which this firm and unshaken resolution centered. Yes, so as he had already declared it to the priest, that his trust had been in the bosom of Almighty Mercy established, so now, as then, his success was there secured, although he stands as yet inert and motionless, and even to appearance conquered. But all at once a soothing stillness permeated the air around him; the flitting phantoms retreated, they dispersed—the vision faded,—it vanished.—What was the cause of this? But godlike perseverance, unshaken faith and trust, and never wavering confidence; this like an adamant shield was proof against his enemies' every wile, who finding all their machinations fail, skulked sullenly off; whilst a gentle breeze wafted refreshing vigour to the godlike champion's life, and with this a balsamic odour, against which infernal spirits could not hold, as any Divine emanation must ever prove repulsive to Satan's crew, of whose spectral imps no longer any symptom appeared.

Then vivat! vivat! Hesper's Hercules vivat!—How now,—you ask me—you surely will not match this budding youth's short trial with our Cybelean gigantic combatants' twelve labours? Why I confess, a truly absurd comparison it must appear, as the standard of heroism is so totally different in either of the two spheres. In Terra where war and fighting is in such

high renown, that disgrace will follow if you refuse to slay your friend for an unguarded word; and where kings and clowns earn their highest honours but in the field of slaughter, surely in Terra Hercules will ever the matchless wonder of bodily bravery remain. In Hesper, where not corporeal vigour, but firmness, and what I fain would call spiritual and intellectual prowess, such as Dymalphon here displayed, are prized as the very rarest talents—as in their encounters with far more superior, far more dreadful powers, such undaunted spirit and never wavering steadiness are the only means to ensure victory—in Hesper then Dymalphon will for ever the inimitable hero of mental valour be.

How blest felt now the firmly trusting youth! Although he had as yet not reached the destined goal, although as yet the shell is empty and dark, and so is even all around him. But presently a faintly glimmering of light appeared; then rapidly encreased, and whilst the rocks, where he was wedged, grew more and more apparently illumined, he lifted his eyes, and perceived this proceeded from the approach of a most beautiful animal, such as he never had seen below, but which now rested before him, as if offering itself for his further conveyance. A stag it was in size and shape; whilst the dazzling whiteness of his downy coat, and of its glorious wings might vie for preeminence with the purest snow; the wings were moreover with the most brilliant purple fringed. You may call this



handsome, you may call this beautiful, and faith ! so it is ! still would I yet let your admiration pause, till you attend its flight, just when then a gentle breeze lifts the brilliant golden down that decks its wings beneath, when it will seem as if the airy undulation were shaking down one cluster of stars after another. Still more magnificently beamed the splendid plumes that crowned its comely head, waving and nodding between the wide branching ivory antlers, whereon each of the gracefully grouped white feathers shone a circlet or eye, fully as luminous, and even brighter than the down beneath its wings.—This was one of those creatures which the Venerean people call the Theolims's night-watch, or what we terrestrials might denominate their spiritual cavalry ; for their priests saw them in the stillness of their beautiful nights, now single, now in groups, pursuing their fleet courses over the loftiest altitudes of their mountains, and this made them fancy, that these animals were sent by the Theolims here and there, to carry report from one canton to another, confounding thus spiritual and corporeal agency together. No wonder that the Cythereans fell into this error ; for this rare product of animal creation had as yet never been seen below, as these beautiful coursers delight only in the pure ether of those the heaven's more approximating plains, on the summits of those wondrous alps ; subsisting on a species of manna, which they find in the clefts of the highest ridges ; there the priests, during their vigils, watched and observed, with awe and de-



light, their luminous evolutions, and the magic play of their lucent plumes and wings, so as they were by the air, or by their position moved, and continually changed into a variety of splendid meteors, or wreaths, globes or stars, just as their gambols or races might exhibit them. Now one of these was certainly sent by his protecting Theolim to Dymalphon, not to carry a spiritual message, but to carry a corporeal being to the summit of that mountain, where he should find the font of the sacred fire. There then he approached the auspicious flame, with mingled sensations of awe and joy; and, after prostrate offering his ardent acknowledgments to the so graciously favouring Powers on High, he relumed his shell with the renewed glow of its former brightelement: then finding the beautiful cervo-courser still in attendance, he committed himself for his descent to its further guidance, and indeed the elegant animal received him again most willingly between its wings.

When however downwards proceeding, Dymalphon observed that their course over the mountain ridges went in a direction very different from that by which he had at first ascended. This certainly raised his wonder. Was it a safer, a more convenient course? Was it perhaps to avoid the former perils, or even to lead him into new trials? He knew not. Yet at all events, he was determined, neither conjectures nor mistrust should give him any annoyance; for should he not after, such signal deliverance—should he not even more than ever place his unlimited confidence in the

aid of that hitherto so propitious Deity, and to the further safe conveyance of his admirable steed, although the rocks, and indeed the whole aspect became, on thus descending, more and more tremendously appalling; yet in the midst of these the magnificently winged quadruped alighted. Was the design he should now here remain? Perhaps await another event? or even expect another conveyance? Time must tell. The heroic traveller looked eagerly around to survey the place, which presented a rather spacious area, yet embattled, nay enwrapped in firm basaltic matter, shooting aloft wild, rugged, perpendicular. The ground likewise was uneven and rough; yet here and there appeared some shrubs, and even some flowers, and indeed some fruit trees: still it was a perfect solitude; an awful stillness reigned all around, save the near tones of harmless fury, mingling with the distant music of calm delight; both coming from the same small streamlet, which thus, as it darted from a high projecting crag, rushed midway, as in wrath, with snowy foam over the intercepting dark roots and branches, but played and smiled again on its smooth path below, where it glided in glittering diamonds gently away. Dymalphon's thoughts came, as he viewed it, whispering on his lips, and thus he would say, "How welcome a companion wouldst thou not prove to any dweller in this wilderness!" when he was answered, "Not half so welcome as thy sight, oh blest Dymalphon! is now to me." He heard, he turned, he saw;—and what? Ah, shall he

trust his senses? Yes verily, he saw the loveliest female mould his eyes ever could deem fair, advancing towards him from the cleft of a projecting rock. "Oh most gratifying, most enchanting vision," he cried, as believing this merely an illusion of the lost princess Phania's semblance; but oh! this time, yes this time the hero's soul shall rejoice, yet let the heart of the country's saviour be elated; for this is no vision; it is, it is reality! The lovely form approached; the courteous courser stooped; Dymalphon tended his hand; and the identical royal maid was lifted and seated upon the winged quadruped, which spread again its white purple-fringed sails, and flew with its double charge, now over the remaining rocks; now wafted them over the beautiful lake; then farther over the darksome wood; till at the skirts of this,—scarce stooping long enough for them to alight,—away flew the glorious stag; whilst onward to the temple moved the two from all danger so miraculously rescued pair.

And who now saw the first, young glorious knight, whom godlike valour dubbed—who saw thee now first, with thy country's flaming pledge in thy right, and leading the realm's lost bride on thine arm? who saw thee now first, and became thus the blest deputy of joy to your in sorrow and woe immersed nations? The annals call him Xaphilath; but say, what matters his name? There, there—I see him,—that happy being: scarce had he asserted the wondrous sight's reality, when away he fleets—oh, how he fleets! with speed



and gladness, quite breathless and mute. An holy ardour spurns his heels towards the temple, determined, as he is, that he, and but he, should be the harbinger of comfort unto the worthy, now so deeply grieving Escalaphas. But, mark! oh, mark now also, how the speed of his feet—how the gladness of his eye—and his to the ominous wood pointing finger—mark, how this stirs the curiosity of the land around; see how the news expectant people peep from these, from those, and from yonder bowers: at first inquiring, then rushing forth; and surely when the neighbour stirs, who would then stay behind? no—no! all follow the example: thus collected, as in a resistless stream, on and forward flows its course to the denoted point. So in our gardens speeds the honey-gathering tribe its eager flight; each busy bee directs the undeviating course unto the same intended point. Alike the alert Hesperians gather, rush, and crowd towards the path which, with the restored treasures, the country's youthful saviour treads; whilst yet their hearts, 'twixt doubt and joy and expectation wave, panting to hear the confirmation, nay, more, to see themselves the reality of his splendid achievement, for scarcely will they give credit to the fact, unless their own eyes are witnessing it, and thus the shout of admiration hovers still checked on their lips. But now at intervals I hear the increasing burst of joy, though still at a distance; but yet it comes louder, and now nearer and nearer, wafted like cadences of an æolian harp, that with a celestial



gust captivates the listener's attention ; who, thus delighted, lends his ear, awaiting farther melody ; but, as yet awhile, all is stilled—till on a sudden anew it swims along the air, though softer, yet longer ; now, more increasing—now more distinct—now nearer.—Yes ! it comes yet even undulating on the ear of that so deeply sorrowing sinner, who, under yonder porch begins to listen, and listening, hears—oh, hears, indeed, the voice of joy resounding in the land of woe ! He turns—he gazes ; and fain would now believe these jubilant tones were belonging to the distant moving mass of his exulting people. And hope—yes, hope, indeed, is budding in his soul ; he cries, “ Should this be true ! Should this indeed be true ! ” — “ Yes, true ! true ! true ! ” responds the breathless Xaphilath, just as he reached the priest ; and now continues, “ See, see the holy fire ! see Phania ! see Dymalphon ! oh, venerable man ! see them advancing, see them approach. This is no cheating vision—no illusive comfort glimmering in thy tearful eyes. No, no—Escalaphas ! by all the help from Heaven, by all His e'er vouchsafing Mercy, it truly is—it is reality.” Now then behold him quickening his otherwise so grave, so solemn step, eager to satisfy the yearnings of his heart, to fold his arms around the godlike youth ; see then how, after having welcomed him with a holy kiss,—how long, how fervently he presses him to his heart. But soon, very soon, behold them together with the king, and all the surrounding multitude with them, on their knees, offer-

ing thanks, fervid thanks, for this miraculous restoration of the holy fire, and the royal maid.

But how was Phania lost? and how recovered?—This, at the hierophant's desire, the princess, in the presence of the king and the elders of her people, will now herself explain. “When the mystic vapours that enveloped us at the lake obscured all objects around me, I yet believed myself to be led away through the wood by one of the attending company, but under feelings of indescribable horror,—under sensations which marred all peace and happiness. In the same time, though I could not discern any thing around me, I still felt as moving onward, yet palpably could perceive that my progress was not horizontally, but in a rapidly ascending manner. I wished to speak; yet it was as if my voice had lost all sound. This lasted for awhile—when all at once a light broke through the pitchy vapours, which then—as before the breath of a superior agent—like noxious fumes, vanished. Ah, what an awful vista opened then to my sight! I stood at the edge of a terrific scowling rock, hanging over a tremendous chasm, where there was not the least possibility either to advance or to retreat; but felt myself in this distress guarded and upheld from precipitating myself into the gulph below, by the protecting power of a Being of transcendant form and celestial mien. I cannot forbear persuading myself that this was my guardian angel, who, in this hour of need, had been allowed, not only to come to my rescue,

but even visibly to administer relief and comfort.”— Here she stopt awhile, and let her eyes and her hands, both Heaven onwards turned, express her soul’s ardent acknowledgments for such a signal manifestation of Divine favour towards her. This silent worship of Phania’s heart, attested to all present, more than the flow of choicest words, how deeply she was impressed with the extraordinary favour thus by Heaven on her bestowed : and who will doubt that their every feeling united with her’s in thanks for this wondrous deliverance. “ How consolatory does this prove,” said Escalaphas ; “ that notwithstanding our frailties and errors, our still earnest endeavours to walk in the path of righteousness, will yet give the ascendant over the works and machinations of the demons ; for this was assuredly a plot of the Asphotis, contrived for your destruction.”—“ As such I considered it,” said the princess ; “ yes, my feelings gave me sufficiently notice that but evil spirits had here been the agents. Yet, Divine Mercy spoke the voice of comfort within me, bidding me not despair, whilst I was led, as by the hand, and yet so like as in a dream, seemingly gliding through the air, over all the horrid gulphs and crags, which frowned under my feet, until I found myself safely conveyed to the kind of grotto, where Dymalphon found me. There I was advised to remain, and but diligently to preserve the seal that was put upon my safety, namely, obedience to the order of quietly abiding here, until, in all proper time, a suitable convey-

•



ance for me might appear. This was, I confess, imposing a very hard task upon me."—Here she looked particularly at Dymalphon, most likely she missed him as her servant, for such he was. But let her continue her recital. "As the given injunctions seemed to indicate perhaps a long period, I considered it indeed as a very severe trial: I brushed the falling tears continually away, and yet they were always on my cheek." Ah! what? Tears also in Hesper's clime? Is weeping in the brightest planet known, as well as on our dull earth? Who will assert—who will deny it? Most probably, kind Nature allows this needful relief to any woe-panting bosom of her rational creations. And say, when the last pulse of Hope has ceased to beat; when burning anguish sears each germ of comfort, and leaves the heart a drained, barren waste;—comes not a gush of tears so like a merciful dew upon the exhausted soil? Ask but the truly wretched, if tears are not the only luxury cruel fate has left them. At any rate, Phania said she wept; but said further, that the remembrance of her miraculous salvation buoyed still her often nearly sinking soul with glimmering hope, which came now and then so like the short glances of twinkling stars, that shoot their passing beams across the dim and cloudy sky. Thus was her often waning courage still rekindled; and thus she was enabled to await not only with submission, but even with resignation, the issue of her trial. A solemn silence prevailed for awhile over the attentive audience; no doubt,



all were pondering on the extraordinary concatenation of the event, on its causes, beginning, and progress ; likewise, on the courage and virtue of the actors ; and, above all, on this new and signal manifestation of the everlasting benevolence of that Being, whose aid is never wanting to those that put their trust in Him. This, this was indeed the thought which chiefly occupied and animated the hierophant's soul, who presently, with awful fervency, would cry, "Life of my spirit ! manna of my soul ! Thou Confidence in the mercy of my God ; cheer, conduct and guard my life unto its utmost verge !" And "Amen," said the present congregation, with full unanimous voice, to this creed of the sacerdotal man, and carried a deep conviction of its import and concomitant blessings with them to their homes.

How ? to their homes ? Does not religious duty point to the temple ? Should not their fervent wish lead them now to the altar ? there to pour forth the stream of gratitude, with which their hearts should overflow, for this great, this eminent proof of Divine favour ? Undoubtedly ! Yet, when I hope they may not be styled an ungrateful tardy people—when I say that it will be but by to-morrow's earliest dawn, that you shall see how thickly the newly blest Hespereans gather and crowd to their sanctuary ; then do not, nay, do not for this delay call them a lukewarm race. Would you could but hear how meanwhile their exalting spirit fills air, and plain, and wood, with songs and shouts of

thanks. But they imagine that the public acknowledgments for Heaven's recent extraordinary bounty, requires a most solemn, even a most remarkable celebration; and, therefore, crave some hours, namely, the hours usually given to sleep, for the preparation of the same, so that Aurora might smiling usher in the festival. Let them, therefore, pursue their various plans, and let me, in the interim, once more their temple survey

Millions of thousand alternate sunny and cloudy days, starry and dusky nights, had on the Cytherean horizon risen and sunk, since first I viewed and admired this vegetable structure of their religious dome; thus a period of so many evolutions must, no doubt, have it much improved, and of course completed.

And now, so as thou, my vision's earliest guide—so as thou then, at first, wouldst show me the unique Cytherean cathedral plantation in its infancy, so let us now together observe the progress which here by Nature and time was effected. These silvery stems, which in their first state, by their height, and by their straight unbroken lines, resembled, nay, even braved all fabricated pillars; how do we find them now, since eras on eras are to Hespers chronology added? Fain would I, as I behold them now,—fain would I now find a comparison for these superb pillars; but they are far superior to all what hands can pile—what symmetry can form,—what strength, beauty, and elegance can unite. Now these stems of growth sublime, that frame

this unrivalled rotunda, by Nature raised, once by the patriarch Mehaldon found, and by him, and his assistant priests, here transplanted ; there long, as by particular favour, by the soil nurtured ; and finally, by sun and air perfected : behold them now in full maturity ; and, moreover, by a magic touch of Nature, as if she was pleased to perpetuate her wonder, behold them now petrified :—yes, thus they stand. How proudly towers now each petrescent tree ! Larger, far larger is now their circumference ; more silvery, far more silvery is now their rind ; and, lo ! how their diademed chapiters, of emeraldine hue, peer far the loftiest in Cytherean ether, and seem as striving to greet the firmament, whilst their every leaves, now prodigiously enlarged, meet their neighbouring cluster in friendliest union. A citron grove, renowned both for extent and growth, encompasses this metropolitan rotunda, as well as also all the other minor enclosures. The interstices, between the columns below, are filled with the beautiful shrub of the *Calythea*, which forms, as it were, their basements with its elegant tissues of luxuriant foliage, on which clusters of blue or white, of opal or of crimson hue are bedded ; yet are these rare and hallowed shrubs never allowed to be cultivated anywhere else but on sacerdotal ground.

To this magnificent temple a multitude of near and distant, of both joyous and devout Hespereans, were now repairing from as many points as the short interval of time would allow. See how they hasten ! how



they gather, all so alert and brisk, even now at fall, nay after close of day; even at those hours, when usually here all is hushed and mute.—What busy hum—thou in thy sable stellated stole, else so stilly so solemnly sweeping Night—what busy hum intrudes for once upon thine to noise and bustle unaccustomed ear? Be but this time indulgent! though in Celosian land Silence was ever the meek conductor of thy car, intent that sleep,—hushed in thine arms, and softly reclined on thy bosom,—might peaceably savour the sweets of repose: yet, this time, these thy dulcet companions cannot be there; for activity is under thy canopy stirring. But this intrusion has—oh be indulgent—it has a sacred prompter—it is to gratitude that they so gladly sacrifice thy gifts of rest and sleep, so that they may—'tis all they can—attest their feelings' best acknowledgments—to that so eminently favouring power, by weaving wreaths, to garland now the altar, now to entwine all the proud colonades attainable parts, or hang their clustered strings betwixt the interstices; uniting all the colours glowing in the solar prism, with all the odours the morn may awake, and where no doubt, shines full many a flower foreign to our botanists' every catalogue. Now in these beautiful decorations Cythera's loveliest citizens found indeed a particular gratification, as they not only fully participated in the glorious event, but the hearts of Venus' virgin daughters swelled with a peculiar exultation at the restoration of the princess Phania, as being not only



one, but even the very first of their order, by beauty and by virtue shining forth among them, as their own brilliant planet beams forth conspicuous amongst the host of stars. With roses in their hair, with roses on their musical shells, you see them now, whilst Aurora's blushes glow vividly over the lovely train—you see them coming foremost in the long procession; for to this they have an undisputed right. How sonorous and full, and yet how sweet, is the harmony of their choir; whilst the rear bands of youths give the responses to the virgin hymns. Olive, citron, and palm branches are in every chanter's and chantress's hands; mark, mark how joyfully they wave these festive tokens.—Now arriving at the sacred porch, they place themselves into two columns, in order to receive the goddess of the feast, who, olive crowned, is conducted by the king and the prince, the elders attending, with another musical choir in their train. No sooner had the throne's lovely hope cleared the steps of the temple, and thus appeared in full sight of all her people, than there arose incontinently a tumultuous universal shout of—“Hail! hail! hail! to our royal princess and future queen, thus miraculously restored to us.” Nought might have stilled this joyous voice, but they observe the high-priest taking presently from the altar an empty shell, faint emblem of that which before contained the hallowed flame. After exhibiting this, with desponding look, to the congregation, he went with the same into the citron grove, that skirts the mighty-columned

temple ; meeting Dymalphon there, he led forth the godlike youth, the youth of divine prowess, in whose right flamed the original shell with the sacred fire, now by his courage and matchless perseverance rekindled, and as renewed pledge to his country restored. Now is the hailing shout indeed redoubled ; aye, and verily soon as he came in sight, hark ! hark !—the burst of joyous acclamations—the volleys of acknowledgments, which greet the glorious saviour of the Celosian weal ! how loud, how fervent are these ; proclaiming from the re-echoing earth to Heaven's responding vault, his merit and their thanks ; in token of which, the hierophant placed a chaplet of laurel on his head, and flung over his shoulders a scarf of flowers, woven by the princess herself. And was his manly gait, in beauty and dignity shining, the object of every eye, the theme of every tongue ? yet he, and only he, hears and perceives nought around him ; for Dymalphon's soul is soaring to the Supreme Source and Power that vouchsafed the means of his salvation, and consequent victory ; to Him he immediately bends his knees, with a look by moistened gratitude illumed ; and in which the feelings of his heart were so inimitably depicted, that the priest instantaneously sank likewise down beside him ; and this mute eloquence fervently impressed on all hearts to whom alone all praises were due. The appeal was forcible, and had immediately its full effect ; for the pathetic example acted like a powerful magnet, and united all hearts in the public perform-

ance of this sacred duty of gratitude ; and whilst yet not a word was said, the fervour of each bosom manifested itself in this silent universal thanksgiving, so ardently, and so impressively, that every one thought the remembrance and the effect of this could never from their memory, nor from their hearts be effaced. It must be left to time, and to events, to show how lasting this may be !—When they arose, a hymn composed for the occasion was then sung—now by the alternate choirs, and now with responses from the people ; during which, Dymalphon, with the flaming shell, led by Escalaphas, and followed by all the priests, and their sacerdotal attendants on the temple, moved in procession three times round the sanctuary. The hierarch gave then a general blessing, with which the ceremony concluded. The remainder of the day was spent in festive rejoicing, either at their houses, or in clustered parties under the greenwood shade.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## AN UNPARDONABLE CULPRIT.

Now had the circling days and nights, after this memorable event, perhaps sevenfold one hundred times returned, when, alas ! one morning, woe, and but woe, was the tone all over Hesper's hemisphere ; but what are the news, the sad news these dismal heralds proclaim ?—Oh be still ye breezes, be still !—or at least waft not the mournful tidings over the mountain ridge—for they cry unto the Celosian people, “ Mourn, mourn ye Venerean tribes and nations ! for Mnesias, your king, your incomparable king, his people's royal father—is no more ! ” And deep indeed did they mourn ; bitterly did they bewail him ; truly thus, as an orphan would over the body of his last lifeless parent grieve. They deemed it, and deemed it justly, as the greatest public calamity that (particularly in the present crisis) could have befallen them. Sadly indeed did they ask each other, “ Will yet Cythera's people, by any of his successors ever again be ruled with such paternal care ? with such superior wisdom ? Who ever



was or will be so righteous, so patriotic, so valiant, so benevolent as he? Alas! the reign of Mnesias, the kind, the complacent, the munificent, the glorious, will ever in our annals stand unrivalled. And oh! who is now his successor? There is indeed a youth, vigorous in health, and apparently sound in mind, ready enough to wear his father's crown: but can you say the virtues and the talents of his parent will adhere to his hereditary crown?" Ah sad and numerous were their doubts; nay more, their fears, that all their public bliss had with this excellent monarch vanished. Much cause for blame was here indeed not seen; but neither was there much excitement for hope, still less for praise. Yet such was the prince Barandrias; who, though the only surviving heir of the realm, had, as yet, not been married to the princess Phania, last remaining scion of a collateral royal branch, when yet their union was indispensibly requisite for the welfare of the nation, and therefore, ever ardently urged by the wishes of the people, and confirmed by the sanction of the king, had often been proposed to the princess, both by her sovereign, and by the priest, and the elders; yet, either on account of her youth, or some other plausible reasons for delay, this so eagerly desired, this so absolutely needful union, could as yet never be effected. But now since the memorable monarch's exit, the fulfilment of this was imperative.

Meanwhile the rule of the government was (until the king's coronation) to the care of the elders com-

mitted; and they resolved that the nuptials should precede this solemn ceremony, as then the inauguration of the young queen would be thereunto united. With this proposal Escalaphas, the high-priest, was sent to the princess Phania, to whom he peremptorily declared that she must now comply. Yet this time, even as before, she still begged for further delay. It now appeared most evident, that the obstinate fair one was firmly determined never to depart from what she had once resolved to do. A conduct like this had already been considered as not exceedingly pretty and becoming in one of her sex; nor did it augur well, that the future predestined queen should so little concern herself for her people's welfare, as to suit her own convenience in preference to theirs. On this serious consideration, the priest thought proper, nay, found it highly necessary to make her attend to a very long sermon; in the first part of which he was very eloquent on the love and duty we owe to the land of our birth, and the welfare of its inhabitants, our compatriots; in the second part he enjoined not only a willing obedience to its laws, and a readiness at all times, and in any way, to support and aid its exigences; but he also insinuated very forcibly, how surprising it therefore was, to find one in her situation, and with her means, not with heart and soul inclined, nay indeed eagerly anxious, to promote its welfare. It was certainly not the first time that this truly patriotic priest expatiated upon this theme; no, it was constantly his text, when-

ever he was deputed to her on the subject of this marriage; but never spoke he more impressively, more energetic on this point; but yet so as formerly, so now, he sermonized without effect. Under the present circumstances, such a determined non-compliance appeared to the good Escalaphas not only highly reprehensible, but even criminal; for though he, of all men, was the most indulgent being to other people's faults, yet whilst it concerned the public weal, the zealous lover of his native land,—the man of whom it was already said, that if he had a thousand lives he would bring them a willing offering to his country's altar, if this could promote public prosperity;—thus then this ardent patriot could neither conceive nor endure that one by fate and circumstances apparently destined to be united to his people's guardian, that such a person should not freely, nay gladly submit her will to the important union; but he was really greatly afflicted to see that she did not feel herself most happy, that by her means her country's weal could be promoted. He therefore left her with great displeasure, and indeed with words that melted her into tears; but the last crystalline drops lodged the very minute of his exit already in a dimple, printed on her cheek by the joy she felt of having (as she thought) just gained a new victory. This was however a treacherous joy; 'twas so like a flash of vivid lightning, followed by the awful voice of thunder; neither of these however, quite so blazing nor quite so loud; still what is the hierophant's speedy

return with the elders in his train? what is their boding? How now, poor Phania, begins thy heart to flutter, in joy or in fear? The countenance of these rulers of the people is—faith! uncommonly severe; their words most positive, and their fiat is “The princess Phania must *immediately* be married to the royal heir.”

Having this now so peremptorily declared, how great then was their astonishment to find, that their thus designed queen, nought perplexed, nought subdued, was more than ever determined to ask for delay; nay even—oh strange virgin perversity!—would really beg to be allowed to decline these royal nuptials entirely, and to remain during her life in her present state. “Princess!” said, after a solemn pause, one of the gravest elders, with most imposing stern voice and mien,—“Princess! you have hitherto acted, and have now spoken, just as if you had a will of your own; we have, till up to this day, indulged this your very extraordinary idea, and consequent highly reprehensible conduct, as arising from this mistaken notion on your part, expecting however that time and a riper judgment would correct your previous conceptions; but since you do not realize our hopes, you must be plainly and distinctly told, that your destiny depends on your country’s weal, and what that requires you to do, you **MUST** do. Therefore, within three days your marriage with the prince must be completed. This indulgence of delay you owe entirely to the priest’s petition in your favour.



And though we considered it, on your account, an ill-deserved indulgence, yet, out of regard for him, it is granted." Shall I describe Phania's agony when they left her? I cannot: for the legend says, in order to do this in any degree, it wanted to inspect her inmost thoughts, as then alone you could reveal the mystery of her conduct, over which, as yet, an impenetrable veil was drawn.

Meanwhile, those members of the public council, with its authoritative speaker, went very thoughtful and disquieted away; each exhibiting now his individual opinion. Some found it, indeed, very hard that the princess should be compelled to marry a person for whom, most probably, she felt no inclination, and perhaps even some reluctance, when she yet nevertheless would be obliged to pass all her future life with him, who also, even at present, seemed in no way interested for her, and from whose neglect she drew perhaps no favourable omen for their future union: yet they agreed with Escalaphas, that if such suppositions were ever so powerfully influencing the princess's heart and mind against the proposed nuptials, still the present urgent circumstances of her country, should prompt her to a willing sacrifice of her every individual considerations. Others, far less indulgent, showed in their countenances that their thoughts and conjectures were by no means of so tranquillizing a tenor; nay, even two of them shook their heads very significantly; yet their fingers, pressed on their closed lips, indicated that their con-

jectures durst not be uttered. But observe, they are as yet not gone home, late as it is ; they loiter still in council, yes in deep consultation, what in the present circumstances might be done. The final result of this was, that, at any rate, all possible means should be employed to discover the true and as yet secret cause of the princess's unwillingness and constant refusal to this yet indispensable union : whilst the two sceptic counsellors now declared, that if recourse was not had to prompt and efficacious means, not only the ruin of those concerned, but even public calamity, must evidently follow.

The first day of respite had thus passed away ; but, ah woe ! the morn of the second already appears. And what, oh ye fates ! what are the tidings of its course ? See there Escalaphas, that good, that venerable man, returns again to the council ; but observe, ah observe, how greatly disturbed, how pale and trembling he is ! Ah, horror is in his looks, whilst now, with but tottering steps, he gathers his nation's sapient advisers again together. Heavens ! what can now his errand be ?—Come the news which he received, and which he now will and *must* communicate to them,—come they from friend or from foe ? From whatsoever quarter they come, their import must be dreadful indeed, when they can unman the holy seer to such a degree,—nay when they force him to expose the given notice to public consideration, without having first recourse to private remedy. It seems he has no power to speak ; his eyes

are fixed on his trembling hands, where the awful proof of coming woe is lodged,—The proof of what? ah me, who yet must tell it,—the proof of love—even of affianced love. But say, say quickly, say, how was this found? Was it so carelessly kept? And was now, oh love! was thy else so jealous eye, was it just now closed and asleep? Ah! was that well? when the heart's token of affection was to thine especial care committed? Were you not most unwarrantably unmindful of your trust? thus allowing it to fall into base unhallowed hands, and by the exhibition of the same, turn your fondly-confiding votaries into most culpable criminals. But speak, oh speak, and tell at last what is it then? What but, alas, the pledge, the very pledge, of Phania's love! To whom? but to the most worthy, the most deserving, her own and her country's saviour—but—oh crime! oh pardon-lacking crime!—to the plebeian Dymalphon! This, ah this, is now to be exhibited in public council!—Here it is!



Gracious Heaven! two hearts so closely joined together, as if even death could not separate them!—Aghast sat the wise counsellors of the people; their hands, firmly clasped, resting upon their knees; their eyes thereon immoveably fixed. Escalaphas scarcely

breathes.—See, see! is not the hand of death upon him? He surely seems falling away; for though he first might have hoped to see his country yet saved by Phania's instant return to her duty; yet is not Heaven's decree that once plighted love should be inviolably kept? Was not this the covenant for Heaven's further protection, and thus their prosperity on its observation, and their adversity on its transgression, depending? Where else could then a remedy in this impending calamity be found, but in Dymalphon's, in his own chosen son's, even in his country saviour's annihilation? for such being the immutable law, for any one that might have the audacity to aspire, ever in thought to such an union. Alas! would there not have been misfortune enough, if in the present circumstances the ill-fated youth had unconsciously the princess's affections alienated! but how enormous is now the guilt of him who durst receive, and accept a pledge in assurance of the same!! The mere thought that such a crime was committed would have given a deadly pang to the soul of the most righteous priest; but that the perpetrator of this heinous offence was one whom he hitherto had believed so virtuous, so just, alas! so perfect—this heightened his grief even to agony, and deprived him for awhile of all power of speech. The first who now fetched breath for utterance was Phania's stern admonisher. "This is," he said, what I long suspected, sadly feared, but constantly reproached myself for believing any one so deprived of sense and virtue, as to be daring



enough to make himself so highly culpable, considering the magnitude of the crime, and its sure consequences: indeed the culprit's hitherto apparent virtue, as also his low birth, might have kept us, on his part, without apprehensions for such a sacrilegious attempt."—The high-priest sighed deeply, undoubtedly at the deplorable imperfection of all, even the supposed best creatures: whilst another suggested that examination should certainly precede condemnation. "I demand," he said, "an evident proof, not only, that this pledge belongs to the accused parties, but also how and by whom it was found."—"Alas!" moaned Escalaphas; "alas! it was found by Dathribius!" "By Dathribius?" cried several voices at once, "by Dathribius? By his friend and patron!!!" The holy man groaned.—The horror for such a deed was manifest on every countenance; yet all hues of any other guilt faded at present away before the deep colour of Dymalphon's sacrilege; for as such it was considered; yet let it not be unnoticed that, in spite of all the indignation they felt for the crime, there laboured yet in each bosom an unfeigned sorrow for the culpable youth and his inevitable doom; and thus would they have been truly glad if yet any means could be found to exculpate him. "Thus" said now one of them, "Dathribius' accusation of Dymalphon is to me yet no convincing proof of the crime, even in spite of the produced pledges; the only way to come at the truth will and *must* be, to let the accused persons appear, and justify themselves—if they can. To this rea-

sonable proposal all present agreed; and the princess's attendance, as well as that of Dymalphon, was immediately requested.

When Phania appeared, she was told, that, as the present council was now with the sovereign authority of the people invested, it was incumbent upon them to demand peremptorily, what was the real motive of her reluctance to an union with the prince, and thus to prevent the furtherance of her country's prosperity? Oh love! now in this rueful dilemma, to what refuge wilt thou now have recourse? nay where wilt thou now find courage, (is that indeed the proper name?) yes! call it courage, so that it might—yes! as it really did enable her unawed to declare, that, as she felt no inclination for the prince, how could she publicly devote her heart to him? “No,” said the hierophant with a life-chilling tone.—“No princess! you neither could nor would, because you have pledged that heart most sacrilegiously to another,”—and without awaiting any reply to this appalling accusation, he gave a sign; and oh! all merciful Powers!—who entered—but Dymalphon!! “Yes!” continued the priest—“it is to him—it is to Dymalphon that your heart is devoted.”—“Here,” said he, “here!”—holding up the beautiful tablet, “here is the pledge of it!”—At the sight of this the royal virgin sank swooning back into the bystanders' arms.—The stern judge—apparently no way moved by the effect his terrific words had thus produced on either of those it so vitally concerned—ad-

ressed himself but to that now so deadly pale looking hero of his country : “Dymalphon,” said he, “this demands the sacrifice of your life, as a propitiation to the transgressed laws of your country.”—He stopt some moments to poise his faltering voice—and then added: “This day then has been your last!!”—This soul-shaking sentence was followed by a hope-chilling silence; when after some minutes a sullen murmur arose, which finally broke out into loud and distinct language, and several members in council asked each other with intense concern, whether it was right to judge and condemn the accused, without giving them time and opportunity to vindicate, and perhaps to exculpate themselves. “Had they,”—asked Delinor, the youngest of the judgment-dealing elders—“had they”—he asked, “had they been questioned, and then heard in their defence? but no! sentence *of death* was pronounced, before a single question was asked, far less were there any endeavours to bring aught forward in extenuation of their crime.”—“Their guilt is on their countenances imprinted; and their silence gives more than sufficient conviction of the dreadful truth,” said the adjudging voice; then added, “but forbear we yet to refuse them full time and means to bring forth whatever they can, in aid of their justification. The gracious powers above grant that they may be able to do so.”—“We shall be most happy,” affirmed several voices, “if our royal princess can give us such an explanation, and how truly blessed shall we feel, if she can thus redeem our once

so highly valued Dymalphon.”—As from the nearly expiring princess no answer could be expected, her adored, her criminal lover, was now summoned to produce, whatever he could, to ward off his dreadful fate; but he—instead of uttering one word—put both his hands before his eyes; and with his head on his bosom inclining—sank down upon his knees.—This was an awful moment; all hearts seemed moved; tears glistened in the eyes of the sternest, and, they filled indeed the channels which age had traced on the venerable hierophant’s face.—“Alas!” said at last the president—after a long, a solemn pause,—“alas! for all the sorrows we feel for our country’s saviour, justice must have its course.—Death is the law!—and the law must be obeyed!”—“The law must be obeyed,” repeated the plurality of voices.—Escalaphas, the godly old man, turned his face away; and so did many; for the large drops of sorrow rolled too fast over their manly cheeks.—Was it the sense of their ingratitude to their former benefactor that melted their hearts within? or was it partly, alas, the sad mutability and fickleness of all subsolar happiness? Or was it, and indeed most, the very attitude of the victim, who else in the greatest danger stood undismayed, undaunted—and yet without a struggle, without a murmur, knelt now there, as erst by love subdued, now meekly yielding to his country’s laws.—Whatever it was in others, in Escalaphas it was a father’s heart that pained; oh! it pained, oh it grieved for the boy that had hitherto rea-



lized, nay surpassed all what his most ardent hopes from his early worth seemed to warrant. Besides, as the welfare of his nation was certainly what in mundane affairs most, and, indeed, exclusively interested him; he had built on the young hero's talents, aye, on his virtue, such projects of glory and bliss for his native land; and behold now—oh, he dares not think of it—for the bright vision retires, shrouded in the darkest night.

He receives now Dymalphon as a criminal in his custody,—and oh! with what feelings on both sides, is the conscious culprit led away.

But who can describe the astonishment, the dismay, and the grief of all the Hesperean tribes, when these afflicting news were known! And let me but read the Cytherean annals rightly, so that I may not confound their passions and reasonings with those detailed in terrestrial narratives; well remembering that they are, as yet, not a sinful people; that there remained still much of their primitive integrity and simplicity of mind amongst them, though, at the same time, one must be well aware that perfection could no more be found in their nature than in ours. Thus truly sorry indeed shall I be, if here the legendary account does not with my wishes agree, and might perhaps mar the pleasing ideas I hitherto entertained of the Hesper generations. Now, what do I read? Grief, inexpressible grief, seized at first every heart; but soon the passions, that ever influence the thoughts and ac-

tions of frail imperfect beings, began presently to stir also the bosoms of Venerean men; manifesting themselves in various ways, and dictating their reasonings. Those, and indeed not a few of them, who had seen this hero rising to a point of honour and glory, which none before him ever attained, and to which none of them could ever pretend—so far, so very far seemed he in worth and in appearance above themselves; these presently, after some moments' lamentation, felt something like a soothing satisfaction at his being now even below their level; his disgrace came so like a retribution for the admiration his worth had from them at first so imperiously exacted: 'twas so like an atonement for the pains his former superiority had made them feel of their evident inferiority. Other feelings pervaded the bosoms of many, who, in the hero's failing, mourned their country's loss in the anticipated views of his further glorious deeds; and this coming home to their own concern, as being partners in the loss or gain, gave to their self-interest a bitter disappointment, and a kind of ill-will, much like that which you feel against one who breaks or spoils you a precious glass or treasure. With the mass of the people, his already inexpiable crime was even beyond measure, indeed, sacrilegiously aggravated by the opprobrium, as they would style it, of his plebeian birth; and, considering this, they deemed the punishment of death not only as highly just and necessary, but even hardly sufficient for such a daring, arrogant, impious attempt

of a low-born subject ; who not only criminated himself beyond redemption, by harbouring such an inconceivable ambition in his mind, but who thus by his wiles and fascinations inveigled the princess to become partner in the commission of this heinous crime. There were even not a few who would consider Dymalphon's life alone could not fully expiate their offence ; and those ventured even openly to declare, that the royal virgin's life was equally forfeited, and should not be spared. But where was another bride for the king to be found ? This was a question they could not dissolve. Thus, after much nugatory discussions and disputes on the subject, it appeared, that in spite of their adjudication of her due punishment, in spite of her will, aye, in spite even of her crime, the culpable Phania must yet still become their queen. This once asserted, the tide of public opinion flowed presently, even quickly in her favour. Was she not young and inexperienced, and thus unconscious of her error ? Was not the king in fault to place them thus together ? Was not her youth thus in a most critical situation placed ? All very true ! all, alas, but too true ! But who pleaded the same for Dymalphon ? Not one ! Or, if there was perhaps a timid advocate in his behalf, could he have been heard amongst so many ? nay, if he was, what did a single opinion matter ? Was he not a convicted, and by the law, already condemned criminal ; on whom the judges' united voice had, moreover, stamped their fiat ;—and who durst remove that ?

Oh, how the record of this legend becomes now so truly like a tale of our own world ! Are these indeed the same artless, kind, social Hespereans, among whom my imagination had hitherto wandered with such delight ? A race of such simple-minded, plain-dealing, unsophisticated beings ! And do they not here appear just as human-kind on our very earth—merely as bubbles, puffed, or flattened, or driven along, precisely as the wind of public favour lists ?

I lay down my pen ; for it vexes me sadly to find them not only so very imperfect, but so ungrateful too. Ah, there they show indeed, also, their very cousinship with us ! Why then should wonder or blame here be found ? Are they not, like ourselves, dwellers on a planetary wandering globe ? Can they, though it is a great pity—can they be otherwise than fickle and inconstant ? Therefore, as fellow patients of the same distemper, we must commiserate them, and palliate in some degree their ingratitude. *We must ?* Hem ! If such a maxim were established, that such is the natural consequence and propensity adherent to ephemeral beings, then certainly we must conclude that where all is transient and evanescent, nought will take forcibly hold of the mutable creature's affections, than what is immediately under the eye ; this, and but this, may awake a momentary interest, whilst faintly indeed glimmers the distant tint of former benefits, of past services ; so as here Dymalphon's glorious exploit for the benefit of his country, faded entirely away before



the too strong glare of his present guilt. Thus it went, indeed, with nearly the whole of the present Venerean community, save yet those afore-mentioned kind, compassionate souls, who would maintain that there was, for poor Dymalphon also, not only much scope for pity, but even for excuse: those then endeavoured—though, alas! as I said before, utterly, in vain, to demonstrate that this deplorable transgression was the inevitable consequence of the situation, in which these unfortunate beings had been placed by their daily continual intercourse, and that no other frail creature could have escaped invulnerable from such a trying position. These most convincing proofs and pleadings in favour of love's captive culprit made, however, if any, yet a very feeble impression on the minds of this now, indeed, by demons prejudiced multitude. But when then, in the next chapter, the origin and progress of Phania's and Dymalphon's so woe-teeming love will be related, the judgment of the now hapless hero must be left to the feelings of hearts, in which Nature has planted sentiments of commiseration for the frailties inherent to all her creatures, particularly in cases where favourable circumstances flatter the hopes of inexperienced youth. Oh! it will then appear that, although by the wondrous powers of mind, the matchless champion of glory could wrest the conquest from the phalanx of superior foes, he could yet, in a trice, be overcome by the magic wiles of that sly urchin, Love!

## CHAPTER IX.

## PHANIA AND DYMALPHON.

THOUGH luckless Dymalphon at his entrance into life had, relative to his condition in society, been so very low on fortune's list inscribed, it was yet considered as a most surprising good luck for the child, that his plebeian parent had been allowed to nurse him with the royal prince, and that he even further durst remain in the king's court, as his foster-brother's companion. The princess Phania being then an orphan, was not long after by her royal guardian's desire, as designated bride of his son, brought to the monarch's residence, and there educated. The innocent amusements, the sports and games of those three children, were for their indulgent father and patron a daily resource of delight, and seemed as if it would, in some degree, alleviate the grief, which, for Charilda's loss, preyed to the end of his life on her royal partner's heart. Whatever hour left him free from the assiduous discharge of his royal duties, he ever spent with them, directing the simple games of his son and daughter—

for such was already the infant Phania to him ; whilst Dymalphon was their little messenger, or what we might call their ever ready-winged Mercury, executor of all the many pretty whims and fancies of his two tiny divinities. Their life was, indeed, a blank without him ; who animated, nay, not seldom invented and regulated their games : for, if truth may here insert a word into the tale, it would be to say, that the royal heir, Barandrias, was but a flat spiritless being ; or again, that, when perchance inclined to mirth, his was but a noisy, turbulent joy ; skipping and running about was his great delight, though without any rational, or even fixed pursuit. Yet withal, he was very tractable, easily conforming himself to the wishes and proposals of others ; in short, he was a very harmless, and mostly quiet little person. But Dymalphon's inventive genius, his sprightliness, his obsequiousness, and constant readiness to second their every wish, all these qualities made him exceedingly agreeable to the little Phania,—and nothing was done without the clever infant lacquey's approbation : no flower could be cultivated, no wreath woven, without his inspection or direction. Thus together they chose, planted, and nursed their parterre ; reared and fed darling songsters ; tried to tame some pretty quadrupeds, or watched their playful gambols ; and, in later times, undertook to fit the beautiful bird for a conveyance at the princess's service, and made it so obedient to her will, as appeared on her excursion to the lake.

But their greatest delight dwelled in the visit to that beautiful spot in Phania's garden, which they called the fairy haunt. The ground of this lovely bower was overspread by a carpet woven by lilies and violets,\* and the canvass that partitioned the inclosure was a tapestry of roses and myrtles. The emeraldine canopy which here and there veiled it from the light, was supported by the stems of palm and acacia trees, that reared their superb crowns aloft. In the thickest recess of the myrtle enclosure they had contrived to form a bower, and in this the white rosy tufted Minna, the Hesperean dove, came to build her nest, not only for a season, no! she made her constant dwelling there; and when the happy children were sitting here on the velvet turf-couch below, she would perch on either of their shoulders, and with her glossy bill salute now Phania's now Dymalphon's cheek with a kiss. Beside this their favourite spot, there were yet here many other greenwood seats, vying in blooming verdure and refreshing shade with each other, all raised—oh plebeian occupation!—yet raised and fashioned by these princely little hands; now flourishing forth as pleasing monuments both of their fancy and of their

---

\* These and the following names of flowers are indeed not found in the legendary manuscript; there they have a very different denomination; but I venture to assimilate them to flowers and trees of terrestrial growth (as I have done with other things) being aware that a detailed description of each sort, together with the Venerean names of them, would have been very tedious, and would most probably after all have not conveyed any fit representation of the same.



industry. But if I now fairly tell all what I read of their further pleasure, I shall undoubtedly bring these artless children of Nature into the utmost contempt with the clever sensible sons and daughters of Terra; yet as I have already noticed the Hesperean simplicity of the early times, it cannot excite very great wonder that these young children were not wiser than their parents; and that they would also fancy the flowers to be the mansions and dwellings of some tiny fairies, who, (they verily believed) would not only now and then, peep out from a clustered rose or the calix of a lily; but so far would they carry their flattering credulity, that when the air was perfumed with an uncommon sweet odour, little Phania would assure Dymalphon that she saw one of those their kind pretty friends issue from this or that flower, so like a wee emerald bird conveying a ruby goblet full of spicy odours to them, greeting each with its delicious flavour. This idea originated most probably from the traditional account of the Venerean planet's creation,\* of which by this time, perhaps some notion had been diffused among the community of the people. This, of course, would make them give ready faith to the presence and agency of fairy beings; and one may easily imagine with what delight the little princess, on the nurse's knees, listened not only to the primitive account of them, but also of many other tales to the visits their

---

\* See page 3.

forefathers received from these diminutive beings. Now from Cythera's infant pair I venture just a side glance to Cybele's great and little progeny, merely to ask, what in the name of high gratification, was ever yet more palatable to her earthly offsprings, than what appeared supernatural, fabulous, and fictitious? Are we yet cured of this distemper? What is our increasing craving for novels, but a modified *Wondermania*? Indeed comparing this with the fabled tales of all our terrestrial nations, one would really be inclined to think that the fancies of the primitive people, in any new-born planet, had been the same. Now from this supposition there arises both comfort and hope for my simple Hespereans, as by analogy one may conclude,—and I already (page 77) ventured my confidence in that event, namely that the prodigious march of intellect, as lately rushed out of the crowns of Cybelean forms, might now likewise have manifested itself, even perhaps simultaneously among all our rotatory companions, and thus in the general planetary amelioration of the creatures' intellects, and their consequent miraculous progress in wisdom, these hitherto so simple-minded Venereans, might also have made a marvellous stride in knowledge, of which they in their turn now may equally boast. This can however only be ascertained or confuted by one, whose imagination might lead him (as it did me) to pay them a visit, and purloin some of their succeeding annals. Meanwhile I do confess, I have not presumption enough to believe that the

earthly generations were in preference to all others chosen for wisdom's favourites! Heavens! when at night my feeble eyes wander over the starry vault, are then such the thoughts that are strengthened in my mind? I vow and declare their tenor is far far different from this. That little speck, our sun, in the further end of the milky-way, what is this to the host of fires that burn immensely round? And yet that dot, that darkly dot, our ball, is even there almost imperceptible, though large and vast indeed, comparatively to the puny human atoms, that thereon, scarcely visible, are flickering. Still you will say, this very atom is puffed up with pride.—Go to; but then you surely should not talk of wisdom: but can you tell on what else they do their presumption poise? But here I stop these impertinent remarks just rushing from my pen; and, after humbly craving pardon for the same, I waft myself again into Hesper's clime, where I continue, or where I rather renew my visit to these lovely children. Oh that I had but a magic glass, so that I might exhibit to you Cythera's infant forms and their manners, and these even of their generation's first order; then would you know what Venus' charms, what Venus' graces are! Your fancy seeks now perhaps their ideals among the Grecian statues; Eh! those are but marble, and my Hesperian children seem almost air. Yes! thus I observe them in their little paradise, where it was the hierarch's daily delight to pass many an hour with them; instructing them in mental acquire-

ments; for to him was the special care of the royal children's education confided. It was then a frequent saying of the hierophant's, "That they appeared to him the very emblems of happiness; for," said he, "as harmony tunes all their wishes, peace and its concomitant bliss print their honeyed kisses on all their enjoyments."

But with their advancing age their childish pursuits were necessarily, and indeed frequently interrupted by graver employment of time. Dancing and music were to be cultivated by the princess, as well as by her juvenile companions; whilst for those also bodily masculine exercises were requisite, to improve the manly gait, by giving the nerves and muscles both strength and pliability, as well as 'grace for their action. As the late excellent king had ever taken peculiar delight in all these exercises of running, leaping, vaulting, wrestling—the effect of which being so very conspicuous in his graceful form, he most earnestly wished, that the royal prince should not only in all these full instruction receive, but that he should incessantly attend to them. When however neither the figure of the princely scion, nor his expertness in these exercises, nor even his inclination for the practice of them, promised in any way to answer the monarch's wishes, the royal Mnesias hoped that emulation might perhaps prompt the dull heir to better endeavours for the acquisition of those accomplishments, deemed so necessary for the improvement of his but scantily



favoured form ; therefore was Dymalphon admitted to all and every instruction, which was usually on royal offsprings bestowed ; and whatever great vexation the king may have felt at Barandrias's deficiency, the progress of his humble companion in all these gave his royal patron inexpressible delight. Indeed the boy had lodged himself quite in the core of his sovereign's heart ; whether it was at first pity, that with such a graceful exterior, and such superior mental powers, Fortune had cast his lot into such an humble scale ; or whether also Dymalphon's apparent content with this lot, and his engaging submission to his condition ; or his sprightliness ; or his cleverness ; or even all these together, had acted in combination on the affections of the monarch in favour of his protégé, this was not distinctly known, perhaps even his royal friend and protector could not himself define the agent of this predilection ; whatever it was, every one could clearly see, that he was his sovereign's darling. People would indeed observe that the king watched him by the hour, sometimes with the highest pleasure ; sometimes very thoughtful and even mournful ; so as when a once-loved image would now rise, and cheat you with a resemblance, and then vanish again from your mind ; or were these thoughts perhaps also full of regret that Nature had been so sparing in her gifts to his son, when she poured them so plentifully on his humble companion ; whatever the hidden magic was, it proved irresistible, so that it was even

moreover asserted that he often embraced Dymalphon more tenderly than his own son.

Thus one might conclude that the young plebeian's childhood and adolescence passed very happily away; but there is no knowing what may have passed in a mind like his, that must have felt, and that did feel his own superiority, and saw himself yet enshrined in a frame where birth had put the stamp of lasting inferiority. Humility is a very godly, but by no means an heroic virtue; pressure on elastic matter is painful; and the effort for free agency will become but the stronger the more it is suppressed; at least it proved so in Dymalphon; however anxiously he might wish, and really endeavoured to fulfil the duties of his station in life—inevitably situated as he was—yet the reluctant feeling against the apparent decided career of his life remained ever unconquered.

As the era of childhood was now sometime past, it was thought proper to give the future queen a suitable establishment. Ah, what will then be poor Dymalphon's lot? It will be the only one, which, in his situation, and in all the range of the Venerean sphere, he would deem the most desirable—for the king appointed him to be the princess's page. Was this kind, was this prudent in the king? If by wise people, his prudence may certainly be questioned, Phania and her page considered this appointment as the greatest proof the monarch ever gave them of his kindness to both. Indeed, having thus grown up together, how could a separation

be endured? Were not their tastes, their habits, their pursuits, their pleasures---were they not all of the same bias? So thought the king, counselling only his affections for these darlings of his heart. But reason never, or rarely, forgives the neglect of her suggestions and advice; and the proof of this is here: for would she not most earnestly have reminded Dymalphon's royal benefactor that the time of youthful fancy was over, and that now the heart would play its part. And was it even so? Went time now perhaps differently with them? It did! How truly different were their pursuits! how vastly different their manners! There was a feeling in each bosom which they could not define. What became of all that sprightliness that seemed to have made diversion the aim and end of life? How this is changed into silence! nay, even into sighs, that unguardedly steal from the gentle heaving bosom, as they sit down for hours, still and mute---the princess with her bird between her knees, intending to caress it, but heedlessly all the while stroking her own hand; whilst Dymalphon's eyes are all this hour, this livelong hour, fixed upon yon blade of grass. When now his princely mistress is perhaps slowly walking along, surely her page on duty must follow her. Follow her? no, indeed! close to her side he walks; for though, peradventure, she does not want to speak to him---for their present conversation is far more eloquent through the eyes than through the voice---yet must he not carry and shade the princess with that dear parasol he had



made and covered with the shining rose-veined leaves of the Lathranha, and made it so elegant and so light ; though Phania pretends now it is too heavy to carry it herself.—But silent they glide along, with half solemn, half unheeded steps—say, is this not a pity? as it is the same youthful sprightly pair that late so lively, so merrily skipped, danced, played and sang? But they do yet play, and they do even sing; yet, be it a solo, be it a duetto, it is now in such different tones, in tones so soft and melting, that not seldom you might have seen the tear trembling in their eyes—nay, even falling on the shell, or hang glistening on the reed, whose tones proclaimed so clearly these yet unutterable feelings of the heart ; particularly when sitting yonder, in that rocky cavity, where the unconscious streamlet murmured so plaintively at their feet, as if it were confidant in that yet so hermetically closed secret, whose magic worked all this change ; whilst yet the echo so wantonly repeated the most impressive words of their song.

But in the name of future nuptials, where loitered all this while the royal destined swain? Where? But in full enjoyment of his liberty and unrestrained freedom, as the least check upon that would by him have been considered as an intolerable hardship ; of course a regular assiduous attendance on his bride would have been the heaviest thralldom on this airy-minded youth. As it now happened, this tone of temper was perfectly agreeable to both ; for the princess liked her suitor



never better than when he so kindly would spare her his company. Thus partly by his love of ease, and partly by his good-nature—for to Phania and Dymalphon it proved like this—he left them unmolested: nay even when he was seriously admonished to pay more frequent visits to his future charming partner, he was heard to say, “Why should he now constantly attend her, when they would have enough of each other’s company for the whole rest of their lives.”—So on his side the matter was easily enough settled.—But is it indeed probable that this perfect indifference to the one, and the so conspicuous partiality to the other, should have entirely escaped attention, and of course without animadversion? This,—though a wonderful circumstance—the legend endeavours yet to prove so, which shows, that these annals, like so many others of the same kind, are but imperfect innuendos. Could they indeed possibly tell what passes in men’s minds, when yet all seemed hushed and still? No! they wrote but what they saw, or what they heard, unable to dive into the secret recesses of people’s observations and conjectures on all what was passing, and which under existing circumstances no one would have ventured to utter; and yet, it is not in these that the germ of future events in embryo lies?—Indeed these Hesper chronicles seem utterly deficient of the talents of *our* journalists, who not only know what passes in the utmost privacy of the highest, nay even in royal families, but not seldom can forsooth tell more than the actors themselves are able to relate;

for being daily pressed to furnish something new and piquant for the craving public palate, conjectures, hints, probabilities, together with animadversions, must supply the want of facts.—Now of this wondrous sagacity these upright Celosians had not the slightest tincture, and were in this, as in many other things, far behind the children of men on our globe; scandal being then utterly unknown to the Hesperean societies.—There was yet—though it will astonish you—there was yet a general kind opinion of each individual's character, a prevailing propensity to think not only no ill, but even believing your neighbour better than yourself.—Here you bid me forbear writing nonsense—but with your pardon, I beg you will allow them your faith for the practice of this virtue, whilst they are as yet not a sinful people; and though they have now gradually much degenerated from their primitive integrity of mind; and, above all, being also as frail creatures subject to innumerable errors, particularly when—as alas, we have now already seen it—when unfortunately prompted by Asphotis influence—still probity and good-will to each other proved them to be a single-minded race: and thus the generality of the people simply believed that Barandrias's and Phania's union was an event upon which not only the king and the laws of their country, but even fate had their seal unalterably printed:—yet, that the truth be fairly told, there were, even in Venerean land, some few sceptics, who believed that naughty mortals might sometimes meddle with such

seals of fate, and remove, aye, even break them : yet the uttering of such suppositions would have been regarded as the most criminal attempt.—Thus for awhile, and a most treacherous while it was —love was allowed to reign lord paramount, and make his conquest so firm and sure, that death, and but death alone should be able to dispossess him there.

But alas ! at length the time of attack appears ! The nation had waited long enough for the growth of the princely scions, that were to propagate the royal lineage.—Just now the priest has been with the princess Phania, and, by all the tremours of love, he has positively declared that henceforth she must to the end of her life with Barandrias live.—At the priest's exit the royal maiden's countenance betokens the drift of his errand ; and Dymalphon grows pale at his conjectures ; for though Phania does not speak, she presses his hand more fervently than ever.—An ominous shudder run over the page's whole frame ; it was like an electric shock, flashing from his conscience, that marked him as a criminal, as a traitor to his country's weal ; for how eloquently told not that pressure of her hand, both of the priest's proposal, and of her refusal, and more than this, of her unalterable love, as if most forcibly declaring, "Thou art, and thou shalt still be mine !" —That night no sleep visited Dymalphon's couch ; and his dejected countenance, and—shall I say it—his tear-swoln eyes showed evidently the struggle which his conscience underwent with the workings of his rebel-



lious heart. Indeed it was high time for him to look into the innermost recesses of that vital part; for now --ah now!--what did the page find there? but love! love! yes, treasonable criminal love, in bold defiance to his country's laws and weal. Loud and imperiously severe, cried his conscience, "cast, cast the treacherous inmate incontinently out." Ah would he, even if he could?—Sigh on, sigh on, ye fruitless sighs! Flow, flow, ye scalding tears, though all in vain ye flow; for never, never can you quench that glowing love, which so deeply insinuated, and so closely combined itself with his existence, that both—and thus love intended it—that both must live or die together.—But now—what should he do? Must he not with the rising morn to his daily attendance on the princess return? Most certainly? And—oh the wiles of love!—this *must* was even in his present state of mind the greatest consolation he possibly could receive.—Yet although meet he must, can he still meet her in the same unconscious manner as before? Impossible!—The play-companion had long been changed into the obsequious page; and this? What was he lately? Who will tell? Love, yes love would say, the yet unconscious youth was all this time aught but my fervent votary.—What is he now? With all the overwhelming horrors, arising from the thought, that point him out the traitor of his country, the check to its prosperity, joined to the poignant sense how his plebeian state still aggravates his guilt—spite of all this, spite of his loudly threatening conscience—



still, still he is the fond adorer of his princely mistress and future queen!! Here stands indeed a daring mortal! Yet he approaches her now with that enchanting timidity, which modest yet secret lovers know so well; and which gives to their feelings the very charm, the very zest of love; but which is in the same time the shield behind which love, thus apparently sheltered, plays yet so treacherously his part. So here the page hardly ventures to raise his eyes; fearful and yet desirous to meet a glance from those lovely orbs, in which his soul's happiness dwells; but no sooner do they perchance meet, than he casts them down, as if he read high-treason there, whilst nevertheless he surprises himself continually gazing there.—Now we on earth know full well the forcible attraction of the magnet, resist it who can, if once under the power of its agency; thus something equally adhesive must have been in Phania's eyes, and who will then condemn poor Dymalphon, who thus irresistibly drawn, yields—for he must—to the bewitching force, whose influx will however fan affection into still brighter flame.

Thus passed again day after day, during which the hierophant's visits became more and more frequent, and his admonition for ready compliance even more urgent. The king indeed, did not press it, but the people's desire for an immediate union rose in proportion to the constant disappointment of their wishes. How could now Phania so obstinately withstand all these incessant summonses? Was she not incredibly daring? Nay,

eminently culpable to entertain still these ocular intercourses? Now, seriously considered, are these reasonable questions to a person whose senses are in fascination bound; and when the shrewd magician is love? Besides such censures and reproaches cannot come but from persons that have not seen Dymalphon's seraph form; nay more the godlike countenance, else they would be ready with their excuses, had they even not felt the power of that witchery, that irresistible witchery, that dwelled paramount in his manners. There, there it was that the graces displayed all their charming attractions, and his mistress, even his future queen, could not withstand their spell; the more so, as the mind's transcendant jewel spread the divine lustre over them all. This stole and captivated the unconsciously admiring virgin's heart. What had she now to give to Barandrias? Nothing, purely nothing, but perjured faith.—If Phania then perhaps may find excuse from some kind compassionate soul, who will find the same for Dymalphon?—Those that loved, and truly loved, and feeling, know the irresistible might of love, and how contagious this passion is; which, no sooner coming in contact with the predilected object, than the infection becomes sure, complete, and incurable,—who will then not pity love's captive young hero, who is now himself the victim of that same love, which erst his own charms kindled in the princess's heart, and which now, thus reflected on his own, glows there inextinguishably

bright. But why begin discussion on the inexpressible vagaries of love—on that freakish thing, which even not understands itself, and much less can define its motives for nestling without leave or reason in hearts where it had no business; and where now all its charms and woes but in feeling dwell. But, hush! do I not this moment hear his voice? And, oh, what a sweet interpreter it is! It comes from yonder thicket; and, it is—yes, it is, the lay of the nightingale. How thrilling her tones! how melting her strain! But, her words? If they are not written on the tablet of your heart, she sings in a language you do not understand.

Great as were indeed the days of love, the nights passed henceforward with Dymalphon in agonizing reflexions. It could not, no! indeed it could not last; for it seemed as if soul and body must finally perish in the struggle. Once then, when in the trial to combat his affection, the anguish of his mind had risen to its height, he cried—despair half-choaking, half-bursting forth the utterance—“It is resolved!—ah, ’tis not only resolved,—but it shall—it *must* be executed! Ye gracious Powers! who granted me the breath of life—oh, that I might but dare to hope for your support in this arduous trial! Oh, Mercy! Eternal Mercy of Heaven! grant—in the dreadful hour of parting—grant, oh grant me courage; deign, deign to save me yet—me, and my country—from utter ruin!” Now, thus determined, he appeared before the princess in the morning; but having hardly joined her, when the

hierophant again invited her to a private conversation, which lasted an hour and longer; at least thus it seemed to Dymalphon. The princess, at last, returning from this admonitory visit, appeared, however, in no way depressed; fixed resolution, and steady adherence to her once adopted plan, was clearly legible in her mien, whilst here eye beamed—on what? why! on the object of that resolution. But finding his countenance sadly overcast, as not merely sorrow, but despair seemed to have altered every feature, she said—“my own—my Dymalphon!—why sits that brow of thine again so darkly there?” She waited for an answer—it came not: she waited long—whilst he tried to utter it; but the words turned to sighs. Summoning at last all the man within him, he said—“my princess, we must part!” And as he said, he felt as if the words had wrested his very soul from her wonted seat.—“Must part?” asked the astonished Phania: “What does Dymalphon mean?”—“Oh!” groaned he, “a traitor as I am to you, and to my country—a wretch, not worthy to see the light. I dare no longer unhallow my princess’s presence with my attendance; yonder wood shall hide me and crime. But you, in pity, will—oh, I hope you will forgive, ah, forgive me,—and be my advocate with my benefactor, the king, as also with Escalaphas, my second father!”—She let him not continue, but cried: “Talk not, my Dymalphon, nay, do not talk of such a death-pregnant subject,—knowing so well that Phania, without thee, would cease to



breathe.”—“ Oh,” sobbed Dymalphon, with a tone that went through his royal mistress’s heart—“ Oh !” cried he, “ Assist me—oh, ye saving Powers! assist, oh, assist a fainting sinner! to be resolute and firm: for I must—assuredly, I *must* go !” All colour fled now from Phania’s cheek; an ashy paleness spread over her whole face. For awhile she sat silent. This, this was then the momentous instant, when that after courage panting lover ventured the first retiring step, and even another. The princess seeing this earnest of his resolve, cried after him—“ Go, then, unmerciful one;—go, then, wherever thy cruelty prompts thee!—But surely thou can’st not deny thy mistress the last service she demands.”—She stopped yet some minutes to gather more firmness, when Dymalphon, not hearing the subject of the service explained, returned, but to say, “ Most faithfully shall I ever execute my princess’s orders.”—“ Then do it,” she cried; “ do it, all barbarous as thou art; do it then, before you go:—shut Mirsa up in such a manner, that not a breath of air may reach her.”—“ My princess will this time”—petitioned the page, “ my princess will this time be pleased to excuse me from fulfilling her commands.”—“ Excuse you?” she asked; “ excuse you? what right have you, indeed, for such a plea? I can discover none: and thus—it must be done.”—“ But,” said the timid youth, “ to deprive the bird of air, ’twill surely kill it.”—“ So it must,” replied his princely superior; “ so it must—and so I understand it.”—“ Oh !” cried Dy-

malphon, as he threw himself at her feet, "Oh, my sovereign lady will not, I trust, inflict that cruel task upon me, to kill that darling bird, which we reared, nursed, and—oh! which we loved together. Indeed, indeed," supplicated he, with uplifted hands—"oh, my princess, this is impossible for me to do!"—"And to this, to this it is come at last;" exclaimed Phania, raising hands and eyes, with agony-denoting gestures to Heaven; "it is then come to this, that a bird finds more favour with Dymalphon than she, who not only grew up with thee—oh, thou cruel man! but who lives now—oh, thou dear one! lives but in thy soul, breathes but in thy love; in short, thine own poor Phania, who cannot exist without thee, no more than poor Mirsa can breathe without air." He was still on his knees, his forehead almost touching the ground, for he durst not lift his eyes, and was unable to utter one syllable. So she continued: "Go then to thy woods, there to feed thy generous heart on the kind office achieved for the benefit of thy wretched mistress." And now the gushing tears stopped all further utterance, and whilst she wreathed her lovely arms around his neck, her head sank upon his shoulder, and he really thought, for a few moments, she had sobbed her life away. At last, when herself in some way recovering, she cried, "Oh, my Dymalphon—my own, but cruel Dymalphon! how can'st thou possibly thus agonize thine own Phania in this manner? knowing so well that my life is wedded to thine, as thine is to

mine. Was it—and is it not so?”—“ Oh, my princess,” replied Dymalphon, “ is it not this, even this, that makes us such criminals to our country ; and must it—must it not at last come to this separation !”—“ Never, never !” muttered she ; whilst he continued : “ Must you, my princess, must you not finally be the young prince’s bride ? The royal succession—the state of the country—its well-being—peremptorily demand this : dare we oppose and violate this ? And, above all, I, a wretched criminal, dare I hesitate to sacrifice my life,—ah, more, my heart—my soul !” He stopped ; he panted for breath, before he impressively asked—“ Must we therefore not part ?” and with a still deeper drawn sigh, he repeated, “ *Must* we not ?” To which forcible appeal the princess replied, “ This is fine talking of royal nuptials, and royal succession, without ever reflecting that this cannot be effected, when Phania, by thy deed, oh thou culpable patriot ! will be no more. Dymalphon,” said she further, whilst tendering her hand, and raising him from the ground, where he still knelt, waiting for her consent, “ Dymalphon,” she said, with fervour of soul, “ my existence is bound up in thine ; let fate divide it—if it can ! yet, beware ! oh, beware, that the mortal blow should come from thee ! Let else come what will, I bear it all. But now, as my petition for life, unmerciful Dymalphon, can not persuade you to remain with me, I now command thee as thy mistress—THOU MUST STAY !”—A mind like Dymalphon’s, and really any susceptible mind, might



easily have had penetration enough to foresee, that this naturally would be the result of a discussion on this perilous subject; and that, if he resolved to disappear, it should unquestionably have been done suddenly, and above all, without the least previous intimation. But was it not necessary, that by his justification of the act with Phania, it would not only be the means to regulate her conduct, so as to prevent any suspicion of the real cause, particularly on her part, whilst, moreover, the poor youth annexed to this consideration also, the hope that she would be enabled to suggest favourable motives for his disappearance both to the king and to Escalaphas. Vain conclusions! What! enter into a parley with a syren? and thus expecting that she would not use all her former means of attraction—all that volley of petitions, entreaties, persuasions, pointed directly to your most vulnerable and already wounded part? and thus you thought your trembling, palpitating heart, would be a mighty bulwark against her every art? Does this not show how imprudently a most intelligent head may resolve when love fascinates the senses? Sad reflexion! that reason, strong as his demonstrations ever may be, is yet continually set at nought when the passions of poor mortals set their flimsy arguments against it; and thus are for ever the conquerors. Here is one proof of the diurnal thousands. Dymalphon staid! Do you not say he staid reluctantly? I shall not answer. He listens now to Phania, the enchanting Phania, who



employs all his rhetoric—and a very sweet seducing rhetoric it is—to bring her lover to the same conviction, which was imprinted on her mind, namely, that the very genii of her country hovered around them, and rejoiced in so firm, in so deeply-rooted an attachment as their's, “grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength.” In this light she saw every thing in Nature. When, for example, on a pleasant tepid evening, they strayed together the meads along, and Mercury, the Venerean evening star, glanced with his silver rays on their velvet path, she then would say, “See now, my beloved, see what an approving smile glows there !” Or, when millions of large fire-flies bestudded the emeraldine foliage of the lofty trees, or flitted reflected over the crystal bands that intersect their lawns; then would Phania, when just perhaps meeting her page's sorrowing mien, then would she cry, “ Oh, my own—my heart's devoted own !—why thus again so sad ? Behold but that host of dancing spirits, as if rejoicing to see such faithful lovers ;” and, adding sometimes, whilst pointing to the skies, “ there is as yet the bliss deposited that awaits our future days.”


Can words then express Dymalphon's agony at the princess's disappearance ? Was there not a voice in his innermost soul that cried : “ Thy love, thy criminal love, has brought this judgment both on the princess and on the people.” The woods, and their deepest recesses may tell what sighs and groans he vented there ; for here he passed the greatest parts of the four


days and nights during his absence : and here, as already related, he was appointed to be the saviour of his future queen. Who will now doubt that this deliverance, thus effected by her own chosen Dymalphon, confirmed the royal virgin more and more in her belief, that their affection for each other was not only approved, but even favoured by the ruling Powers on high. When then Dymalphon would now and then return to his former scruples, she would reproach him with wilful opposition to the decrees of Providence.—“ Is this not,” she asked him, “ is this not downright ingratitude, still to demur and distrust, when we received from the Omnipotent Disposer of events such manifest proofs of propitious regard.”—“ Oh !” cried she, “ I can now well imagine how you smarted under the supposed wrath of Heaven, and this consequent punishment inflicted by my disappearance. Come, tell me now, thou dear sceptic, candidly tell me, dost thou not yet feel some compunction for trusting so little in thy Phania’s creed, and still more for being so tardy in gratefully acknowledging Heaven’s approval of our hearts’ so closely cemented union ? Shouldst thou not ever bear in mind that thou, even thou, my soul’s selected one, wert chosen, purposely chosen, before all others, to be the champion for my service. And knowing this, oh, impenitent, obdurate Dymalphon, wilt thou still despair of final success ? I see it wants indeed a monumental token, as a continual remembrance of the gracious manifestation of Divine approbation.

Seek then, my own—seek the very whitest alabaster; chisel this, and when you have moulded it into the fairest tablet, I will direct the engravings thereon.”—The elegant shell being accomplished, and they now sitting in their favourite bower, she made him, near midway on the same, print a P. This was the donor’s own name; that dear name, already with flaming letters imprinted on his heart. Should he not with delight trace it also here? Most certainly he did. Next she desired that somewhat lower a D should be engraved. And what objection could to this be started? Yet, in Venerean alphabet—(so it seems they can read and write)—well then, in their alphabet, their P stand thus



; while the letter D is again formed in this

manner . Now all their letters being but signs of something, as the head, the eye, the mouth, the hand, &c., so here, by chance, the one signified the heart, the other the soul. Thus the particular combination of them produces that kind of hieroglyphic language, which, as they now here stood in opposition to each other, would be, as if in terrestrial types it were written, “my heart and soul is indissolubly devoted to thee;” the more so, as she now desired him to join

them in this manner . He hesitated, laid the chisel and the tablet down; she commanded him to

take it up again ; but there it lay still : she threatened, and declared, whether willingly or reluctantly, her will should be fulfilled. There was no resisting ; nay, she forced him moreover to sculpture a most radiant sun over them. After this it was, Phania, the guilty Phania, the very author of the pledge ! it was herself who coloured these united hearts most beautifully with the Armiphilias's crimson juice ; and the sun with the Heliantha, the most flaming of yellow tints. Thus it glowed enchantingly bright, as if love itself had verily dipped the pencil in her own colours, and then guided her hand. Now certainly the Cybelians would, and the Cythereans did find here, in true allegorical characters, the avowal of " EVER THINE !" The language of the legend is here, however, rather confused and unintelligible ; apparently endeavouring, but not succeeding, to paint Dymalphon's countenance at this so explicit, so positive pledge of his royal mistress's attachment to him. What ! attachment ? Is that a proper word for such into the very existence interwoven love ? Yet where the legend fails to describe Dymalphon's look, it speaks yet plainly of the enchanting smiles that played round the donor's rosy lips ; of ecstatic joy that danced in the sparkling moisture of her beautiful orbs ; whilst her whole countenance glowed with such magic lustre, that if the adoring youth had not long ago believed her a being of superior mould, he certainly deemed her now of transcendant lineage. But for such moments as the enrap-



tured lovers then enjoyed, words have no adequate expressions; the pen no letters; the press no types; the painter's pallet no colours bright enough, to present them. My feeble pen is, of course, unable to give the slightest sketch of it.

Ah, fleeting moments! ah, short-lived pleasure! even in that splendid, in that glorious planet. Surely, when one looks at thee, Venus, thou brilliant, magnificent even lamp—thou seemest like a composition of bliss and joy; there is peace in thy light, and glory in thy beams, as if thou wert just emanating from Elysium. And is there yet in thy bright abodes sometimes mischance and woe thy ephemera's short existence embittering? Why, a planet thou art; and this tells sufficiently what can be expected, and what the legend may further relate.

## CHAPTER X.

EVIL SEEMS TO GET THE ASCENDANCY OVER THE  
CELOSIAN PEOPLE.

THE exit of Mnesias, alas! the vanishing of that excellent king, with its consequent tribulations, followed indeed incontinently Phania's and Dymalphon's ecstatic hours; the next morning spread the afflicting tidings over all Celosian land. This made it necessary to constitute the council of the elders; and this urged the immediate completion of the already too long protracted marriage: for, from the indulgence and through the adjustment of her kind guardian and king, Phania had lately obtained some respite from the frequent solicitations on the part of the people, through the elders or their priest, on this subject. All comfort, all hope for delay now vanished. Ye Heavens, what a change is here! Oh, my heart sinks indeed within me at beholding this truly awful example of the shortness of the fleeting existence of all mundane felicity! beholding these but hardly a day ago so happy lovers, now one imprisoned and doomed to perish, and the other hardly alive in the arms of her attendants.

But tell, oh tell, indeed, who and where—the chief

agents of all this woe are to be found? Seek it, as well you may—seek it in Asphotis machinations; see it steaming from the cauldrons of all wickedness in the realms of darkness; could it indeed be well believed, that the Asphotis would ever forgive Dymalphon the triple victory gained by him over their wiles, stratagems, and assaults, in the mountains, when in quest of the holy fire? Could this, from malignant spirits, be expected? No—never! And then, how could they rest till revenge was sought and wrought? “What!” cried Xurtuphal; “what! he, a sorry mortal, durst venture thus to oppose and combat us; and undauntedly actually set all our spiritual engines at nought? Aye,” cried he, yet still more enraged, “aye, aye, ye thus insulted,—thus outraged legions of my realm! I see your anger boiling in your revenge-flashing eyes. Draw then nearer—gather close unto your chief; yes, thus.”—And blacker, thicker, denser, swarmed the hellish brood, with hollow, rueful murmurs—above, below, and round him. “Now say,” he cried, “say and advise, declare,—where, where can now revenge be found? What—what can be the mean—and what the agent for retrieving our shame?”—Silence alone gave but here for awhile the answer.—Even Mischief, ever so alert, with Malice, ever prompt for harm, stood here at bay. There was indeed much hissing; there run a sound like the rattling of scales and withal a whisking, like the angry flapping of

wings was also heard; but counsel none—and scheme of contrivance neither. Till, “hist! what is now speaking there? It is the pipe of Cunning, a puny, sooty, red-spotted imp:—“ Let him be destroyed by the votes of his own people,” half-squeaking, half-muttering he said. At this, the ruddy wrath of Revenge flashed still more fiery, as he gave, with roaring joy, the intonation to a chorus of general consent to this scheme. Yet, how? was then the question, which for awhile remained unresolved; till presently, a small gust of wind would fain drive all before it. This came, however, but from a most diminutive goblin, who, nevertheless, by this puffing, swelled himself from time to time, to more than thrice his usual size. Pride was this atom’s pretension to all this blustering; and “Mine,” he cried, “*Mine* is the affront, and *Mine* must and shall be the revenge. Here is my offspring, Envy; let him but soar aloft to the Celosian tribes, and I pledge my honour, and that is indeed an important stake—yes, even this I pledge, that he soon shall find a fit occasion, and still more a proper subject, aye, more than one, to inflict so deadly a wound on their self-love, that it will find no rest, no ease, till satisfaction, in the ruin of the detested rival, is obtained.” It was reported that the Hadesean ground and territory seemed at that time as if convulsed with the joyous uproar of approbation in the subterraneous abodes. It is now to be seen, how in the upper regions, and on Celosian subjects, their



wiles succeeded. Alas! the dire effect of hellish machinations will ever but too soon appear.

The glorious reception which the heroical restorer of the sacred fire from his grateful compatriots received, and the subsequent honours bestowed before the temple on him, yet an humble plebeian, these distinguishing marks were by no means gratifying to many of the higher orders; and some rather audible whispers of this kind had mixed themselves with the huzzas of the general class of the people. A diligent observer might even then have well perceived that this was zealously entertained, and even augmented by thee, thou painted fiend Dathribius! Alas! it was indeed on thee, thou vessel of pride, that hell relied for the joy of revenge in Dymalphon's ruin. But who was then this Dathribius? He was a being, in every other respect but in birth, far, far inferior to Dymalphon, from whom he yet hitherto exacted and received full homage, as due to a superior yet condescending friend and pretended patron, professing himself thus often and publicly in favour of the humble youth. Alas! a protégé is not a free being: his actions—though not regulated by the patron—must still be such as may be approved by him. Now, was it possible that one of Dathribius's temper should approve of seeing a low-born favourite thus exalted? Certainly Dymalphon was here but a passive acceptor—but what of that? It was bestowed on him; he received it; he enjoyed it—'twas a deadly sin. Down, down then with the culprit; and ask not how this can

be done ; plead neither the offender's prudent conduct, nor his mere submission to his people's desire, nor his well established character and fame against the success of your machinations ; means may yet still be found ; appearances will serve where facts are wanting ; and if I watch him but closely, something may, no doubt, occur, on which the ground for further proceedings may be laid. Is this Dymalphon not the royal princess's page ? He may neglect his duty ; or even perform it too much. Is there not scope enough for finding fault ?" When such a demon, compound of pride and envy, when such a demon resolves, sternly resolves, as this Dathribius did, to plot Dymalphon's ruin, the deed is as sure as done. Not a moment will he rest ; his eyes are everywhere ; his ears for ever in the wind ; conjecture chases conjecture ; scheme succeeds scheme ; till finally, he hitches on the proper one that leads him to the mean by which he may turn even honey into poison. Behold, he knew their garden ; he knew their continual visits there—for they were known to every one ; yet none approached the princess's sanctuary : but he could watch—he could, though at a distance, at least observe what might be passing ; and thus he watched and traced Dymalphon, when, oh now—joy to the wicked ! he found him in search, and then in shaping the alabaster tablet. " Courage, courage now, Dathribius," he said, " the favouring fates attend thee ! Behold, some mystery ; behold, some scheme ! some matter of importance, no doubt, is here intended ;

be you then vigilant—be unremittingly attentive.”—Yet, spite of courage, spite of vigilance, for some time the discovery, and the consequent gratifying joy of malice floated still in the wind, as the further performance of chiseling and engraving the tablet was confined to the sacred bower. Thus all his endeavours to trace and inspect it further proved for awhile unsuccessful. But when envy gives the spur for action, there cannot be rest till the end is obtained, cost what it may. Now, as no other remedy is found, see his unhallowed hands will even violate the myrtle enclosure, hitherto respected and distanced by every one. Night, black night, the tutelary patroness of fraud and its unholy deeds, saw him approach to the enclosure of the royal virgin’s fairy haunt, and there displace a part of it in such a manner, as might allow him to catch a partial view of what was passing there. ’Twas just the night that followed the hierophant’s and the elders’ late important visit to Phania; when lurking there unobserved in the dark of the evening, he perceived that they hid something in their bower (for the slight covering of dress afforded no means for the concealment of the tablet). With what fiend’s joy and eagerness burst he then, some time after their departure, with impious audacity into the bower of bliss, where—oh, sacrilegious wretch! he sought—alas! he found—and oh! he seized with his ungodly grasp the chiseled shell—the pledge of love! and carried it the following morn—but no! as yet he cannot, although

he yearns to give his malicious joy the earliest vent ; yet Escalaphas had been that night, and even late in the morn, watching and praying at the temple's porch. Here the wretch, spite of his eager wish, durst not intrude. Now can you not see how the miscreant is there lurking and roving about, each minute of delay appearing to him an age of vexation. But now—oh, now ! prayers and holy meditations are ended, and Satan, through Dathribius, gets the hour. The fiend escorts the holy man unto his bower, and there shows the pledge. Horror seized the godly man at the detail of this hellish plot. At first, he cannot speak ; some faltering exclamations had already died on his lips ; and thus for awhile silent he stands ; till at once he lifts his eyes, and with a stern imposing look, that well might have blasted iniquity's daring front, he darts them fiercely on Dathribius, when he said, “ What ! is it you, Dathribius ? Is it indeed Dymalphon's professed friend, and pretended patron, that made such eager researches for his undoing ? You cannot but know that, should this criminal transaction prove true, the death of the culprit would be the inevitable consequence ? ” — “ Woe is indeed,” said the vile traitor, “ woe is indeed to those, who, like me, find themselves in the dreadful dilemma to bring their friendship as a sacrifice to public safety.” — An offering, thought Escalaphas, which envy most joyfully brings to the gratification of his spite ; then asked, “ How can you, Dathribius, how can you now prove that this is a pledge and



token of love?"—"Oh!" replied the insidious wretch, "I saw it caressed—I saw it alternately kissed, and then concealed; and thus I found it."—"And where?" inquired the priest. Elated, cried the viper's voice, "Within their myrtle bower!"—"Surely," exclaimed the pale and trembling priest, "most surely the agents of hell have employed their most audacious champion for the most diabolical plot." And shuddering, he turned, and tottering went forth with the sacrilegious theft to the now ruling elders, where in anguish lost, yet in duty bound, he is compelled to be the long so dearly cherished youth's accuser; and who, as a condemned sinner, remains now in his custody.

The princess on the contrary is left to her own reflexions in the innermost recess of her bower; to this she had been conveyed, scarcely alive, and there she remained for a long while unconscious of her existence. What followed after she came to the full knowledge and consideration of her situation, is, in the legend, in no manner clearly described: most probable it was not possible, as it seems, there have been paroxysms of every kind, following each other by turns or promiscuously without intermission; and with such violence, that no stormy sea could ever toss and chase a poor frail skiff more furiously about the waves, than her distracted soul was agitated amidst the swell of combating passions, that warred against each other in merciless succession: Love indeed incessantly heaving on the crest of the waves, was but incontinently by horror

dashed and absorbed. And well was it seen that despair ruled the flood of the tide, determined to break its every gush on the insurmountable jagged breast of Fate's relentless shore; making it doubtful, whether in the wreck of the heart, reason would not also be overwhelmed and foundered; for the thought above all others most agonizingly crushing, was the certainty, that no intercession, no petition, from any one, or in any shape, would save Dymalphon's life; there, there was indeed an agony, under the pangs of which the flow of life seemed incontinently ebbing;—till at last a gush of tears came for some moments to her relief. She then desired to be left alone, and creeping to the darkest nook of her bower, there prostrate for some time she lay, hoping to find some relief in prayer, but—oh ye saving Powers of Mercy, 'twas said, she could not pray, for,—height of misery! her confidence was failing, 'twas gone! and with this all its ever true concomitant, that godlike peace, which is at once the charm and the reward of righteousness, and the harassed and dismayed soul's only cordial: now this failing, then dark and woe-involved was wretched Phania's soul indeed. What now remained for her. Nought, nought, but the thought, but the wish to die with him; oh happy, happy would then be my fate! "Oh flattering doom, oh most desirable lot! far, far too blissful for wretched Phania—yet survive you? How can I when my heart is already gone. Yes, I feel it, my life blood is spent. Ah know ye, know ye that, ye vain schemers

that spared my life, for what? but to consign its career to Barandrias!! Ah wither, wither my existence, before this heart of mine should love-forsworn beat."

The shades began now to steal over the plains; it was then that she felt it indispensable to court the cooling breezes for some relief to her intolerably anguished mind. And was it indeed but the cooling breezes for which she panted? Was it not the irresistible desire to revisit these so oft together betrotten paths? But then, most inconsiderate Phania, why will you thus awaken all those cherished recollections that lie now hushed the lawns and meads along. Why wilt thou, a poor mate-lorn dove! why wilt thou still unto the deserted haunts repair, where he, thy partner never, no never can meet thee again, but where fate merely points to the fowler's snare, that snatched him from thee away. Ah still grant the widowed bird the only solace, for which her bleeding affection yearns.—Is it not here that Dymalphon left to his bereaved Phania his only possible legacy, the living traces of the former happy days, left thus in every path, in every leaf and flower, even in the very air a breath of himself. There wandered his steps, there upon dwelled his eye, and here—ah here in this nook he sat with Phania, with me!—Let lovers imagine what she felt when she then could hear at every place an audible voice crying, "no more! no more!"—Besides no refreshing breeze fanned the atmosphere, no! instead of being revived, she felt herself yet even more oppressed, even by a

feeling as if the air was burthened with her transgression—alas and woe! even with the same crime, which she still—nay is it possible—and dare you say it—yes! and indeed—with the same crime which she still so dearly cherished; though she really fancied to hear in every rustling leaf the sighing of her country's guardians, both for her guilt and Dymalphon's loss.—Still as if by enchantment detained, the mystic hour of twilight finds her yet there, as if rivetted to the endeared spot; but often might you have seen her starting at the flitting shadows, that appeared to her so like the van of the Asphotis, now on the wing to take possession of her unfortunate by her offence perhaps to ruin devoted country.—Night sank now down apace, and then indeed she rose to seek her dismal home again; yet lo! when turning at an angle, who—but Dymalphon stood before her.—She shuddered and hung back; for say how could he be there, but escaping from his custody? Well be it so! Should not her heart then rebound with joy? But no! and surely in the name of wonder you may ask, why stands the royal maid so shy? Is she afraid to encrease their offence by receiving this visit from him after his condemnation? Or does she dread new perfidy? Was it not Phania who always encouraged, whilst he was fearful? How changed! how suddenly changed! How entirely changed! Yet who is not timid at night? Thus trembling she said, "Dymalphon, you here?"—"Yes! my princess," was the answer,—"but silence, I come just like a fugitive with



the intent to carry you along with me.”—Eagerly interrupting him;—“carry me where?” she asked.—“To yonder mountains,” he replied.—“When she returned, would this not put us into Asphotis power?”—“Suppose it did,” was the reply,—“what then? if we were there not prevented from enjoying our love.”—And saying this, he offered to lead her on; but “away! away!” she cried, “away! I know thee not!” and rushed with strength not her own, into her bower, where, almost lifeless, she sank down, in one of the furthest corners, scarce able, and even fearful to breathe; till after some time, perhaps half recovering, she groaned, “oh is it indeed yet come to this? Sinking, ah! already crushed with woe, was yet the fiercer pain behind? Was it not enough to wrest my heart, my life indeed, from its seat—from the bosom of my—ah yes! —he was then mine—my virtuous Dymalphon—but now,—oh let me not think of it—death, death is hundredfold in the thought.—Ah had he been torn from me by violent means.”—and louder and deeper she groaned as she said:—“even destroyed as a criminal.”—“Oh ye Heavens!” she cried, with such agonizing tremour, that awhile all further utterance was in convulsions lost—when again, midst struggles for breath, she sobbed, “then—aye then—for the few days I might yet have survived him—still with my latest breath I could have called him mine, my own, my incomparable Dymalphon!” With this it seemed as if words and even sound had for ever died on her lips. She only

wrung her hands midst bitter inward moans, till she was yet again able to add:—"Now even memory—that precious memory of him—the only cordial of my sinking life—oh anguish of my heart!—this cherished memory!—I must now banish from my thoughts—must—oh horror! must loath it!! Loath the memory of him!! Oh Phania! from thee Mercy has utterly turned her pitying look, and leaves thee now thus in the fangs of despair."

In these and the like agonizing meditations her vigils passed; all, all around was still, and the air alone was but a listener to her moans; whilst the awful event of the day seemed for awhile hushed in the lap of sleep: part of the night was even spent; and the ebon car of the starry-mantled queen began already its downward career.—Then, "whence these footsteps faint, yet close to my bower," said Phania starting, and hears at the same time the priest's but too well known voice, petitioning her to appear but for a moment at the entrance of her bower. Could she—durst she disobey? No! she went—but would that instant have retreated, even rushed back with terror, had not Escalaphas seized her hand, and thus detained her. What did she then see, that could thus terrify her? Why just the form she else above all others liked to see, her own Dymalphon's identical form! Yes! it was he, who accompanied the priest. Thus retained by the hierophant, she expected that he would now at least explain the cause, and the necessity of this nightly intrusion; but it was not he,

who began to speak, it was Dymalphon: "My princess," said he, then stopt some minutes expecting to receive the first answer from her eyes, but they were cast down: and as thus mute and trembling she stood, it awed every one into silence: till Dymalphon ventured again to say: "and will my princess then indeed her poor petitioner refuse?" Here she would more than one step retreat, but "nay," said the priest, "nay princess, you cannot, you must not this request refuse."—"All saving Powers!" cried Phania, as she cast a look of horror from the priest towards Heaven: "Now! now is the ruin of my poor country indeed completed, when even its sacred minister is partner, nay abettor to such wicked proposal."—And saying this, she darted with an arrow's speed into her bower, and from its furthest corner bade them forbear their midnight intrusion, threatening to summon incontinently her attendants.—Transfixed to the spot the visitors stood yet awhile;—"and this is Phania?—this is Phania," sobbed now Dymalphon, almost choaked by his tears; and could for some time not utter another word—indeed a disappointment like this might well take all articulation away; for here he came, led by the indulgent hierophant, to crave, and to receive in the last moments of his life, with Phania's parting look, her forgiveness—and was—oh ye with hearts in fond affection beating, yes! ye with life and soul devoted lovers!—grant him if not a tear—yet, at least soft compassion's gentle sigh—for the most tender, the most faithful of lovers was—



oh he was—at the near hour of his painful annihilation, he was—without one glance of comfort,—most cruelly rejected.—Methinks one might well compare his feelings to the sufferings of one, who on a summer's sultry day, distant from any resource of refreshing liquid, has felt the burning agony of thirst: nay still more I think of thee, unblest African traveller! as I thus see thee, by thirst of strength bereaved, and nearly life forsaken wandering in the desert; the parched body, drained of every moisture, would indeed have long sunk to wither on the ground, had not the syren Hope yet ever and anon lifted the conductor's finger, and pointed to the horizon's furthest edge, cheering the flagging senses with tales of life restoring balm, embedded there.—This yet to reach, the anguished bosom spends the last remaining vigour in strained and painful heavings, for breath sufficient—that—if it were—still possible—that yet—the feeble tottering feet might—perhaps—be able, to drag the weak, exhausted body slowly along.—And now they reach at last the all desired well: the guide indeed had not deceived them—and Hope? Oh do not say that Hope proved false!—The sufferers look down.—But where is the joy of their looks?—Hushed is the further tale of their journey, save in the epitaphs of their bones, that whiten now in the sun;—for empty and dry was the well. How appalling, how agonizing their fate and their sufferings have been, though only resulting from corporeal privation. But are the yearnings of the soul, and the



agonies of the unsatisfied cravings of the heart, are they less acute? less poignant? This, this the wretched Dymalphon might tell. Might tell?—He cannot!—You see him there not only mute, but strength forsaken, yes! though I am loth to say so, it is yet true, that all his manliness, all his courage, grew faint, nay utterly deserted him: he fell on his adopted father's neck, and there he sobbed well nigh his soul away: and were it yet possible that that in pangs convulsed heart could still any comfort receive, it would be from the tears he felt dropping from the hierophant's eyes, and mingling with his own; whilst the venerable man pressed the woe-wrought youth with paternal fervour to his bosom, and in short sentences gave him to understand, with what infinite concern he participated in the sufferings of his dear, now by fate's sharpest arrows so sorely wounded Dymalphon.—Thus entwined and motionless for awhile they stood, as if the scene had bereft them of mental and bodily energy—till at last Escalaphas resuming them, said: “Yet my poor cruelly enduring friend! Here we must however no longer linger, we might be observed, and again be betrayed.”—“Perhaps,” sobbed Dymalphon, “perhaps.”—Escalaphas waited anxiously to learn by what means he could yet his agonized petitioner relieve,—but tears and convulsive sighs would first have their vent, before he could say: “Perhaps she might yet relent.”—“My poor sufferer shall indeed have the trial,” said the priest, who then endeavoured to bring Phania again to the en-

trance of her dwelling, but the obdurate fair gave not the least sign of compliance, so that at last the compassionate old man dragged the unnerved sinking frame of his ere so heroic youth slowly away.

But soon shall his sufferings end: I see the shadows of that awful night at morn's approach already retire, dimming the rays of Lucifer as he was scintilating over the Ulrantyan hills. Would he had been the harbinger of more propitious days and scenes. Alas! it is the day destined for the sacrifice of this daring unfortunate lover, and that even before the opening of day's all glorious eye.—The people from all the surrounding parts had already been flocking to the sacerdotal porch, in order to witness the awful, yet scarcely credited event, the punishment of an audacious subject, who not only dared to aspire to the nuptial of a royal princess, but who, in the present circumstances was even beyond measure criminal, as preventing the lineal succession of the royal family.—Privation of life, though the utmost woe the passing creature can to a fellow-being assign, yet even this was scarcely deemed a sufficient atonement for his guilt.—Yet death, inflicted death, or to use the Venerean term, premature unnatural annihilation, was in the Hesperean world a still more terrible, still more appalling incident, as, during the thousands of its years, it had but twice occurred; once for irreverence at public worship, and the other time for disobeying the king's orders.—They were indeed at first at a loss how to proceed; but

knowing that total privation of air is always followed by extinction of life, they decreed this for the culprit. And finding this could be not otherwise so completely effected, than by hiding him in the ground, they led their first sinner to a deep excavation in the earth, and having obliged him to lay there down, the priest covered him with leaves, so that his face and form might be no longer visible; and then each of the elders put a certain portion of earth upon him, which was further so levelled with the surrounding terrein that all trace of the fatal hollow disappeared. This in proper terrestrial language would be called being buried alive.

For this awful proceeding the people were now assembled, and the hierophant with the elders had already appeared, yet without the victim. At this the multitude showed both surprize and discontent, whilst Escalaphas thus addressed them: "Nations and dwellers on this Celosian hemisphere, as many as are now here present to witness the most afflicting scene which our unfortunate country must now exhibit; allow yet a few moments to your sacerdotal guide, that he may tell and explain the import of that vision, which last night—or rather at the earliest dawn of the morn, appeared before my sight. It was then that the agitation of my anguished soul was overcome by a few moments of ungratifying doze." "Hem!" murmured Dathribius, and the group around him, "'twas well to doze after spending the night in guiding the culprit to further transgressions. But hear we yet still with what new impos-



ture he intends to lure the credulous multitude into the scheme he has planned to save the criminal." The nearest bystanders caught these words, and with them the insinuation of the priest's misdeeds. The whisper went presently round, with its usual additions, conjectures, and surmises, whilst Escalaphas continued:—"During this short slumber, I fancied—nay, it appeared very distinctly to me, as if the form of Charilda, our late queen, revealed itself before me. I welcomed my gracious sovereign with awful joy, hailing her, as if she were still an inhabitant of our soil. But she seemed but in a sorrowful tone to reply: 'Oh, Escalaphas! give ear and attention to the words of your late queen.'—'Let but my princess speak,' said I, 'and your servant shall obey.' Then would she, with most impressive voice and manner, thus proceed: 'It pleased Almighty Providence that I once more might resume the form I animated when existing amongst you, in order to prevent the dreadful calamity that would inevitably afflict my dear country, through Dymalphon's death. Send then this instant three of the chosen elders; let their path be to the cave of Tholophron,\* and having taken with them all the alphabetical signs, there let them spread all the consonants—when every one of them—according to their age—shall take backwards one of these letters; and having repeated the same with the vowels, it will for each form a syllable, which, on their return they shall (beginning with the eldest) pronounce

---

\* The Delos of the Venerian people.



before the assembled congregation—and this will reveal the name of a person on whose tongue hangs the fate of the realm.’ Having thus said, she vanished. Fellow citizens, such was my dream or vision; with you it remains to decide on its effects!”

A sullen murmur arose now among the multitude; Dathribius and his party cried immediately—“deceiver, impostor, traitor!” whilst others found it grievously wrong that the appointed hour of judgment should be allowed to pass by. Indeed the monarch of the day had already bounded over the rosy steps of his throne, and begun to pour his golden flood with momentarily increasing lustre over his now all-awakened dominions. This was certainly a trespass on the prescribed order; yet there were also many who supported the hierophant’s intimation, and giving credit to what he related, expected it should be thereupon acted; with others, their concurrence with his proposal proceeded from their curiosity to see how the drama, now played before them, would yet end; but certainly, with the generality of the people, the priest’s venerable age, and, still more, his long-proved integrity, secured him their faith; and thus prompted by one or the other motive, the plurality of voices approved their ruler’s decision, that the three deputies should be sent. And away the elders went. The interval was, however, by the Dathribian crew not idly spent; the demon of envy and spite, which had now taken entire possession of him, and through him, infected all his associates, spur-

red them now on to spirt their venom as far as ever whisper could reach, and the short interval would allow. The artifice, as they called it, of delaying the punishment was yet the least injurious insinuation against the worthy old man; hints were given, nay, presently loud murmurs went round, how the young plebeian's illicit love was not only connived at, but even abetted during nocturnal visits, under the very guidance of the same priest, whom his country had instituted and trusted as the watchful guardian and observer of his nation's morals! Was it then not dreadful that he, even he was encouraging to transgress? and thus induce others to sin. Such a heinous charge startled indeed all belief; though these shrewd betrayers supported their accusations with a distinct detail of all what had passed before the princess's arbour, in which assertion Dathribius was fully corroborated by two of his associates, who had that night there lain in ambush with him. Fast indeed spread now the injurious report among the crowd; for what Dathribius's emissaries could not diligently enough perform, many a busy, otherwise guileless, tongue—for the pleasure of telling a new and wondrous tale—did as much mischief by divulging their garbled accounts in this and that quarter. Still the hierophant's hitherto unspotted character kept the belief, and consequent censure of such a conduct, as yet in suspense; whereas Dathribius's proceedings, and his reports, raised much suspicion, as their apparent

zeal for virtue seemed far more an eagerness to gratify their envy and pride; and that malice might yet be the prompter, and perhaps even the inventor, of this injurious tale. Even those who were already wavering in their defence of Escalaphas—even those would suggest that this most serious imputation should indeed have had the most scrupulous, the most unbiassed examination, before such a rumour was allowed to get abroad: “At all events,” said they, “let us await the issue of the message.”

Meanwhile many lamented the fate of their young hero; for however inimical many—yielding to the impetus of frail nature—may at first have declared themselves against the transgressor, compassion, which could not be entirely extinct in each bosom, strove now again to get uppermost for their former saviour—now poor forsaken Dymalphon! Had he not been an almost general favourite, even before his glorious exploits?—Should then all interest for him be totally extinguished? It could not be! No! now, at the moment of his grievous exit, there rekindled in many and many a bosom the former feelings, and thus excited a deep regret for his untimely fate, connected with his country’s loss in him: and whether this sentiment was nursed by self-interest or by patriotism, the feeling there was sorrow. Indeed there is yet in the rational creature, even in its less perfect and more corrupted state—there is yet, when suffering is seen, still more when suffering is purposely inflicted, there is a return to kindness and

compassion, spite of the perpetrator's demerit. How often is not this here on our earth perceived, when most atrocious deeds are punished with the law's most awful award, whilst the countenances of the spectators show far more sorrow for the culprit, than horror for his crime. And here the criminal is a hero! even the benefactor of his country; and his fault but frailty.—What! should my Cytherean offsprings appear yet more merciless than even the Cybelean natives? Ah! should then compassion not here find a still easier access? and that even for the youth who put his scarce budding life for the salvation of his country so heroically at nought. Oh, I see now as they are their deputies' return awaiting, and friend with friend, neighbour with neighbour, is conversing and conjecturing on the portentous events of the day—yes, then I can see how pity is stealing unperceived amongst various of the collected groups, and giving now this, now that heart a thrilling touch, so that you first hear the whisper, and finally, the loud wish, that the young sinner might yet be saved. No sooner came a sound of this to the Dathribian ear, than he hastened his agents to every quarter, that by their interference, every nascent sentiment of compassion might yet be stifled in its very birth, by insinuating, that, though his late wonderful performed service was truly and indeed of the highest benefit to his country—yet, was this his motive? was this his end and aim? Let all his simple compatriots, yes, all those who can, believe, as they may, that this



was the drift of his action, when yet ambition, and but ambition spurred him on to the achievement, in expectation to gain by this the highest honour, endeavouring to surpass every one, even to eclipse the king. To say that such intimations had no effect, would be a vain attempt to present them as people very different from our own stamp, when yet, as transitory beings, we must suppose them mutable and frail, like our poor individual selves, who, alas ! even with all the best endeavours, frequently judge and act deplorably wrong, and are by no means steel-proof against the insidious attempts of villainous traitors, who, by their artful intjunctions, not seldom succeed to pervert the judgment of frail creatures, spite of their better principles. Thus, though many many started at such extraordinary interpretations of what had hitherto appeared to them a most godlike deed ; and many even began to fear that Dathribius's voice might be the organ of an infernal spirit—for such sentiments had hitherto never been broached by any one, as benevolence had yet ever had a dwelling in their bosoms ; and simplicity judged only the plain facts of the action—therefore they were astonished beyond measure at what they now heard, and really thought such interpretations must be but suggested by Asphotis inspirations. Yet they listened, then pondered on the subject, and, according to the soil on which the seeds fell, so was their different effect.

But all at once an universal silence reigns. Lo ! the deputies are returned ; and the mind, the eye, the ear,

of every one—all, all is directed towards them. What will now their mysterious, their wondrous report be? Nothing more or less than just the name of Firuxa,—the name, the very name of Dymalphon's mother; who, on hearing thus her name announced, fell almost senseless to the ground. When they had succeeded in recovering her, they led her before the priest and the elders. The Dathribians now fearing an advantageous turn in Dymalphon's affair, began to agitate the people, and by their emissaries to turn their attention from the report, so that their voices grew louder and louder. Escalaphas did not venture to speak; but two of the elders, whose opinions had always had great weight with the late king, as in general with every one, these two respectable elders beckoned for silence, and this being at last obtained, one of them addressed the people thus:—"Fellow citizens and countrymen! why will you not peaceably wait for the explanation that might yet be given: let Firuxa speak; if she has nothing to reveal, we need not think any further of this matter." Attention being thus again restored, the hierophant charged Firuxa with great solemnity, and as in the face and presence of the All holy, All seeing Being to declare, whether she had anything to reveal about Dymalphon; when all trembling she began to whisper, "He is not my son!"—"No?" asked the priest; and "No!" she replied. "Then," said the hierarch, "In the face of Heaven, I charge thee, to declare this loud and distinctly, so that all my people may hear it: then

audibly and clearly she would say, "Dymalphon is not my son!"—"And whose son is he then?" continued Escalaphas. "He is the son of the late king," answered Firuxa. "Whose son is then the present king?" inquired the hierophant further.—"Mine!" answered the iniquitous woman.—"Report this loud," enjoined Escalaphas; and loud and distinctly the wicked female declared, "The present king is my son!"—"Explain this," said the priestly inquisitor.—Confused, confounded, dismayed and trembling, the base criminal woman stood: she, even she, who had been daring, sacrilegiously daring enough to perform the deed. "Nay," said several of the elders, with sternest voice and mien, "Confess and explain; we know you had the care of the prince from his earliest hour—did you then really exchange him for your son?"—"I did," she said; "I did." It was indeed well known, that this woman at the prince's birth, was an humble attendant on the queen; and that she also, nearly at the same time, gave birth to a son. This happened just at the period of the dreadful Hadesean onset, when the queen in great affright, retired with her attendants to the woods. Having scarcely reached them, their dismay was still more encreased by a report, that the enemies were fast approaching. Further flight was the thought of every one, and fear gave the immediate impulse to the action; all sense of order and precaution was in these moments of alarm lost; so that by mischance the queen with her son was left



alone with this woman and her child. As terror usually not only magnifies, but also multiplies the reports of danger, so here it came under the most dreadful shape to Charilda's ears, namely, as tidings of the king's death. At this all strength forsook the royal consort; she sank down, and, as already related, the rose was blasted; her bloom was gone; and the mould, alas! even the mould vanished. Firuxa, with the children, fled then farther: and long it was before even of her any news were obtained, although, at the king's return, messengers were sent into all quarters. At last, some of them found her in a most lonely place, where she had kept herself concealed, in firm belief that the enemy was in possession of the land. And was it then here that, Firuxa to thee, Fraud had sped her deputy, the little gilded imp,\* which, having slipt from the Orcupixan conventicle, perched on thine ear, and whistled to thy brain, that crowns would sit as well upon plebeian skulls, as upon princely brows: and to effect such an exchange, 'twould be no crime to wrest paternal feelings from a monarch's heart. Thus, Xurtuphal's right proper tool was in Firuxa found.—Now here I am inclined to question, whether it was seclusion that rendered this woman's mind so fit for Asphotis inspirations? or were perhaps her senses quite bewildered by the foregoing anxiety, terror, and also grief, for the queen's exit. This most probably

---

\* See page 106.



was the case, else it appears more than strange, that a woman, and even of so low a condition, should conceive so bold, and so truly wicked a scheme. What! were women never ambitious? Were they never desirous of power and rule? Well, but such a plebeian as this! Hem. As if the passions were not just the same in the poor as in the rich. Let the occasion for either but occur, and then see where it works the strongest. Still, I must say, I cannot see on what ground this treacherous nurse had fixed her hopes for her future fortune by this abominable exchange of the children; most probably she trusted to the workings of her son's ever alive affection towards her, which yet, it seems, lay utterly dormant in his bosom; or was it but merely to have such a comely boy as Dymalphon for her son; and though this would make her less guilty, the mischief was all the same. With both children the Satanic plotter returned then to court, where the king, in reward for her supposed care bestowed on his son; and seeing the children thus accustomed to each other, allowed the wicked creature to remain with them. Here many fathers and many mothers, as well as other wise men and women, were frequently lost in wonder at Nature's mistake in apportioning so strangely the talents and figures of these sons of such different parents; never imagining that an audacious menial undertook to baulk her of the best and happiest appropriations of her gifts! But, how could the sus-

picion of such a deed come into a simple Hesperean's mind.

It may now, however, be well conceived, how Firuxa's confession must have excited both astonishment and horror; and, shall I not also say, it conveyed immediate conviction of the truth to every mind, and thus produced a happy return to peace and bliss for this distracted people! alas! 'twas but the signal for universal discord. Many indeed marvelled, and many indeed were greatly delighted at this extraordinary and apparently propitious turn the affair seemed to take; yet not a few were doubtful, and even fearful, how all this yet might end; and truly this transaction assumed a very serious aspect. Was it likely that king Barandrias and his adherents would peaceably accede to this exchange of state, and renounce at once all the hitherto enjoyed prerogatives? From the best disposed mortals this could hardly be expected; far less from an association of beings, who, till now, had given no proofs of an angelic disposition of mind; but who far more showed themselves as bound confederates of an infernal league, even with Dathribius at their head, whose sole end and aim was Dymalphon's annihilation. And he should now greet him, and obey him as his sovereign! "Damnation!" he cried. The Asphotis spirits ever on the watch, heard the curse—and welcomed it as a summons for immediate activity. Mark, mark now the evident effect of their influence: for, "Impostor! sor-

cerer! magician!" resounds now deep and loud from the Dathribian phalanx; and with the fickle crowd they succeeded, alas! but too well with their insinuations, that all this was nought but an iniquitous contrivance of the hierophant's, not only to save Dymalphon, but to exalt him over all. The dream and apparition were pure fiction and falsehood; the rest was a plot interwoven by fraud and magic. Here, it seems, they had some notice of such practices amongst the Hadeseans; but how they came to this notice does not appear. Yet they said further, that Escalaphas, by some sorcerer's trick, had frightened the simple woman into a confession of a deed, which, soon as the spell of incantation was to leave her, she would not only deny her confession, but even all knowledge of the fact. Now louder grew the murmur—and what the sin-devoted wretch at first hardly ventured to whisper, he, and his viper-knot, now boldly dare to advance.—Their serpent voice run hissing along the crowd to ask, "Shall then among us a sorcerer be endured? Shall he, indeed, live? even he, who checked his country's law to day? Nay, verily, he who led the culprit to new transgressions? Shall he live? Surely, Heaven and the Theolims would withdraw their protection from us, and give us over to our enemies, if we suffered such wicked deeds to go unpunished?" Oh, that but your iniquity might blight your tongues, and thus hinder you from profaning holy names! But who is now the great object of their spite? Hear, and believe

it who can ! It is Escalaphas, the priest ! The man of whitest probity—who scarcely appears to be made of the usual elementary stuff, but rather more a spiritual aggregate of goodness and holiness. The saint ! but no—this appellation meets on our earth with too much obloquy, and therefore cannot denote this truly heavenly being ; for such he was. He, who now, by these monsters, stands arraigned as the most wicked criminal. And surely here it would appear, as if hellish spirits, when they come to transfuse and lodge themselves into corporeal forms, become still more malevolent and pernicious ; for the little imp of envy, sent from the infernal regions to enter Dathribius's soul, and infect, through him, all his crew ; why, he seems almost an innocuous phantom, when compared to the execrable workings of that human Satan, Dathribius, now thus by it possessed. Both heart and mind fail me now to proceed.—Enchanted as I erst had been with my visit to the Venerean clime, I now declare, their present conduct will fling me back to terror. Oh, I grieve, I grieve for the bright prospect, that fades before my sight. The heart's simplicity, the mind's integrity, beamed formerly here, like peace and happiness from every eye. But now—oh, ye Theolims ! kind guardians of the good and just, is then your term of wardship here expired—and all abandoned to Asphotis rule ?—I can and will as yet not admit such a thought ; and thus still expectant of better actors, and, of course, of brighter hours, I turn another leaf. And here I read



indeed, that with horror and with fright, the people heard the dreadful utterings, that seemed to them as coming from the organs of hell's blackest demons. There were many, many indeed, who, with frequent sighs, even on their knees, addressed the Saving Power with petitions, that He might commission his host of heavenly spirits to counteract the baneful influence of these adverse agents; for they gained yet so many simple credulous persons as auxiliaries to their wicked club. The elders shuddered at what they heard and saw; and, though hardly crediting the reality of this, deemed it now high time to interpose their authority; but how could that avail? Their's was but a newly established and soon expiring interim rule, whilst Barandrias had long been acknowledged as future sovereign, and appeared strenuously bent, whilst eagerly supported by Dathribian wiles and aid, to maintain his claim, spite all opposition; for where his cunning and activity failed, the craft and diligence of his adherents shewed clearly that they were determined, at all events, to be the rulers; and their apparent success induced many to yield to their controul, if not willingly, at least for want of means to oppose it. Still the elders relaxed not in their efforts to prevent, as much as lay in their power, the proposing, and still more, the passing of such an impious decree. They surrounded the godlike venerable man, who had, till now, not even once opened his lips; tears were his only rhetoric; but they were not pleadings for himself,

they were petitions for mercy for his country before the tribunal of Supreme Justice, as he clearly perceived they were influenced by far, far more iniquitous spirits, than those under whose guidance they accused him to have acted ; and that they now, as the Asphotis's true delegates, would, spite of law and reason, plunge his country into irretrievable ruin. At last, he begged they would give him but one moment peaceable hearing,—and this obtained, he said—“ Oh, my country fellows ! Let all dispute and strife cease—I most willingly resign my life ; nay, if this can restore peace and happiness, I even demand this sacrifice.”—“ There now,” cried the Dathribians, “ here is his own confession of his guilt ; were he not intimately convinced of his crime, he would but too well know how to defend himself. Therefore, the king accepts this sacrifice : it shall be so !” This was indeed too much ; for though the good Hespereans had hitherto ever been accustomed to follow implicitly the will and order of their rulers ; and though many of them had now shown an inclination to comply ; if not by conviction, yet induced by the sad urgency of the imposing circumstances, even those, and still more, the remaining righteous and equitable persons, found it now impossible thus silently to allow the commission of such a crying, such an atrocious injustice ; and, therefore, would stand up in defence of their worthy priest. But they were not only overruled, but dauntingly asked—whether they dared to brave the king's authority,

reminding them of the consequence that once followed such an attempt; insinuating at the same time that they were most likely in conspiracy with the hierophant. This silenced all who had been ready, and indeed truly anxious, to second any application in his behalf; whilst these corporeal Beelzebubs raised besides such a clamour of tongues, as to astound all those that yet still would venture to plead, if not for justice, at least for mercy! so that it soon but too clearly appeared, it was an utterly hopeless endeavour to turn their wicked minds to better counsel; and thus all intercession proved absolutely vain.

All gracious Heaven! is this indeed the same part of this thy once so lovely creation? Is it indeed the same Celosian hemisphere, where formerly brotherly love to each individual, filial regard to religious members, and obedience to the ruling powers, went in un-deviating harmony? All-seeing, all-ruling powers! what a change! Do transient creatures so suddenly, so totally degenerate? This is then indeed a most mortifying specimen of worldly mutability! It is true there had been in process of time much aberration from their primitive innocence and simplicity; but this aberration had hitherto been but gradual, and thus not very perceptible. But see! ah see now, shuddering with horror, see the effect of demoniac influence! See now the success of hell's deputies, Pride and Envy, vices before scarce known by this in general so contented people; for whom, also, Lyraphne's sad example had

left a most awful warning against assuming superiority over one another. Alas! now the plots of Stygian powers prevail! Pride and Envy carry the day.—Oh ye powers of mercy! shall they indeed have the victory? is the voice of the people now entirely hushed? Alas! the greatest number of the here assembled part of the nation seemed now as by fright and stupor quite seized and benumbed, like an inert mass, although with abhorrence in their heart and mind, for the sacrilegious decree; yet who could, under the present rulers and circumstances, muster up sufficient courage to come boldly forward and stand up in defence of innocence and worth? and what would that avail?—nought, but to mark him another victim: thus, not one durst now venture a doubt of the justice of the decree issued in the name of the sovereign.

Now this prompt and entire submission to the decrees of their superiors, shows that these Hesperean citizens were as yet unaccustomed to exercise their judgment by canvassing the orders of their rulers, and that the pleasure of opposition was not half so sweet to their souls as it is generally to European natives.—But sorry indeed should I be, if this would make them appear in some persons' eyes like a race of ninnies, or at least like a spiritless generation, which yet assuredly they were in no acceptation of that sense. A simple guileless people, yes! that they have hitherto been; this was their primitive character; the stamp of their pure by sin unsullied origin; though, as already ob-



served, they had, through succeeding eras, in some degree degenerated; still,—let me repeat it again and again,—for it is my heart's delight, and even flatters my fancy to suppose, that such beings could exist on transitory soil,—I thus say, still righteousness was hitherto their standard, and universal good-will their conductor. At any rate, they were as yet not fit for husting scenes; and if I rightly judge the aspects of this planet, I think they never will.

At present, the king and his agent, the diabolical Dathribius, together with his execrable adherents, swayed the fatal hour and day. Once more, indeed, did the elders try to interfere, then to intercede, and finally to protest against the execution of such a heinous deed; but what could all their efforts avail? The wicked knot knew too well the ascendancy of the unsullied victim's heavenly virtues over the people's mind, should he be allowed to live; therefore they cried, "No longer than till to-morrow's dawn shall he exist." —"Lead me away, said the divine self-devoted man, "lead me away! little indeed is the value of these few remaining moments of my life. Would I had but a thousand lives to lay them all upon my country's altar, could this restore its welfare."

## CHAPTER XI.

## A HOLY MAN'S LAST HOURS.

WOE was now indeed to all that thus silently submitting race! ah woe indeed to all the good and righteous, who with most acute regret for the loss of their incomparable priest went sadly perplexed to their homes. Anxiety and grief chased sleep, the soother of distressed mortals, far far from their eyes; their only relief was but to talk of that meek and sainted victim, their godly hierarch, and then to recapitulate all their various tests of the excellent man's worth.—Was not he the people's ever ready counsellor; the mourners; the afflicted's constant refuge; the monarch's oracle; the altar's prop and ornament alike.—Indeed what was he not? Did we not see in him a living monument of worth and godliness; his country's pride and solace.—And though the fresh estimation of all his merit but encreased their sorrow for his loss, still would they thereon expatiate.—Where? where? they asked—where indeed shall we find his like again? A man so wrapt in holiness, said one,—so far superior to ourselves, far far too good to breathe in our corrupted sphere; a man

indeed, as probably none of our forefathers ever saw, and most assuredly none of our descendants ever will. Was not his very look a blessing to each he met?" "Well hast thou said," cried another, "his very greeting conveyed happiness to one's mind; for you were sure there went in his soul a most hearty wish for your welfare along with it, even though it were not uttered, as he had a parent feeling for each individual, and sent continually prayers as memorials in our behalf to the throne of the Almighty.—Deep indeed was the name of his country on his heart imprinted."—"Imprinted?" asked a third,—“ah it glowed there more vivid than the Luith \* on our altars.” A deep sigh interrupted the last speaker, followed by a female voice that would say: “Well may we in general bewail our sad loss; but far far more bitter is the grief of those who, like me, must see the orphan’s parent slain.” “Yes,” added most impressively a hoary father’s voice, “when right and probity with him shall vanish.”—Thus they lamented and praised alternately the live-long night, whilst the king’s party shouted exultingly at their success, and future prospects, that now—why, oh my soul! why wilt thou yet again review them? turn, turn away, away from them; and rather observe, how that excellent man the matchless hierophant may

---

\* *Luith*, a kind of wood, on which during the sacrifice of fruit and flowers, they strew various aromatics, which when hardly touched by the flame of the holy shell, becomes in a moment so thoroughly ignited, that it glows with an intense heat.

yet pass the few remaining hours of his transitory existence.

There you may see him now, aye under that porch, where the best hours of his life were spent, there guarded but at a distance—indeed what guard needs for a self-devoted victim? but thus he is allowed to pass his last night, here in the holy area where he so often recognized and adored in yon glowing host their Omnipotent Ruler, whose wisdom so as erst designed, marshals now their evolutions in never-erring order through the fields of air. Often then when the priest's enraptured mind sent thus nightly his glances over boundless worlds, he also often weened his ear enchanted with the soft responses of the Theolim's harmonic choirs, lauding and exalting their Creator.—Thus drinking delight through every sense, till all his thoughts dissolved in Him the sovereign good and origin of worlds and souls.—But such were not the soothings of his parting hours; no visions of celestial type, no psalmody of seraph organs cheered and absorbed his mind. Frightful phantoms seemed to rush along the cerulean arch, there, there over the ridge of mountains; seemingly, alas! as if the collective mass of Asphotis were already in advance to the now to ruin devoted Celosian hemisphere; or, at least, as if, in anticipation of their approaching victory, they lit their bonfires there. As such it would present itself to the distressed Escalaphas's imagination; although these alarming apparitions were yet but the reflected va-



pours from the incantations, at which the Orcupixæ, at the other side, tried again their every infernal skill. For Xurtuphal, dread autocrat of hell, had not merely kept his legions of scouts observant on the hoped for success of his deputy Envy's appearance on the Celosian territory, but had now given special notice to the Hadesean priestesses, to those execrable sorceresses, to be at this moment more than ever prompt with their magic charms, in order to thwart, if possible, by their spells any good project, or still more to further any misdeed now apparently in embryo amongst the Theolim's favourites, as some event of importance was certainly at present pregnant in the womb of fate. Subservient to the instigations of their tartarean ruler, these Megaras had issued from their darksome caverns and proceeded to the gorge of the mountains, where the late tremendous eruption of the volcano had stopt its fury, and there in sundry stratas deposited the rush of variously ignited matter, which now these tools of satanic agency mixed with different drugs and potions of their sortilegeous craft; these enflamed and liquified, fumed in vapours, russet, green, blue and black, broad and dense, up to heaven's high vault; and these were to the sorceresses the horoscopes of the present Vene-rean aspects; these also, by their atmospheric reflection, produced something like a Fata Morgiana, though of a most terrible kind, fiery and lurid, like meteors and frantic figures, waving with horrid gestures to and fro.

Such were the visions which thus in that farewell

night, the holy victim, the good Escalaphas dismayed; they seemed to him so like the rejoicings of infernal spirits, at the completion of their iniquitous schemes; or, at any rate, as the precursory symptoms of coming woe. Surely these were heart-oppressing surmises. Oh, how they prompted him to address the Deity with most fervent supplications for mercy to the mass of his sinning fellow-beings, in favour of the many righteous that yet bewail the transgressions of the others. Thus a truly comfortless night it was; far far from what the pious man wished and expected, as he yearned to nurture and fortify his soul by that inward communication with heavenly subjects, which had ever been the cordial that revived his waning spirits in any trying situation.

The painful night draws now to its close; the stars, his nightly hours' unceasing wonder and delight, are now, as if for ever, already in the grey glimmering of the morn gradually fading from his sight; and, as his planetarian world begins to stir, Escalaphas retires into the citron grove behind the metropolitan temple. Let him there hallow his last moments to Him, who life and bliss had given, and let no description profane it.

Now knowing by Aurora's deeper blush that his subsolar career must in a few moments close, uncalled-for he comes. You can perceive him already there between the further columns of the temple: see with what firm and steady steps he advances! for though the snow, that clings to the locks which over his shoulders are

waving, testifies clearly enough that he entered already the wintry vale of life, there is yet vigour in the form: he walks erect—the eye indeed is somewhat deeper sunk than it had been some lustres ago: yet there is still sunshine in this eye, yes! there is a glow, which the soul, who gave it, undoubtedly caught from the gaze into those glorious regions, where that Being dwells, who kindled by his glance the sun, and all the flaming host of heaven. And although now a soft melancholy seems to shade that otherwise so cheerful countenance, this is yet not the reflex from the view on the woe-tinged canvass of his fate; ah, no! on his own account peace sits still unaltered quiescent on his brow; it is but the mist of deep sorrow for his country's crime and consequent fate, that hangs there so like a summer cloud, pregnant with rain, gently overshadowing the sun for awhile.

All eyes were fixed upon him: till—now they turn and see—and what do they see? Ah me! the second victim is now advancing—it is the young, the beautiful, the hero Dymalphon! Be still as yet ye feelings of compassion, ask but the magic powers what sight is this? The mien and countenance is but an angel's;\* to mortals that look cannot belong! the figure, too, is of celestial mould.† Had they then never seen him be-

---

\*† Here the notions of the good Hespereans assimilate pretty much with our own, as both our conceptions of superior ideals cannot be but efforts of the mind to give to visible things and forms, in our spheres, the utmost imaginable perfection.



fore, that they now so strangely wonder? True it is, the lustre of his ever so much admired beauty beamed now forth even more conspicuous than ever; yet the cause that operated so miraculously in his favour, this cause could only be found in their seeing now all the former charms enshrined in heavenly meekness, in god-like resignation; and yet in this trying hour gloriously supported by the same vigorous manliness, that led him through the perils of the mountain; by all the dignity that shone in the triumphant saviour of his country.—All-gracious Heaven! this blooming youth, in the full career of his unprecedented glory, steps now forth to meet his dreadful doom with such gentle submission! This, this appeared indeed virtue too transcendant in a frail being; therefore many imagined, most probably Dymalphon's guardian angel had for awhile assumed the form of the young hero, and would thus, as Heaven's deputy, display his might to save both Dymalphon's and the hierarch's life. But oh! how different were Dymalphon's feelings! Little he knew what was passing around him; his mind dwells beyond the scenes of suffering; his thoughts are but with HIM to whom in yet a few minutes he must remit that on transitory beings bestowed best gift, his life.—It would be well worth to know what passed in the soul of this rare youth, both as hero and as lover, during the last live-long awful hours, when left to his meditations in his solitary confinement, without being benefited by the hierophant's consoling visits—it would be well worth



to know what passed in that lofty to none but eminent actions aspiring soul.—Would I could tell, since it produced such an admirable effect as seemed quite to sanctify him, and thus to induce the well inclined, and now grievously afflicted part of the Hesperean weal, to indulge such gratifying conjectures in favour of his and Escalaphas's rescue. But anon admiration, along with hope for supernatural relief, gave readily way to deepest compassion. Oh, the sight that dwelled on the beautiful victim grew presently so dim, so moist: yes! pity stole now not only imperceptibly along—no, no! you saw her visibly, openly gliding through the ranks, and moving the hearts so impressively, that the overflowing feelings dropped constantly unawares from almost every eye: yes, pity's dew glistened even on some of Dathribian eyelids. Along with this, there was such an awful stillness; respondent sighs were all the sounds you heard; and bended knees, uplifted hands, and Heaven-imploring looks, the almost universal attitude; thus tacitly confessing that they felt as if happiness, already poised on the wing, bade them now eternal adieu. During this heart-crushing scene the people weened to hear a voice as if singing—

When beauty with glory was budding, was blooming,

And Hesper's weal culled the earliest tithe,

Then virtue the air with its odour perfuming,

Glowed apparently full ripe at their side.

But, oh! the wiles of hell espied the godly growth,

And withering came the blast—the deadly blast on both.—

All-seeing eye! can not thy glance of bliss

Restore the bloom of that—the health of this?

Hushed and still seemed now all the world around, even as if the breath of the living were withheld, in order to seize the earliest forthcoming sound of consolation to the petition. It came not ! but presently another voice was heard with soul-thrilling pathos responding :—

Spring and autumn, bloom and fruit,  
All what man may prize or cherish—  
Both the valiant and the good,  
Must submit to fate—and perish.

For some moments this also ceased, and all was still again ; till, with yet more energetic emphasis, both voices repeated—

Spring and autumn, bloom and fruit,  
All what man may prize or cherish—  
Fair or virtuous, brave or good,  
Must submit to fate—and perish !

But tell, yes tell, who were then these two so sadly moralizing vocalists ? The Legend cannot tell, for it was never rightly ascertained, though some would give the first voice to a youth, the other to a young maiden ; but none was able to point them out. Alas ! it was but the voice of truth, which yet, however so soft and gentle-tuned, let thus its soul-subduing notes over all the assembled congregation be heard.

## CHAPTER XII.

VIRTUE THE ONLY, BUT STEADY SUPPORT BOTH IN DEATH  
AND LIFE.

BOTH victims now advance ; they enter the temple's porch ; they kneel ; their last prayers are ascending to their only, but to their Almighty friend ; for see—Aurora's tint is already absorbed in the crimson flush, which darts from the sun's fast approaching car. Alas ! now peers—ah, woe ! the fatal minute peers, that will strip Cythera's crown of its two rarest jewels in worth and fame. Oh, GOD ! oh, GOD ! cried now the people in one collected voice—for they see the elders approaching to raise the two grave-devoted men. Ah, but stay—stay, and hark that awful, that portentous voice, that rolls its trumpet sound heaven's high vault along ; nay, behold that radiance, mark, mark its breaking forth with beams so brilliant, so transcendant bright, that the sun, even yet in its rising lustre, seems now comparatively but a dull meteor. The momentarily increasing splendour filled the whole atmosphere, it seemed like a shroud of glory, from which, as if wafted by a tissue of beams, descended the celestial messenger's,

one of their guardian spirits,\* angelic form. It shone transparent, like orient crystal, and above and around him seemed to float an arch, or scarf, so vivid, as if Aurora, whilst he passed her portals, had printed all her roses, in her brightest saffron tints, on its web. The loveliest summer sky appeared but an opaque body, when compared to the bright effulgence of his wings. Truth, mantled in godlike peace, sat, like creation's first morning sun, enthroned on his celestial countenance, and shot its all-conquering beams from his radiant eyes, whilst his brow was crowned with a cluster of stars. When coming within the compass of the temple, the Hesperean people fancied they saw him waving in his right an olive branch, as a sign for all but Escalaphas and Dymalphon to withdraw from thence; and then they believed to hear him say:—"People and dwellers on this part of the Venerean sphere! By divine command a vision was allowed to reveal to your venerable priest the real lawful heir of this realm; the imposture was discovered, and publicly avowed. All this was not only disregarded, but impiously you intended to destroy your very saviours. Re-

---

\* As every possible means had been used to turn the erring Celosians from their evil ways, and to convince them of the truth by natural means, and human organs, nay, even by dreams—and yet all had been failing, surely, in this utmost emergency, the manifestation of one of their guardian spirits' visible form, and audible voice, was now the only remaining resource to save the victims, to establish the lawful heir, and above all, to prevent the Celosian weal from becoming a prey to the Asphotis.



pent and acknowledge your sins and transgressions; and receive Dymalphon with gratitude as your rightful sovereign; and let his union with Phania be immediately solemnized—for their faithful love has saved the common weal, as its happiness is thereon depending. Revere the command of Heaven; adore his mercy; and fulfil his behest.”

Such was the import of the guardian spirit’s address, admonition, and advice to his wards, which Escalaphas further interpreted to his awfully listening country fellows, who, in dread silence, and on their bended knees, gave now ear to the voice of truth and mercy; and saw meanwhile the ascending visitor’s resplendent form, in his gradual retreat, presently diminished to a glorious star, and finally vanishing as a luminous point; but leaving, in his transit through the air, a fragrance of balsamic influence, which, as it spread, seemed to invigorate their hitherto in virtue vacillating souls. They now worshipped, whilst their offerings of most fervent thanks for this so gloriously vouchsafed salvation, were yet intermixed with contrite petitions for forgiveness of their late transgressions; and entreaties for divine grace to incline them, for their future career, to a more steady pursuit in the path of righteousness. When rising, each eye turned, sought, and found, the two now so splendidly rescued victims.—Ah, let me—let me also gaze, for ’tis a holy sight; they are still kneeling, but entwined in each other’s arms, joining heart to heart—mingling tears of gratitude and joy. Hadst

thou but seen it! yes! hadst thou but seen it, there would have a most gratifying remembrance for ever remained on thy mind. As to me, I have it so lively imprinted on my imagination, that I could well—oh, well indeed pourtray it; and yet I may not; for my colours are far too dull, my pencils far too gross, even to make a rough sketch of it—yet, how could the eye of all to righteousness devoted souls delight to dwell upon it, whilst inwardly saying—“Behold virtue’s final triumph!”

Many of the people began now to consider what yet the fate of their ex-king might be! They enquired; they looked around; but his place among the living was no longer found; no more than that of Dathribius, and all his to evil devoted crew. And who can doubt that the horror and dismay, which seized Firuxa at the detection of her fraud, was fully sufficient to blast her vicious life; so that she, as all these other satanic plotters, was swept away, away.

But open now the scene—oh, open it wide, and let that long so timidly, yet so faithfully loving pair now publicly and triumphantly appear! Let them now, in each other’s arms, in the very temple, acknowledge that so long, so secretly, yet so firmly kept, and now by Heaven’s own fiat assured and sanctioned faith. The joy—the bliss-awaiting Dymalphon is already there; but see how, but from some distance, Phania is slowly moving forward. Ye powers of humour! what does the royal maiden mean? Are here also whims and

freaks of love to be found?—So it seems! And why not? why should not love be as capricious in Venus, in her own sphere, as with us below? So let it then be! Yet say—is it not nevertheless a pity? When now at Phania's approach you see her own devoted Dymalphon enraptured advancing, whilst she, with a demure look, arrests her step. Perplexed, he turns his doubtful looks—first to Escalaphas, and then into the royal maiden's eye, as if—nay, then you won't believe it—but really, as if he craved permission, and—which is still most, and indeed wondrous strange—it does not seem she'll grant it! for Phania's love shall bless but a virtuous swain. Then, loth of delay, Dymalphon takes her hand, and says, in love's all-melting strain, that is, in accents all his own—"My Phania! yes, by Heaven's decree now my own Phania! since by this our union is approved and sanctified, you will, you cannot refuse to pledge your faith to Dymalphon." When she answered—"Ah, Dymalphon! this still can never be but under the most sacred promise that you will never again propose to live with me in yonder mountains."—"To live in yonder mountains!" re-echoed at once in utter astonishment both the prince and the priest together. "Yes," returned Phania, "was not this your proposal at your first visit to me, when you came alone?"—"The first visit!" asked Escalaphas;—"And when I came alone! enquired Dymalphon, both looking quite dismayed at Phania, who would still assert the truth of what she had said. "Surely," resumed the

hierarchy, "this wants a closer examination; let us for this retire to the citron grove." And to this fragrant asylum they went. When there arrived, the royal virgin gave a full relation of the encounter she had with him at the twilight hour. "At that time," interrupted the priest, "Dymalphon was with me in prayers; but my princess will be pleased to proceed." The detailed account of all what had passed at that mysterious hour and visit being ended, Escalaphas lifted both hands and eyes to heaven, exclaiming—"All-gracious, all-merciful Power on high! what thanks are not due from us to you for all the inconceivable goodness, continually shown to us! for what was it but the virtue of Divine influence that we thus escaped the snares laid by our enemies for our ruin? as this was indeed the most subtle of all Asphotis wiles in conjuring up this illusive figure of Dymalphon.\*

---

\* There is not much wonder that Phania's disordered mind, and her really bewildered senses, at the doubtful hour of twilight, gave way to this illusion. We know how, in feverish paroxysms, persons and things are often so strongly identified to the patient's fancy, that no reasoning will these imaginary forms dispel. Moreover, who will doubt, that the evil agent, ever watchful to profit by our weakness, will not presently seize the luckless disposition, and the critical moments, to practise and try his delusions. After all, what are our aberrations from righteousness but the fascinations of sin's malignant spirits, haply personified to an unsuspecting maiden under the shape of a seducing swain; or, to a covetous man, by a heap of gold; to an ambitious mind by a star and ribband—or even a coach and four: the more disguised the more dangerous,



“ On your consent or refusal depended not only your and Dymalphon’s, but verily all our country’s weal or woe. You know that by eternal decree our misery or our bliss is dependent on our own will and deed ; thus, had you yielded, or even not withdrawn your hand, that is, had you shown no reluctance to pass over to the Asphotis, that moment these ever busy plotters of our ruin would have gained the so long eagerly desired ascendancy over virtue, over the Theolims, over their country. As they had already seized the outposts, by all the schemes and workings of their emissaries, the Dathribian crew, so their triumph would indeed have been completed by your concession to their summons. No longer would the protection—ah, indeed, the guardianship of the Theolims have been prevailing ! henceforth we should have been entirely under Asphotis sway ; already had the Dathribians almost secured their victory ; it was but you they wanted yet in their snare. But, oh !” he added, “ the pangs which my prince, your lover, endured that night ; these pangs were indeed—” Phania allowed him not to finish, but fell on the neck of that to her now by superior power decreed and secured monarch of her heart, full conscious of the agony she had so unwittingly, yet so unmercifully inflicted upon him. “ Nay, nay,” said the gently upbraiding hierophant ; “ my princess should really fully consider, and thus imagine, aye, indeed, *feel*, what the devoted heart of such a lover as your now royal Dymalphon must have endured, during

the following night and day, when, after he came only to ask for one kind look, as a token of forgiveness, as the last comfort at the close of his life,—and that simple, that only blessing, was denied him.”—The cruel fair let the priest continue; but did not once, no not once say, “forgive—oh, forgive me!” she remained perfectly silent, but clung the faster to her royal lover’s neck: yet there was a stilly effervescency in the mute pressure of her lovely arms, and in the heart-solacing kisses she imprinted thus on his shoulders, a thousand times more impressive, and far, far more gratifying to him, than, had she even on her knees, aye, verily, prostrate in the dust, craved pardon for her unconsciously inflicted barbarity.

Now here, I’m bound to believe, the nuptial-loving race of our Terra, lost already all patience at my withholding so long the description of the wedding, and, above all, of the wedding festivities—the love-enamoured damsels, above all, expecting a full, aye indeed a most vivid picture of that momentous celebration in Venus, where it most certainly should be pourtrayed in a superior style, with quite Cytherean suavity, and yet in all the brilliant planet’s own splendour. Or if that with terrestrial gross colours and materials could not be done, at least it could not pass without some description, how love frolicked amongst the roses of Phania’s lips, or revelled in the dimples of her cheek; and how Dymalphon’s glorious countenance beamed with transcendant lustre at this sight: and so go on

with the thousands of honeyed phrases, that fill the volumes of earth's love catalogue, under the rubrics of ecstasy, raptures, Elysian transports, paradisaical pleasure, &c. in short, any thing but what seemed terrestrial. I confess, for lovers in Cythera's own dominion, I expected indeed to find in their annals an ample description of this, in quite a supereminent style; and therefore turned the leaves of the legend many and many times to and fro, but always in vain; strained my eyes at the tablets for hours and hours, putting them even in the brightest sun, in hopes that at least there might something of a more fervid glow appear—nothing like it was here or there to be found. What a dull writer that of the legend must have been—yet, most probably, a modest one; who, feeling his own deficiency, left the task altogether untried, and says merely, that they retired\* to that dear, blessed myrtle bower, where love so long wooed and sued for their union; and that there the priest, in the presence of the elders, gave them the sacerdotal blessing to the awful vow of unalterable faith, till life's final close.—Let now those who by propitious fate have been predestined to enjoy the first hours of ultimately cemented love, when the heart revelled in the full possession of all his de-

---

\* *Query?*—Does the present custom for privacy, in fashionable weddings, originate in the same sentiments? Some person just near me, says, with a Stentorian voice, “No! no!” And I verily believe the creature is right in his opinion.

sires, which thus may be rightly called the consummation of bliss: let those then recal these unique moments, when it will, like a phial of long preserved spirits, shed a fresh reviving odour over their remaining career. But, alas! for those to whom niggard fate denied this gratification, with a frown to the "Amen" to their wishes, let these call their most vivid imagination to their aid, in order to give them some gleam of that happiness Dymalphon and Phania now enjoyed: when still those, who in some degree realized it, may yet assert, that fancy, aye, even the most vivid fancy, has no proper colours for this, and at any rate, can give but the shadow of it.

Here then the extracts from the Venerean annals shall close.

---

But, no! would it be right to pass over the description how the now joyful tribes of this planet celebrated the installation of their lawful king, joined to the royal nuptials, and still more the festival of thanksgiving, for the signal manifestation of Divine Benevolence towards them? This certainly must not be omitted.

Many days, nay, many weeks, even months would, in our so highly civilized European world, have been dedicated to the preparations of such a great, even of such a triple celebration; and the bodies and the



minds, aye, all the faculties of every artist and workman would have been put into activity, both day and night, to produce new inventions of machinery and devices; but here the evening and the following night were sufficient and enough for the same, as it is but Nature who suggests and directs the necessary arrangements; it is but her fresh-gathered gifts that shall here serve for decorations, so as formerly, so now, and so ever on all occasions. All female hands were thus employed in culling the liveliest colours and the sweetest scents of Flora, and then tastefully combining, stringing, and fashioning them into wreaths, chaplets, garlands, and crowns; whilst the youths collected boughs and branches, of mighty growth, broad and leafy, such as might overshadow the heads of the Hesperean families, and afford them a friendly shelter against the mid-day sun; as each individual's desire chimed in with the general wish, to pass the whole festive day together; therefore they raised this camp of verdant tents on the area before the magnificent vegetation temple, whose petrified columns were—as far as hands could reach—tastefully wreathed with the bloom and odour the Cytherean maids had, unmindful of the pillow's soothing charms, during the night woven together: and foremost, and most conspicuously, had they with roses and myrtles festooned the sacred altar on which, high on its turfy hillock, flamed now fully bright and clear that, by Dymalphon, so gloriously restored holy fire.

The shades of night still linger wide extended over the plain ; still undefined you mark the moving figures of the busily clustered beings, who yet often will turn to hail the silver-crested Mercury, Cythera's Lucifer, that, as herald of the joyous day, glitters smilingly in the Eastern pathway ; on which, Aurora anon begins to strew her roses in welcome of the planet monarch, whose gloriously beaming eye gives life and day to all the various orbicular attendants, which, in their regular procession, incessant ambulate about his throne, expectant of his bliss-fraught influence. Now more and more the stirring scene unfolds the features, both of beings and of ornaments : the buzz grows also louder ; day is now fully abroad ; but though all objects are now well defined, the erst but grouping figures are now mingled in a compact mass, thronging towards the point from which the harmony of music swells more and more on the attentive ear ; it floats from shells, from strings, and reeds. Are not even the leaders of the procession already in view ? See, these foremost apply their fingers to small sonorous shells—and those that follow, give their breath to far larger conches, thus mingling soft with deeper notes, in yet most perfect unison ; it floats along the air, high resonant with magic melody, although of slow and solemn measure, unless the sprightly sounds of reeds give now and then an interlude. Till nearer advancing, shells, conches, and pipes, gave way to even more melodious sounds, proceeding from what may duly be called their

harmonicon ; this being formed by conchylliæ of a more particular form and texture, yet so transparent, that our aquatic element has as yet not yielded anything comparable to this ; nor is the finest product from terrestrial earth half so pellucid. These, according to their well proved tones, are placed in diatonic order upon a very large leaf, which, when thus becoming dry and hard, leaves the impression of the shell, as if it there had been excavated. It is then that but the touch of a slight wand awakes immediately the musical charm of those thereon but loosely reclining conchylliæ. The lightness of these materials allows the performers to sling them by girths over their shoulders, and thus to carry them from their bowers to meads, and groves, and caves, in short, to wherever they find the best respondent echo : and indeed, this musical organ surpasses every other so in full tone as in suavity. These were now heard and admired, until their arrival at the sacred porch, when they ceased before the vocal choir of youths and maidens, hymning and lauding Almighty Mercy, to which the deeper and more solemn voices of the priests gave the responsive “Amen !” until you finally heard the universal “Hallelujah !” bursting forth, as it was chaunted with sonorous and pathetic tones by all the congregation on their bended knees, deeply impressed, as they were, with the magnitude of Divine indulgence, as also with their own unworthiness for such repeated signal favours ; for which they could but offer their hearts, replete with

fervent gratitude, to the ever kind, ever gracious Dispenser of bliss.

The royal pair approached now closer to the altar, for the priest perceives that the eye of the planetary world is presently to send his first glance over this part of the Venerean domains, and, as his earliest beams should greet the royal consecration, the hierarch seized the propitious moments, and thus addressed the new creating king, now kneeling before him: "Will you, Dymalphon, will you promise to cherish, rule, and protect this people with paternal affection, and with all the wisdom and care your mental powers can suggest? Will you promise this?"—With awful solemnity Dymalphon said, "*I will!*"—Escalaphas, addressing then the young queen, asked her likewise, "Will you, Phania, promise to encourage, aid, and support Dymalphon, as much as might be in your power, in the performance of this sacred duty?"—Phania said, "*I will!*"—The priest's look went now towards the morn; and as the first beam of the mighty orb's effulgent rim shot up on the horizon, with glory-streaming light, that moment the hierarch laid his sacerdotal right upon Dymalphon's head, and the other upon Phania, and with an energy that ever dwelled indelible in the hearts of all who heard him, he said—"In the name of the All-present God, and in virtue of my sacred function, I bestow this benediction upon you, which constitutes you our future sovereigns: and may your reign, under the protection and blessing of the Omni-



potent, but under the guardianship of the Theolims, be a long and prosperous reign?"—"Amen!" said the priest, and "Amen" repeated the unison of the many thousand collected voices on the area before the temple. The elders then approached, and having also placed each their right hand on Dymalphon's head, said thus: "In virtue of our at this time conferred magistracy, we invest you, Dymalphon, now our acknowledged lawful king, with the ruling power over all the nations of this realm; and pledge you here the oath of fidelity, in the name and in behalf of all your subjects, committing their future welfare to your care." The hierophant joined the elders as they said "Amen," and repeated it thrice in unison with the people. Escalaphas then took the crowns from the altar, and placed them upon his sovereigns' heads. These laurel crowns were interwoven with what we earthly dwellers would perhaps denote as amaranths; for they were flowers of most elegant form, of most vivid hue, and only to be used on royal inaugurations, as they were considered as emblems of happiness and permanence. But the scarf which he flung over their shoulders, and girded their waists, this scarf was intermixed with roses and myrtles, on account of their nuptials. The high priest now kissed them, in token of welcome on the part of the people. They then turned round and saluted their subjects. No words can describe the ecstasy of the Hesperean multitude. I heard a voice here whispering, "aye, the planetary fickle multitude;" but let us now

not mind it—but rather rejoice at this blessed return of this Hesperean multitude to righteousness and its attendant happiness. Indeed the king's majestic form and beauty, blended with winning grace, and tempered, as it were with holy loveliness, yes, as if hallowed by his sufferings—shone now forth with redoubled lustre: he looked indeed like a being of superior stamp—the more so with the additional charms of beauteous Phania by his side. “Hail! hail! hail! and health and happiness,” was now the universal shout, till the joyous salutations rising from the plains and valleys, and reverberating from the mountains, rang along the very vault of heaven.

All would now approach their king, and their queen, all wished to pledge their hands in their's, in token of fidelity. This could not be granted; as the admittance of such a numerous crowd seemed absolutely impossible: yet the people's request for the same was so earnest, that the priest and the elders finding all their endeavours to dissuade them from this impracticable performance unavailing, were yet obliged to demand for this permission from the king. It was the first petition that came from his people to his royal ear, and this petition was as much the offspring as the testimony of their hearts' loyalty and love for him; could he then refuse it? But to make it in any way feasible, one of the elders suggested, that every father of a family should do homage to the monarch in the name of all his male progeny, whilst the queen should receive

the same from every mother on the part of her female offspring. This being agreed, they went in regular procession to some raised turf seats, before the temple's porch, where their sovereigns had been pleased to take their station.—This, most certainly is too rural, even for Venerean primitive times, yet, such is the tale of the legend. Now, though Cybele's monarchical sons and daughters imagine, that their thrones and their crowns can never be sufficiently brilliant, never too much bestudded with diamonds; nor their garments to have stuff and amplitude enough, estimating them the longer, the larger, the more ponderous, the more royal; and certainly, if it proves nothing else, it gives yet ocular proof of the royal person's physical strength, as well as of the energy of his even triple train-bearers, during the procession of the day; and is, perhaps, after all, meant as a prototype of a monarch's awaiting care. But, be this as it may, here we see a diametrically opposite taste; it is the persons themselves that give here the lustre, and forsooth! a full lustre indeed. Charmed, truly charmed were the eyes that saw that peerless couple sitting there on Nature's simple lap, ornamented but with her own gifts of body and mind: gracious Nature, what gifts didst thou here bestow! Oh! that even a supernatural glance at this sight had been granted to me! never, no, never. Oh! I may well pledge myself—never, never should I have admired any other exhibitions of that kind; for there is witchery in Nature's simple joys; there is fascination in Na-

ture's own decorations ; for their splendour beams from the attributes of the soul and the heart, and enchants by the lustre reflecting from the beauty and elegance, both of form and manners, charms—which no artificial pomp, grand as it may be called,—can ever produce. The pleasing self-imposed task of paying homage to their matchless king and lovely queen, was now performed ; and all returned with wonder, delight, and praise, from their unique royal levee.

During this interval, one of the elders said to Escalaphas, “ It is wonderful to see how the people now quite idolize their king ; how they extol him ; how they expatiate on all the various qualities and accomplishments of their monarch, just as if he were a new created being for them.”—“ Well, I must confess,” added another, “ that, although it seems very extraordinary, I yet never saw the gracious demeanour of his beauteous form, nor the lustre of his splendid countenance so conspicuously displayed ; when yet usually adversity and sufferings are apt to blight beauty, and damp the spirit ; yet, with him, both seem to have been augmented.”—“ On him,” said the hierarch, “ on him it produced the same effect which it will always operate on real desert ; when superficial tinsel will not stand the test, the solid gold shines after the ordeal ever brighter than before. Dymalphon, at the first appalling view of his dreadful doom, hoped and sought to give himself the last and only alleviation that yet among frail beings could be found, namely, a farewell



look of pardon from the princess Phania. When even that—oh, cruel fate!—when even that was denied him, then, self-collected rose the hero, having now fully met the grim aspect of his hopeless destiny in its most terrific frowns. Away from this he then turned his soul, and upwards went all his remaining thoughts and parting wishes, regardless of the perishable world, and its concerns. His mind, I think, might then have been well compared to a glassy lake, calmly reposing in a stilly summer's night, but with the stars of heaven thereon reflected, to him like gleams—if not of hope, of comfort yet. And thus he stood submissive, not subdued, in godly manliness enduring. This resignation, call it even heavenly humility—*this, this* produced the magic effect on the hearts and minds of the people, the more so, as this then in him so much admired virtue, was certainly not always the predominating feature in Dymalphon's character. That stately, lordly air, originating in his unconquerable feeling of superiority, and which would thus continually, though unconsciously, manifest itself in every look, in every gesture, much as he strove to chasten it by affability, the suavity of his temper, and the incessant endeavours to conciliate the good will of all; still would it frequently come in contact, and revolt the pride of many; nor would envy forgive him his having assembled Nature's choicest favours in his form—and then to display them so graciously: whilst, moreover, it was clearly apparent, that the loftiness of his soul

would and could not, either by his own or any other efforts, be subdued, nor be brought to abject submission, which yet many expected from him, as befitting his station in life. Now, even this--which they then were far more inclined to blame than to commend—even this appears at present to them a glorious attribute of royalty, and exalts their sovereign greatly in their eyes, as it reflects honour on the nation, and thus individually on themselves. He certainly appeared always as if the crown was imprinted on his brow; and when added to the inherent majesty of his soul, enthroned in his eyes, there blazed indeed too much splendour around the name of a plebeian!—But then to see all this at once mantled in meek devotedness and calm resignation, I confess it was a sight for those that saw it never to be forgotten; it seemed perfectly supernatural: it seemed holy. There is yet a good deal of this left upon him, and may even remain with him to the end of his life. Indeed,” added the hierarch, “great as his virtue and his merit ever have been before, yet I think this severe trial has still brought them in a more godly light, and even has more assimilated him to beings of superior order, when in the same time these sufferings have thrown something like a transparent veil over all the glorious man, thus modifying all his beauty, all his talents, all his worth; and having brought it, particularly now in his elevated station, to that standard, that the minds of the beholders are not perplexed, but delighted with the glorious superiority

of their ruler, who is at the same time placed at an appropriate distance from them.

When now the joyous Hespereans had satisfied themselves and their sovereigns with the public testimonies of their loyalty, they went to partake of the various cates they had prepared for the day; for, as observed before, they were determined to pass the live-long hours, till sunset, together, and therefore provided both shades and viands for that time. Thus you would have seen the leafy tents stored with baskets full of the excellent cake which the Cherastra yields; besides, its jelly, still in the shells, at the side of naphtha flames, ready, if required, to consolidate again. And further, here and there cones and pyramids of their large kernel nuts, piled within the reach of any guest who would taste them. In the variously shaped concaves of nicely twisted reeds, lay purple, red and yellow clusters of fruit, from various shrubs and trees, besides the milk, white as snow, of the Hesperean calabash, shone in many tinctured shells; and foremost among the abundance of Nature's best gifts predominated the Cytherean nectar, the Chymolith, in flower garlanded vases, formed of a certain beautiful white earth, which after it had been by their industrious youths modelled into sundry shapes, and embossed with flowers and figures, became, by the action of the air and the sun, so hardened, as to preserve all liquor fresh and cool. In cups of the same composition they presented also their various refreshments to the guests. Of equal, though of

superior manufacture were also the vessels from which they made their grateful libations of gratitude to the bounteous Grantor of their enjoyment.

Gladness and pleasure being now the predominant feature of the day, this would manifest itself frequently during their pastimes as well in their gestures as in their voices, or by means of their instruments, evincing how their body and soul exulted in the marvellous mercy of the living GOD. The glee, the fervent glee, of the soul, animated all their faculties, and willingly did they obey the lively thrilling of their pulses: yes, shouts and songs would declare the grateful ebullitions of the heart. Thus haply from the verdant roof resounds one lauding voice, and presently another and another joins. So kindling sparks, harbingers of a near forth bursting flame, issue first one by one, than closer, faster, brighter, and more and more uniting, at last shine forth in one collected glow. Here then alike they join perhaps at first but in a solemn chorus, which yet anon—as thus it stirs the nation's soul—sends forth a unison of a thousand voices, all, all in flaming gratitude combined. Hilarity rules now indeed the hour; rousing both heart and soul, and by the quickening pulses excites all members to activity. See there the young maid, conchyllia in hand, bounding forth, wistful to balance her steps in mid air, and momentarily the swain, with reed yet applied to his lips, offers his arm, and leads her to the spacious plain.—Pair by pair instantaneously follow.—Oh how lovely are the groups of such flower-



coronnetted forms, with their shoulder-garlanded partners ! who now—says the legend—skim along, so as—how can I well assimilate this here given simile to earthly matter ? Perhaps, so as autumnal gossamer slides almost viewless o'er the plains ; so this and that couple, so all glide away, as if intent to sport their measures more in the ether than on the ground. Observe yet further how smoothly winds in yonder shade a knot of lovely elegant beings in more gentle evolutions along. Is it not as if one pulsation animates the whole, and yet how distinct are the individual vibrations, whilst in unison now hither, now thither they move ; now meandering, now circulating, but in order ever undeviating.—So might, with us, a maiden hand playfully draw a double row of pearls, yet lightly strung, in various ways, as fancy leads ; the turning various, yet the regularity ever the same.—Now mark again yon closely collected group, where the genius of method is joined to the spirit of hilarity, does it not appear like a wide spreading shrub, the position forming the branches, the dancing figures the leaves. Though still and motionless all first appears ; let yet the breeze sweep gently the foliage along, soon will it stir now this, and now another bough, or briskly blow o'er the the whole ; how then the leafy mass, now partly, now throughout flutters ! now seems but sleeping, and now all again, with life abounding moves on in undulating swell. So rising, so reposing, so in brisk bounds, and so in sliding or sweeping evolutions, as alike in

airy quivers, the young Cythereans suit, their prompting pleasure, and display in lovely attitudes, with winning elegance, their pedal skill and agility.

When then at last the memorable day drew to its close, Cythera's happy tribes gathered again to the sacred temple, and gave once more all their soul in solemn and fervid thanks to their dread Maker, who thus anew so gloriously had declared Himself as Preserver and Protector of their common weal, in restoring to them such an incomparable sovereign, and such a divine hierarchy.

Often indeed during the day was the universal eye turned towards the venerable Escalaphas, in order to observe and admire the joy that from the holy man's soul glowed over his whole countenance; yet was this a translucent joy, a dewy sunshine, as his heart, all melting in gratitude for the wonderful mercy of the Most High, manifested both to Him, and to his people, filled frequently his eyes, and even bedewed his cheeks.—So sees the traveller on the eve of his journey the symptoms of the late overpowering shower still tremblingly glitter in diamond pearls of Iris' every hue, on every blade of grass, on all the verdant boughs: the winds are hushed; the clouds have passed away; gloriously beams the setting sun; in balmy stillness lies the near and distant scene, in dewy smiles the bliss enjoying.—Those whose soul has ever revelled in the magic charm of such a view, oh with what delight will they recall it to their mind; live it in remembrance

over; and then, in some degree, judge of the worthy hierarch's feelings; for this was the picture delineated in his looks.—There is in the legend a different, yet far more delightful simile, but the matter alluded to, as well as the descriptive style, are both so entirely of the beautiful Venerean stamp, that it would have been a vain attempt to give an adequate idea of it, and thus I have been obliged to substitute a terrestrial comparison, and must also do the same with that which regards the bridal pair. For they also can say in truth, that the tremendous midnight clouds have now completely rolled away; their nuptial sun arose majestically indeed, the dew drops which glisten now in its beams, and with which the preceding night so thickly, so plentifully bestrewed the ground, these must now be as an invigorating balm, producing health and prosperity to the blooming parterre.

## END OF THE LEGEND.





# ERRATA.

Page.		Line.		
6	....	6	....	<i>read</i> Bansara's
19	....	12	....	— shields, yes !
24	....	2	....	— restoring sounds
27	....	2	....	— Grantor
31	....	10	. . .	— and
34	....	7	....	— rearing
—	....	29	....	— rich
35	....	14	....	— , no darts,
41	....	13	....	— invariably
45	....	13	....	— glassy mirror
49	...	10	....	— mind, that
51	....	7	....	— adding, what
52	....	21	....	— on
53	....	9	....	— fiend
56	....	25 & 26	....	— But what was
58	....	7	....	— journeying there
60	....	9	....	— or whether
64	....	23 & 24	....	— impitoyably
70	....	2	....	— of <i>the</i> Asphotis
81	....	3	....	— Orcupixæ, furies and
83	....	21	....	— notion
84	....	9	....	— impellent
88	....	17	....	— cinnabar
89	....	10	....	— Next
92	....	4	....	— planetary
99	....	2	....	— —It was !
108	....	4	....	— Megaras'
115	....	17	....	— effectuate
127	....	14	....	— but is
130	....	13	....	— every faculty

1  
223362  
L. 7. 2

E. 2. 1  
6057-E  
123

ii

Page.		Line.		
133	....	1	....	<i>read</i> not one inch
136	....	9	....	— where on
139	....	7	....	— yes! let
—	....	20	....	— and who now saw thee first
148	....	9	....	— Sleep
150	....	5	....	— as a renewed
—	....	7	....	<i>erase</i> — —
152	....	4	....	<i>read</i> But what
161	....	27	....	— pledge
173	....	15	....	— petty
—	....	<i>note</i>	....	— see page 7.
181	....	24	....	— is it not
188	....	21	....	— light; I
192	....	22	....	— her
—	....	24	....	— them
193	.. .	1	....	— her
197	....	9	....	— evening
198	....	29	....	— where the
199	....	4	....	— Could it
206	....	15	....	— inevitably
212	....	27	....	— must their fate
218	....	1	....	— spurt
223	....	6	.. .	— repeat
228	....	21	....	— Terra
235	....	22	....	— —Why
239	....	21	....	— till now
257	....	1	....	— and under
259	....	26	....	— never, ah!
260	....	4 & 5	....	<i>erase</i> — —
261	....	16	....	<i>read</i> this now in him

*Done*



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: March 2009

**PreservationTechnologies**

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 385 628 8

